



D. LEAR. Sculp.

*Sport that wrinkled Care derides, & And in thy right hand bring with thee,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides, The mountain nymph Sweet Liberty;  
 Come, and trip it as you go, And if I give thee honour due,  
 On the light fantastic toe, Wilt thou admit me of thy crew*

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A  
COLLECTION  
OF THE MOST ESTEEMED  
FARCES  
AND  
ENTERTAINMENTS  
PERFORMED ON THE  
BRITISH STAGE.

(PRINTED VERBATIM FROM THE LAST EDITIONS)

WITH THE  
CORRECTIONS  
OF THEIR  
RESPECTIVE AUTHORS.

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VOL. I.

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NORTH-SHIELDS;  
PRINTED BY AND FOR W. THOMPSON. 1786.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

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THE first Volume of this Work being now finished, the Editor's warmest Thanks are due to his Subscribers for the very favourable Reception it has met with.—Out of Gratitude for the Encouragement he has already received, and at the same Time to do Justice to the Publication, he assures them, that neither Care nor Expence shall be spared to finish the remaining Volumes in a Style that will (he flatters himself) not only merit their Approbation, but that of the Public.

As more Regard will be paid to the Merit than the Length of such Pieces as will hereafter be inserted, the Editor hopes, that the circumscribed Limits to which he at first proposed to confine himself, by giving at least Three Farces in each Number, and which has been observed throughout the Whole of the present Volume, will in the succeeding ones be dispensed with; as he now perceives, from the great Length of many of our best Entertainments, (some of which are frequently performed as Plays) he could not invariably pursue the same Method without infringing on the Judgment of his Readers:—He has not the least Doubt, therefore, that the Insertion of those Pieces, on Account of their extraordinary Merit, will sufficiently plead his Apology.

☞ The Parts usually omitted in the Representation are distinguished by inverted Commas.



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# All the World's a Stage.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY MR JACKMAN.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Sir Gilbert Pumpkin,</i>	- - - -	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Charles Stanley,</i>	} Officers in the army	Mr Baddeley.
<i>Harry Stukely,</i>		Mr Farren.
<i>William, servant to Charles</i>		Mr Palmer.
<i>Waiter,</i>		Mr Everard.
<i>Diggery,</i>	} Servants to Sir Gilbert	Mr La-Math.
<i>Cymon,</i>		Mr Parsons.
<i>Wat,</i>		Mr Burton.
<i>Hofler,</i>		Mr Griffith.
		Mr Carpenter.

### W O M E N.

<i>Miss Bridget Pumpkin,</i>	- - -	<i>Mrs Hopkins.</i>
<i>Miss Kitty Sprightly,</i>	- - -	<i>Miss P. Hopkins.</i>

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## P R O L O G U E.

*Spoken by Mr KING.*

PRAY, let me see, if what France says be true,  
That smiling faces in this land are few.  
I'll tell you how they mark you to a tittle:  
They say—you think too much, and talk too little;  
While you, with scorn, cry out against their prate,  
And swear, with heels so light, their heads want weight,  
Be but some clouds of politics blown o'er,  
England would shew its laughing face once more.  
For this good end, our Bard throws in his mite,  
And hopes to steal you from your cares to-night.  
Now for our title—*All the World's a Stage.*  
The lively French, of every rank and age,  
In acting scenes employ their laughing hours,  
And life's rough path make gay by strewing flowers.  
Let but the fashion spread throughout our isle,  
What makes a Frenchman grin, will make you smile.

## ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

The drama would, like alkali, protect you  
 From those four humours which so much affect you;  
 Sweeten your blood, with its swift current mix,  
 And cure the crudities of politics.  
 Our farce exhibits such a scene as this—  
 And low are our *personæ dramatis*.  
 The various servants at a country-seat,  
 As actors, furnish out the curious treat.  
 In Alexander will the butler rave,  
 And nought can Clytus, the fat coachman, save  
 From Philip's son—You'll see the hero soon  
 Death dealing round him with a silver spoon.  
 The cook, Roxana, glowing with desire,  
 Burns as she bastes—her bosom all on fire!  
 The groom and footmen act their parts so well,  
 No longer Tom and Dick, they hear no bell!  
 The butler mad—all's in confusion hurl'd;  
 He can't obey, for he commands the world!  
 His victories alone possess his brain—  
 So master bawls, and mistress scolds in vain.  
 —Critics, indulge these heroes in their fancies,  
 Nor, by your frowns, restore them to their senses:

## A C T I.

SCENE, *An Inn at Shrewsbury.*

Charles Stanley and Harry Stukely at breakfast.

HARRY.

FAITH, Charles, I cannot think as you do on this subject.

*Cha.* I am sorry for it; but when you have served two or three campaigns more, take my word for it, Harry, you will have the same opinion of the army that I entertain at this moment.

*Har.* 'Tis impossible; the army is the only profession where a great soul can be completely gratified: After a glorious and well-fought field, the approbation of my sovereign, with the acclamations of my brave countrymen, are rewards amply repaying whole years of service.

*Cha.* True: But the honours we gather very often adorn the head of a commander who has been only an ear-witness to this "well-fought field."

*Har.* Ah, but every individual has his share—

*Cha.* Of the danger, I grant you; and when a return is made of the killed, wounded, &c. you see in every newspaper

paper a list of them in the following order: Three captains, seven lieutenants, twelve ensigns, killed; so many wounded: Then comes in order, the serjeants, serjeant-majors, drummers, &c. &c. &c. And as to the rank and file, they are given to you in the lump; one hundred, or one thousand, just as it happens.

*Har.* But their memories live for ever in the hearts of their countrymen.

*Cha.* Yes, while the windows are in a blaze on the news of a victory, or while a city-politician drinks his dish of coffee and reads the story: After that moment, their memories and their bodies decay together. Well, give me a good wife, ease, and a moderate competence.

*Har.* How comes it, Charles, that with these sentiments you ever wore a cockade? And, what is more unaccountable, signalized yourself in so extraordinary a manner during the late war?

*Cha.* I'll tell you:—Whenever I receive the pay of my sovereign, and am honour'd with the character of his trusty and well-beloved, I will faithfully, and I hope bravely, discharge the confidence he reposes in me.—But, Harry, you have no serious objection to matrimony: If you have, we had better proceed no further; our project has a period.

*Har.* Not in the least, I assure you: I think myself capable of engaging in both the fields of love and war. I will marry, because it has its conveniences.

“—But when light-wing'd toys

“Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness

“My speculative and offic'd instruments,

“Let all indign and base adversities

“Make head against my estimation.”

There's a touch of Othello for you, and, I think, *apropos.*

*Cha.* 'Egad, Harry, that speech puts me in mind of a letter which I received from Miss Kitty Sprightly, the fair ward of my uncle Sir Gilbert Pumpkin—You must know, we are to have a play acted at the old family-mansion for our entertainment, or rather for the entertainment of Miss Kitty, who is so mad after every thing that has the appearance of a theatre, that I should not be surpris'd if she eloped with the first strolling company that visited this part of the country.

*Har.* Let us have the letter by all means.

*Cha.* [*Reads.*] “Miss Kitty Sprightly sends her compliments to Captain Charles; and as she is informed Sir

" Gilbert has invited him to Strawberry-Hall, she thinks  
 " it necessary to acquaint Captain Charles, that he must  
 " shortly perfect himself in the character of Captain Mac-  
 " heath, as the ladies expect him to perform that charac-  
 " ter at the mansion-house. If he has a good Filch in  
 " the circle of his acquaintance, she desires the Captain  
 " will not fail to bring him down."

*Har.* Why, what the devil! I'll lay my life you have brought me down to play this curious character in this very curious family.

*Cha.* You are right, Harry; and if you can filch away the old sister, you will play the part to some advantage— You will have fifty-thousand pounds to your benefit, my boy.

*Har.* You mean this as an introduction to the family— Oh, then have at you—But damn it, I can't sing; I can act tolerably.

*Cha.* I'll warrant you. But come, now we have cleaned ourselves, we will repair to the mansion; we are only two miles from it; they expect us to dinner. William, desire the hostler to put the horses to. Waiter!—a bill.

*Wil.* The chaise, Sir, has been in waiting this half hour.

*Cha.* Come then; I'll tell you more of my project as we proceed.

*Enter Waiter.*

Upon my word, waiter, your charges are intolerable! What, five shillings for a boiled fowl?

*Wait.* We know your honour isn't on half-pay: We always charge to the pocket of our customers, your honour.

*Har.* Well, but good Mr Waiter, take back your bill, and in your charge consider us on half-pay.

*Wait.* Lord bless your honour! you are in too good flesh for that: Why, your honour looks as fat and as well as myself.

*Cha.* Ha, ha, ha! [*Both laugh.*] There is half-a-crown above your bill, which you may dispose of as you please. Get you gone!

*Wait.* Your honours, I hope, will remember honest Will Snap, at the Antelope, when you come next to Shrewsbury. [*Exit.*]

*Har.* Mr Honesty, your servant. Travelling, Charles, is now become so chargeable, that few gentlemen of our cloth can afford to breathe the fresh air for a day—

*Enter Hostler.*

But what's your business?

*Host.*



*Hoff.* The hostler, your honour. There isn't such a pair of bays, your honour, in the country; they'll take you to Sir Gilbert's in ten minutes, without turning a hair—I hope I shall drink your honour's health.

*Cha.* Another fee, Harry;—we must comply with the custom of travelling.

*Har.* Get out of my sight this moment, ye set of scoundrels, or I will knock you down with this chair. [*Takes up one.*] Landlord, hollo! Why the devil don't you fend in all the poor of the parish? This is highway-robbery, without the credit of being robbed. Let us get away, Charles, while we have money to pay the turnpikes.

*Cha. Allons.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Hall at the Mansion-house.*

*Enter Diggery, with a play-book in his hand; Wat, Cymon, and several clowns, servants to the family, making a noise.*

*Dig.* Hold your damned tongues! How is it possible I can tell you how to act, when you all open like a kennel of hounds? Listen, but don't say a word. I am to be Alexander; and, Wat, you are to be my friend Clintus; and—

*Wat.* Ah, Master Diggery! you shall see what I'll say.

*Dig.* Damme, hold your tongue, I say once more—You'll say!—what can you say?—Say only what is in the book, and don't be cramming in your own nonsense. But listen, all of you, and mind—You must know, the man who wrote this play was mad—

*Wat.* Lord, I should like to play mad.

*Dig.* Will nobody stop this fellow's mouth? Why, you blockhead, you have not sense enough to be mad; you'd play the fool well enough, but how can you extort that damn'd pudding-face of your's to madness?—why, Wat, your features are as fix'd as the man in the moon's.

*All.* Go on, Master Diggery, go on.

*Dig.* Well, let me see—[*Turns over the leaves of the play.*] You, Wat, I say, is to be Clintus; and I am to say before you all, that great Almon gave me birth; then, Wat, you are to say, You lie!

*Wat.* Ah, but then you'll stick me.

*Dig.* Never mind that; button your waistcoat over one of our trenchers.—Lord, I forgot to begin right: I am first to come out of a Tim-whiskey, which you are to draw; and when I come down, you are all to fall upon your marrow-bones. As to you, Wat, if you even look at me, I'll



come up, and give you such a douse on the chops as you never had in your life.

*Wat.* Let us try ;—now you shall see, Master Diggery.

*Dig.* Then do as I bid you ; down every mother's skin of you. [*They all kneel down ; Diggery draws back.*] Don't stir none, if Miss Bridget was ringing every bell in the house.—When I say, “ Rise all, my friends,” then do you all get up.

*Wat.* Is that right, Master Diggery ?

*Dig.* Very well. Now [*A bells rings.*]—Zounds, here's Miss Bridget !

*Enter Miss Bridget.*

*Miss Brid.* Where, in the name of mischief, have you been, rascal ? Your master has been looking for you this hour ; and no tidings, high nor low.

*Dig.* I'm going. [*Exit, leaving the rest kneeling.*

*Miss Brid.* Mercy upon us ! what's all this !—Cymon !  
*Wat !* are you all mad ! Why don't you answer ?

*Cym.* Hush, hush ! Diggery is to play mad ; I must not stir.

*Miss Brid.* Mercy upon me ! these fellows may be struck mad for ought I know. I'll raise the house—Brother, brother ! Kitty Sprightly ! Where are you all ?

*Enter Sir Gilbert.*

*Sir Gil.* What the devil's the matter ?

*Miss Brid.* Look at those fellows, brother ; they are all out of their senses ; they are all mad.

*Sir Gil.* Mad, are they !—Why then, run and bring me the short blunderbuss that's hanging in the hall, and I'll take a pop at the whole covey.

*Enter Diggery.*

Diggery, what's the matter with those fellows ?

*Dig.* Nothing, Sir.

*Sir Gil.* Nothing ! Why, what the devil keeps them in that posture then ?

*Dig.* Lord, Sir, I'll soon make them get upon their legs.

*Sir Gil.* Do then, I desire you ; and send them all to the mad-house.

*Dig.* [*Goes up to them.*] “ Rise all, my friends.” [*They all rise.*] Lord, Sir, we are only acting a play.

*Sir Gil.* You son of a whore ! get out of my sight this moment. [*They all run away.*] Was ever man so plagued with such a set of scoundrels ? Morning, noon, and night, is this fellow Diggery taking these wretches from their labour

labour, and making Cæsars, Alexanders, and blackamoors of them.

*Miss Brid.* Brother, brother, if you had routed that nest of vagabonds who were mumming in our barn about two months ago, none of this would have happened.

*Sir Gil.* True, true, sister Bridget. It was but a few days ago I went to take a walk about my fields; when I came back, the first thing I saw was a large sheet of paper pasted on the street-door, and on it were wrote in large characters:

“ This evening will be presented here,

“ The GREAT ALEXANDER.

“ Alexander by Mr DIGGERY DUCKLIN,

“ Roxana by Miss TIPPET BUSKY,

“ And the part of Statira by a YOUNG LADY,

“ (Being her first appearance on any stage.)”

Damme, if I know my own house.

*Miss Brid.* That's not all, brother; Diggery had nearly smother'd that silly hussy, Tippet, in the oven, a few days ago.

*Sir Gil.* The oven! What the devil brought her there?

*Miss Brid.* Why, Diggery prevailed upon her to go in; and he said he would break open the door of it with the kitchen poker, and that would be playing Romo.

*Sir Gil.* Romo! Romeo, you mean; why, sister Bridget, you can't speak English—Surely some dæmon has bewitch'd our family! [*Aside.*] But, pray, what became of Juliet in the oven?

*Miss Brid.* Hearing a noise, I went down stairs; and the moment he saw me, he dropt the poker, and ran away: But I had no sooner opened the door of the oven, than I saw her gasping for breath; and it was as much as I could do to drag her out, and save her from being suffocated.

*Sir Gil.* Why the devil did you not leave her there! she would have been a good example to the whole family. As to that fellow Diggery, he will be hanged for the murder of some of these creatures, as sure as I am alive. I overheard him the other day desiring Cymon to fall on the carving-knife, and he would then die like Cato.

*Miss Brid.* If they continue these pranks, we shall never be able to receive Captain Charles and his friend; they will certainly imagine we are all run mad in good earnest.

*Sir Gil.* How can it be otherwise? Miss Kitty Sprightly, forsooth, extorted a promise from me the other day, that  
when

when Charles and his friend came down, I would permit the Beggar's Opera to be got up (as she phrased it) in order to entertain them.

*Miss Brid.* Brother, that girl is worse than the whole gang of them.

*Sir Gil.* Leave me to manage her: I will endeavour to release myself from the promise I made her; and instead of this play, a ball may answer the purpose. I hope, sister, you have prepared a good dinner for my nephew and his friend. He informs me in his letter, that the gentleman he brings down with him is a man of family, and a soldier that does honour to his profession.

*Miss Brid.* I must desire, brother, you will mind your ward, and leave the house to me; let him be related to the first duchess in the land, he shall say, after he leaves Strawberry-Hall, he never feasted until he came there.

*Enter Diggery.*

*Dig.* Lord, Sir, Captain Macheath is just arrived!

*Sir Gil.* Captain Macheath! my nephew, rascal—Desire him to walk up immediately.

*Dig.* Yes, Sir—Oh, Sir, here he is.

*Enter Charles and Harry.*

*Sir Gil.* Ah, nephew, I am glad to see you! How have you been these two years? I have not seen you since your last campaign.

*Cha.* In very good health, Sir; and am sincerely happy to see you so. Permit me, Sir, to introduce to your acquaintance the companion of my dangers and my friendship.

*Sir Gil.* Sir, you are welcome to Strawberry-Hall. I love a soldier; and I am informed you support the character in all its relations.

*Har.* You do me great honour, Sir Gilbert; I shall study to deserve your good opinion.

*Dig.* He's a better figure than me, and better action too.

[*Imitates him.*]

*Cha.* I was in great hopes, my dear aunt, that when next I visited Strawberry-Hall, I should have found you happy in the possession of your old lover, parson Dosey. I hope you have not banish'd him.

*Miss Brid.* Don't talk of the wretch; you know he was always my aversion.

[*Diggery, at the side, is stabbing himself with a large key.*]

*Sir*

*Sir Gil.* What are you about, Diggery?

*Dig.* Sir! [*Puts the key into his pocket.*]

*Sir Gil.* Come, come, I'll tell you the fact, and spare her blushes. Parson Dosey, you must know, some time ago, was playing a pool of quadrille with my sister and three of her elderly maiden-acquaintances who live in the neighbourhood, when, behold ye, to the astonishment of all the ladies, the parson's right eye dropt into the fish-tray! Egad, I was as much astonish'd as the rest; for none of us had ever discovered the defect, altho' he has been in the parish for so many years; but in a twinkling he whipt it into the socket; and when I look'd him in the face, damme if I did not think there was as much meaning in it as in any eye about the table.

*Dig.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Sir Gilbert interrupts him in the middle of his laugh.*]

*Sir Gil.* For shame, Diggery!—[*Drives him off.*—] Bless me, I forgot!—Give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to my sister.

*Har.* [*Kisses her, and bows very politely.*] Upon my word, Madam, such an imposition deserved a very severe chastisement. I hope, Madam, you never permitted this made-up gentleman to indulge the eye he had left with another view of your fair self?

*Miss Brid.* Dear Sir, I hope you don't mind my brother; he is always upon his vagaries; he puts me to the blush a hundred times a-day—Faith, a very pretty young fellow! I'll take a more particular view of him presently. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Gil.* No, no; my sister's observation was a just one; "That when a woman marries, she ought to have a man naturally complete."

*Miss Brid.* So, brother, you will go on with your vile conceptions.

*Sir Gil.* I have no vile conceptions. Why do you suppose them vile, sister Bridget?

*Miss Brid.* Gentlemen, I cannot stay in the room.

*Har.* Dear Madam, I beg—pray, Madam—

[*Takes her by the hand.*]

*Miss Brid.* I must go, Sir, I am in such a tremble; I shall certainly drop with confusion, if I stay any longer.

[*Exit Miss Brid.*]

*Har.* Indeed, Sir Gilbert, this canonical gentleman, presuming to address a lady of Miss Pumpkin's qualifications, without at least discovering the imperfection, was a crime not to be forgiven.

*Sir*



*Sir Gil.* Ha, ha, ha! Miss Pumpkin's qualifications! Stick to that, Captain, and you will soon have a regiment. I find the soldier has not spoiled the courtier.

*Har.* I really think what I say, Sir;—the deception was unpardonable.

*Sir Gil.* Not at all: The parson was very poor, and he knew she was very rich; and if the fellow was blind with one eye, and squinted with the other, I could not blame him to marry her, if she was fool enough to consent to the union: Indeed it was my business to prevent it; but the discovery of the glass-eye did the business more effectually than I could do, had I the eloquence of a Cicero.

*Cha.* But pray, uncle, where is your fair charge, Miss Kitty Sprightly? She's grown, I suppose, a fine girl by this time.

*Sir Gil.* A fine girl, quotha!—I do not like that warm enquiry; a red coat may spoil my project of marrying her myself. [*Confiders.*] I have it! I'll tell him she's a little crack-brain'd. [*Aside.*]—Nephew, a word in your ear; the poor girl has got a touch.

*Cha.* A touch! you don't say so?

*Sir Gil.* As sure as you are in your senses; she's always imagining herself to be either Helen, Cleopatra, Polly Peachum, or some other female of antiquity, that made a noise in the world.

*Cha.* Oh, ho! I smell a rat here; but I'll humour it. [*Aside.*]—'Tis a strange species of madness, uncle; she's probably play-mad.

*Sir Gil.* You have it; and the contagion has run thro' the house—There's Diggery, Wat, Cymon, Tippet, and the whole family, except my sister, have got the bite. Why, sometimes you would imagine, from the wooden sceptres, straw crowns, and such like trumpery, that Bedlam was transported from Moorfields to the spot you now stand upon. I give you this hint, that your friend may not be surprised; you will explain the unhappy situation of the poor girl to him.—An excellent thought! it will keep her at a distance from him. [*Aside.*]

*Cha.* Harry, my uncle informs me, [*twinking at him*] that his fair ward, the young lady I mentioned to you, has lately had a touch.

*Har.* A touch! I am heartily sorry for it; how came the unlucky accident? I hope no faithless one-eyed lover in the case.

*Sir*



*Sir Gil.* Zounds! no, no, no! Why, nephew, you described the girl's disorder abominably—she lately had a touch here, here, Sir. [*Points to his forehead.*]

*Har.* Oh, is that all? I hope, Sir, with a little attention she will be soon restored.

*Cha.* I am very sorry to hear this account of my dear little Kitty; let us visit her: Where is she, uncle?

*Sir Gil.* Dear little Kitty! Oh, ho! but I'll have all my senses about me. [*Aside.*]—In her own chamber, I suppose: But follow me, and you shall see her; she's quite another thing to what she was two years ago, when you saw her—But come, gentlemen, dinner will be shortly on the table, and I long to have a bumper with you. [*Exit.*]

*Har.* So, Charles! This is the fair lady you brought me down to run away with.

*Cha.* Even so.

*Har.* Why, what the devil would the world say of me for being such a scoundrel?

*Cha.* Marry the lady, Harry; and when you have fifty thousand pounds in your pocket, the world will be very glad to shake hands and be friends with you.

*Har.* I would as soon marry Hecate—

*Cha.* As my aunt? Very polite truly! But keep her out of my way, and you may do with her as you please. This girl, who my uncle says is mad, I believe I shall be able to restore in a short time; and it will go hard with me, if you will assist me in the project, but I will put her into a post-chaise and set out for London this very night.

*Har.* Command me, dear Charles, in any thing that can be of service to you: But don't you think making the proposal so soon will be rather precipitate?

*Cha.* Not at all: We are to have the play, you know, at night, previous to which I must rehearse with her; she's romantic, and an elopement need only be mentioned to be put in execution; she has seen so many on the stage, that her head turns on nothing else; besides, my uncle must not have time to smell such a scheme, or he will soon put it out of my power to execute it.

*Har.* Success attend you, my dear boy. Have you instructed William? He's a trusty, shrewd fellow.

*Cha.* He has got his lesson; he will soon get into Diggery's good graces, if he can only give him a speech out of a play: However, I hope William will be able to manage him—Oh, here is Diggery.

*Enter*

*Enter Diggery, with a napkin in his hand.*

*Cha.* Diggery, my honest fellow, I am glad to see you; why, you are grown out of knowledge; it is some years since I was first favour'd with your acquaintance, Diggery.

*Dig.* So it is, your honour. Let me see. [*Considers.*] You was first favour'd with my acquaintance, four years come next Lammas: But I knew nothing then; I was quite a thing, your honour.

*Cha.* You have improved, Diggery, since that time, I see, considerably.

*Dig.* How do you see that, your honour?

*Cha.* Why, your face shews it; there are the lines of good sense, wit, and humour, in every feature; not that insipid face you used to have—no more expression in it than a toasted muffin.

*Dig.* I got all, your honour, by larning to read; you'll see me, when I play, look in a way that will frighten the whole family—no muffin-faces; all mispression, your honour.

[*Harry hums a tune out of the Beggar's Opera, and acts.*]

*Dig.* [*Looks at him.*] Master Charles, who is that gentleman? He's acting, isn't he? Has he a muffin-face?

*Cha.* No, no, Diggery, don't disturb him; he is one of the first actors of the age, and has a face that would frighten the devil, when he pleases; he'll put us all to rights; I brought him down for the purpose.

*Dig.* Suppose your honour desires him to kill himself for a minute or two before dinner. I have tried a thousand times, and never could kill myself to my own satisfaction in all my life. I'll lend him my key. [*Bell rings.*] Coming—Oh, Master Charles, I was desired to bid you and the gentleman come to dinner, but I quite forgot it; the dinner sat down to the family before I came in—run as hard as you can.

*Cha.* Come, Harry, the family waits dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Dig.* "The family waits dinner." [*Imitates him.*] I can't do it like him—Lord! how he'll do Captain Macheath in the play! I'm glad he's not to be hanged.

[*Sings.*] "Let us take the road"—Hark!

[*Without.*] Diggery!

*Dig.* Coming.

[*Exit.*]

ACT.

## A C T II.

SCENE, a Dining Parlour: Sir Gilbert, Miss Bridget, Miss Kitty, Charles, and Harry, at dinner; Diggery attending at the side-board.

Sir GILBERT.

I HOPE, gentlemen, you like your dinner. As to my wine, there is not better in the country, I'll lay a hog-head of claret.

Har. Your entertainment is so good, Sir Gilbert, that I shall beg leave to prolong my visit. What shall we do, Charles, when we reach London, that cursed seat of noise and bustle.

Cha. Endeavour to reconcile ourselves to it;—a soldier must not always expect good quarters. Pray, Miss Kitty, how does your fair friend, Miss Sally Cockle?

Kit. Oh, she has been married a long time, and was lately brought to bed of two thumping boys.

Miss Brid. Child, you must not tell that.

Kit. What, mus'n't I tell the truth? Why then, I do say, she was brought to bed of two boys not six months ago: But she will be at our play to-night.

Sir Gil. I told you how it was; but she's not mischievous.

[Aside to Charles.

Cha. She has not the appearance of it—I am sure her recollection is very good.

[Aside.

Sir Gil. Come, my young soldiers, let us have a bumper to his Majesty; what say you, my boys?

Har. A hundred, Sir Gilbert; and I say done first.

Sir Gil. Why, that's rather too many; but while I can stand or sit, have at you. Come, Diggery, let us have three bumpers in a minute here. Diggery! What is that fellow about there?

[Diggery is kneeling at the foot of the side-board, as if lamenting the death of Statira: They all rise and look at him.

Sir Gil. I say, Diggery—

[Diggery turns his head about, but continues kneeling.

Dig. Sir.

Sir Gil. What are you about? Acting again, I suppose.

Dig. Lord, Sir, I was only striving to cry over Statira.

[Rises.

Sir Gil. To cry over Statira! And what have you to do with Statira? Let Statira go to the devil, and give us three bumpers to his Majesty; and then you may go follow Statira if you will.

B.

Dig.

Dig. Yes, Sir.

[Brings the wine.]

Sir Gil. Come, boys, here's his Majesty's health, and a long, glorious, and happy reign to him.

Kit. Indeed, guardie, you frighten poor Diggery so, that he forgets his part almost as soon as he gets it.

Sir Gil. Kitty Sprightly, hold your tongue, I bid you. I have surely a right to correct my own servants: But rest satisfied; for after this night, if ever I hear the name of that sheep-stealing scoundrel Willy, as you call him, I will — There now, that fellow's at his devil's trade again. [Diggery is fencing with a large knife.] Call Cymon here, thou imp of the devil; we shall be able to do something with him—Oh Lord, oh Lord!

Dig. Cymon—Cymon—

[The last very loud.]

Enter Cymon.

Cym. Here.

Sir Gil. Cymon, do you attend table; that fellow is among the incurables.

Cha. After we have performed this play to-night, I fancy, Sir, the family will have quite enough of it.

Miss Brid. Then I wish it was over with all my heart.

Cha. Miss Kitty, will you drink a glass of wine with me? Shall I have the honour to touch your glass?

Kit. If you please, Sir.

Har. Suppose, Miss Pumpkin, we make it a quartetto.

Sir Gil. A quartetto! Why not a quintetto? Cymon, five glasses of wine; be quick—I suppose you are not engaged with Statira.

Cym. Yes—no, your honour. [Gives five glasses of wine.]

Sir Gil. We could not get any fish for you, although we sent far and near for some.

Cha. Give me good roast beef, uncle; the properest diet for a Briton and a foldier.

[Cymon fills a glass; Diggery takes it up, and gives it to him; he appears to instruct Cymon what to do with it;

Cymon drinks it, throws the glass over his head, and sings.

Cym. "And my comrades shall see that I die."

[Diggery and Cymon run off. All rise.]

Miss Brid. Mercy upon me! Cymon's at work again.

Sir Gil. I wish, with all my heart, the devil had the whole pack—Was ever man so plagued?

Har. Dear Sir Gilbert, do not be uneasy; they will be all tired of playing before to-morrow night, or I am very much mistaken.

Kit.



*Kit.* Now, guardie, for my part, I think the best way will be to let them have their belly-full of playing.

*Miss Brid.* For shame, Kitty; you must not say belly-full before company, that's naughty.

*Kit.* Well, I do say, that if guardie would only let us play as much as we please, it is very probable we should as soon be tired of it as he is.

*Har.* 'Egad, Miss Kitty, an excellent thought—The girl's out of her senses. [*Aside to Charles.*—Suppose, Sir Gilbert, we adopt it.

*Cha.* Do, uncle; my friend and I will engage in one week to play them so sick, that the sight of a theatre would be as bad as an emetic to them.

*Sir Gil.* Do you say so? If I thought that could be done—

*Miss Brid.* Indeed, indeed, brother, it will make them all as mad as March hares.

*Har.* Believe me, Madam, it will not. I knew a gentleman, who every night in his life was at one or other of the playhouses, until he purchased a share in each of them; and afterwards he no more troubled himself about the theatre, than you do about learning to ride in the great saddle.

*Miss Brid.* No!—Well, that's amazing.

*Sir Gil.* Well, well, I leave the management of this matter to you both; do with them as you please. If we can provide a remedy for this disorder, let us spare no pains to find it out. Sister, shew your nephew and his friend the garden; and do you, Kitty, go too. You will find me in my study. Take care of that poor girl, Charles; she is very sensible at some moments. [*Exit.*

*Cha.* "Fear not my government."

*Kit.* That's what the black man says in the play. This is to my own taste exactly. [*Aside.*

*Cha.* "Oh, my Statira, thou relentless fair!

"Turn thine eyes on me—I would talk to them."

*Kit.* "Not the soft breezes of the genial spring,

"The fragrant violet, or opening rose,

"Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath.

"Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!"

[*He leads her out, looking at each other languishingly.*

SCENE, *The Garden.*

*Enter Miss Bridget and Harry.*

*Har.* These improvements, Madam, are the very extreme



of elegance. I take for granted, they were laid out agreeable to your design.

*Miss Brid.* Partly, Sir. My brother wanted to have the garden crammed full of naked figures, in a most undecent way: But I said not; and if you observe, they are clothed from head to foot; you can't see the ankle of one of them.

*Har.* There, Madam, you blended decency with elegance, which is little attended to in these days. Besides, the artist has the same opportunity to shew his skill on the drapery of a lady's petticoat, as in finishing a Venus de Medicis.

*Miss Brid.* And so I told my brother. Says I, the Venus de Med-med—But won't you please to sit down, Sir? You have walked a great deal; I am afraid you are fatigued—Sit down, Sir, and dispose yourself.

[*He brings two garden-chairs to the front of the stage:*

*They look at each other languishingly.*

And are you certain, Sir, that this kind of play-business will not be attended with any bad consequences to the family.

*Har.* Indeed, I think not, Madam. A play, certainly, is one of the most rational amusements we have. The Greek and Roman stages contributed very much to civilize those nations, and in a great measure rescued them from their original barbarity.

*Miss Brid.* So I told my brother—Says I, the Greeks, the Romans, the Irish, and a great number of other barbarous nations, had plays.

*Har.* True, Madam.

*Miss Brid.* But he said they were all Jacobites.

*Har.* The justice of that remark, I confess, strikes me—But, Madam, you, you, you—Damme me if I know what to say to this old fool—Where is Charles? [*Aside.*

*Miss Brid.* I have touch'd him with my observation. What a delicate insensibility he discovers! [*Aside.*—I find, Sir, from your conversation, you have read a monstrous deal. You have taken a degree, I suppose, Sir, at one principal adversity?

*Har.* There's no standing this. [*Aside.*—Oh, yes, Madam; and it cost me many an uneasy moment before I could obtain it: The only thing that made my time pass away, even tolerably, was, that during my probation I sometimes had the honour of a visit from the muses.

*Miss*

*Miss Brid.* Pray, Sir, is that the family which lives at Oxford?

*Har.* No faith, Madam, they very seldom even sojourn there; they are a very whimsical family; and, although of the highest extraction, very often condescend to visit a cottage instead of a palace.

*Miss Brid.* I shall be very glad to see them at Strawberry-Hall, or any friend of your's, Sir.

*Har.* Dear Madam, your goodness overwhelms me.—I'll try this old Tabby with a love-scene; she grows amorous. [*Aside.*—I cannot but think, Madam, of the unaccountable vanity of the parson, whom Sir Gilbert so humourously described to-day. From the enterprising genius of this spiritual gentleman, and from his wanting an eye, one may with great propriety, I think, give him the name of the canonical Hanibal.

*Miss Brid.* Ha, ha! a very good summily indeed, Sir; he was indeed quite a canibal, and so I told my brother: But don't mention his name, Sir; it always gives me the spleen.

*Har.* His presumption, Madam, deserved death. monstrous! to think of obtaining such a hand as this, [*kisses it*] without the requisites even to gaze upon it.—Oh! 'tis intolerable.

[*She rises, and he kneels.*

*Miss Brid.* Dear Sir! Lord, Sir!—With what a warmth he kisses my hand—Oh! he's a dear deluder. [*Aside.*—Sir, Captain, what do you call him, if we are seen, I am undone.

*Har.* Be under no apprehensions, my angel!

[*Kisses her hand again.*

*Miss Brid.* My angel! there's a word for you—I shall certainly give way in a few moments.

[*Aside.*

*Enter Diggery, peeping at the side-scene.*

*Dig.* What are these two cajoling about? Acting, I suppose. I'll try if I can't act the same way.

*Har.* Ah, Miss Pumpkin, Miss Pumpkin!

[*Kneels, takes out his handkerchief, and weeps.*

*Dig.* Ah, Miss Pumpkin, Miss Pumpkin!

[*Kneels by the side-scene, and pulls the napkin out of his pocket; part of which must be seen when he enters.*

*Enter Sir Gilbert.*

*Sir Gil.* Where are you, sister? Zounds! what's the matter now? What, are you acting? Have you got the touch?

*Har.* Humour the thought, Madam.

[*Aside.*  
*Sir*

*Sir Gil.* If Diggery had not been one of the *dramatis personæ*, I should have imagined, sister Bridget, that a red coat and a handsome young fellow were things not very disagreeable to you.

*Dig.* Yes, Sir, I'm here; I'm always your honour's *personæ*.

*Sir Gil.* Get out of my sight this moment, thou—

[*Exit Diggery.*

*Har.* Diggery here! that may be lucky. [*Aside.*

*Miss Brid.* Indeed, brother, I do not think that acting is so foolish a thing as I thought; for the Captain here has repeated so many pretty speeches, that I could listen to them for an hour longer. However, I will go and prepare tea for you—Good b'ye. [*Exit.*

*Har.* Miss Bridget has very kindly undertaken, Sir, to perform the part of Mrs Peachum, in this evening's entertainment; and as she takes the part at a short notice, we must indulge her with the book. I shall make a proper apology to the audience upon that occasion before the opera begins.

*Sir Gil.* Mrs Peachum! What, has my sister undertaken to play mother Peachum?

*Har.* Most kindly, Sir,

*Sir Gil.* She has! Then I shall not be surprised if I see my she-goat and all her family dancing the hayes to-morrow morning—In short, after that, I should not be surprised at any thing. But tell me, my dear Stukely, tell me truly, do you think that you will be able to give them enough of it? Do you think our plan will succeed?

*Har.* I'll be bound for it, Sir. If there are any more plays acted in your house after this, I will consent to lose my head.

*Sir Gil.* Then give them as much of it to-night as you can—Do not spare them, Stukely. But come, let us go in to tea. Diggery is hard at work fixing the scenes in the hall, and the whole neighbourhood will be here bye-and-bye. Come along. [*Exeunt talking.*

SCENE, *A Room in the House.*

*Enter Kitty singing.*

*Kit.* This, Charles, notwithstanding my singing, now and then makes me melancholy. He is so lively, and so tragic, and so comic, and so humourfome, and so every thing like myself, that I am much happier with him than any body else.

Heigh

Heigh ho ! What makes me sigh so, when I choose singing ?  
—Tol, lol, lol, la—But here he is.

*Enter Charles.*

*Cha.* Come to my arms, thou loveliest of thy sex !

*Kit.* Keep off, Charles, I bid you ; you must not lay hold on me in such a monstrous way ; that's just like Cymon.

*Cha.* What do I hear ? Death to my hopes, Cymon ! Does Cymon lay hold of my dear Kitty !

*Kit.* To be sure. When I have no other person to rehearse with, I do take Cymon ; and he does not perform badly, when I instruct him.

*Cha.* But don't you think you had better take me ? Don't you imagine my performance would please you better than his ?

*Kit.* How can I tell, until I try you both. If you will give me a specimen, I'll soon tell you—Try now.

*Cha.* What the devil shall I say ? I do not immediately recollect a line of a play. No matter, the first thing that comes into my head. [*Aside.*—Come then, Kitty, you must play with me. Now mind me—Hear me, thou fairest of the fair—hear me, dear goddess, hear—

*Kit.* Stop, stop ; I do not know where that is.

*Cha.* Nor I, upon my soul. [*Aside.*] What, do you not recollect where that is ?

*Kit.* No. Can you repeat a speech out of Romeo, Crook-back'd Richard, the Conscious Lovers, Scrub, the Journey to London, the Clandestine Marriage, the School for Wives—

*Cha.* Stop, stop ; yes, yes, Kitty, I have the Journey to London, the Clandestine Marriage, and the School for Wives, strong at this moment in my recollection. I think I can do—

*Kit.* What then, you only think ; you're not certain ? Lord, Lord ! I do not believe you can do any thing—Why, Cymon, could say them all, without missing a word. I only desired him, after supper, a few nights ago, to go into the barn, and get by heart the speech where the blackamoor smothered his wife ; and I had not been in bed ten minutes, when he came into the room, and repeated every word of it.

*Cha.* The devil he did !

*Kit.* Ay, and more than that.

*Cha.* What more, in the devil's name ?

*Kit.* Why to be sure, he was as black as old Harry, that's certain. He had black'd all his face with soot and

goose-



goose-dripping; and he did look so charmingly frightful! But then he did play so well—He laid down the candle, and came up to the bed-side, and said “One kifs, and then”—

*Cha.* What then?

*Kit.* Why then—“put out the light.” Why, Charles, you know no more how to act this scene than Tippet.

*Cha.* And pray, my dear Kitty, what does Sir Gilbert say to all this?

*Kit.* Why, he’d never known a word of it, if it was not that it discovered itself.

*Cha.* How came that? You tell me it was but a few nights ago, and I don’t think it could discover itself so soon.

*Kit.* Why, you must know, that when Cymon kissed me in bed, he blacked my left cheek so abominably, that when I came down to breakfast in the morning, the family were all frightened out of their wits. Mrs Bridget bid me go to the glass; and when I looked at myself—Lord, Lord, how I did laugh! I told them the whole story. And do you know, that I am locked into my room every night since.

*Cha.* So much the better. This is simplicity without vice. [*Aside.*—Well Kitty, you shall see this evening, how I’ll play Captain Macheath. I am quite perfect in the Captain.

*Kit.* And I have Polly every morsel of her—Lord, how all the country-folks will stare! Miss Fanny Blubber, the rich farmer’s daughter in the next village, is to play Lucy; she will do it charmingly; and, as luck would have it, she is now big with child.

*Cha.* Really! was ever any thing so lucky?

*Kit.* Are you sure now, that you will not be out.

*Cha.* You shall see now—Come, lean on my shoulder—Look fond—quite languishing—That will do—What do you say now? Have you forgot?

*Kit.* That I hav’n’t—“And are you as fond as ever, my Dear?”

*Cha.* Suspect my honour, my courage; suspect any thing but my love. May my pistols want charging, and my mare slip her shoes—No, I’m wrong—Zounds! Oh, I have it, —“May my pistols miss fire, and my mare slip her shoulder “while I am pursued, if ever I forsake thee.”

*Kit.* Oh, thou charming, charming creature! [*Kisses him.*

*Cha.* Damme, but this girl has given me the touch, I believe. She has set me all in a flame. [*Aside.*—But tell me, Kitty, have you thought upon what I said to you in the garden?

*Kit.*

*Kit.* 'Egad, I have; but I don't know what's the matter with me; something come across me, and frightens all my inclinations away.

*Cha.* Be resolute, my dear Kitty, and take to your arms the man who only can live when he is in your presence. Heav'ns! is it possible, that such a girl as you—a creature formed—

*Kit.* Lord! am I a creature?

*Cha.* Ay, and a lovely creature; formed for the delight of our sex, and the envy of your's. To be caged up in such a damn'd old barn as this! seeing no company but Cymon, Wat, Diggery Ducklin, and such canibals.

*Kit.* Oh, monstrous!

*Cha.* 'Tis more than monstrous; 'tis shocking.

*Kit.* Is it, indeed!

*Cha.* To be sure.

*Kit.* Then I will do as you bid me from this moment.

*Cha.* Come to my arms, and let me hold thee to my heart for ever. [*Embraces her.*]—"If I were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy; for I fear my soul hath her content so absolute, that not another comfort like this succeeds in unknown fate."

*Enter Sir Gilbert.*

*Sir Gil.* Hollo! what the devil, are you two at it already? Why, Charles, are you not afraid she will bite you?

*Cha.* Not in the least, Sir. If I don't make her out of humour with this kind of mumming, before she is twenty-four hours older, I will forfeit my commission.

*Sir Gil.* If you do, I promise you a better. What noise is that?

[*A board is heard sawing without.*]

*Kit.* It is only Diggery sawing a trap-hole in the floor of the hall. You know we can't play tragedy without it.

*Sir Gil.* Death and hell! we shall have the house about our ears presently—Mercy upon us!—Diggery, thou imp of the devil, give over. Charles, do you stop him. [*Exit Charles.*]—Who could have thought of such an infernal scheme?

*Re-enter Charles.*

O Charles, Charles! cure the family of this madness, and I will make your fortune for you.

*Cha.* He had only begun his work; there can be no mischief done, Sir.

*Sir Gil.* Thank you, thank you, Charles. As for you,  
Miss

Miss Kitty, do you come with me; the folks will be all here presently.

[Sir Gilbert puts her arm under his; she seizes Charles's hand, and imitates the scene in the Beggar's Opera where Peachum drags his daughter from Macbeath.

Kit. "Do not tear him from me."—Isn't that right, Charles?

Cha. Astonishing!

Sir Gil. What the devil's the matter now?

Kit. [Sings.] "Oh, oh, ray! Oh, Ambora! Oh, oh!"

[Exeunt Sir Gil. and Kitty.

Cha. Well, certainly there does not exist such an unaccountable family as this. As to the girl, she is a composition of shrewdness and simplicity; and if properly treated, would make an excellent wife. She has thirty thousand pounds to her fortune, and every shilling at her disposal. What an old curmudgeon is my uncle, who might provide for his nephew, without putting a shilling out of his own pocket, by bestowing this girl upon him; and never once to hint at such an union—No matter—I'll take this little charming girl to my arms, and make a *coup de main* of it. "Then, farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump; "the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal "banner, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance "of glorious war."

Enter Harry.

Har. Bravo, bravo, Charles! The touch, I fancy, has gone round the whole family.

Cha. 'Egad, I believe so too, Harry. I have got it, you find.

Har. I have been looking for you this half hour. Such a scene as I have had with old Mouser!

Cha. Ay, but such a scene as I have had with the kitten! 'Egad, Harry! I have her, in spite of all her tricks—But who do you think popped upon us at the critical moment?

Har. Critical moment!

Cha. Just as I had the lovely girl in my arms, repeating to her the first speech that came into my head, in popped old Jowler, my uncle.

Har. Why, he caught me much in the same situation in the garden. I was kneeling, kissing Miss Bridget's old damned withered fist, and swearing by all the goddesses, their friends and relations, when plump he came upon us: No mischief ensued; for he thought I was giving her a specimen

men of my abilities in acting. She humoured the idea as completely as if she had but just come from a London boarding-school; and the good old knight desired me, to surfeit her, to give her a little more of it.

*Cha.* "This night makes me, or undoes me quite."

*Har.* Good again, Charles—Damme, but I think you would make a tolerable actor in good earnest.

*Cha.* I think I should; and you will shortly have a specimen of my abilities, in the character of a good husband.

*Enter William, with a letter.*

*Will.* I received this letter, Sir, from an hostler, who belongs to an inn in the next village; he waits for an answer, Sir.

*Cha.* What can this mean? I know no person hereabouts, except my uncle's family. Let us see. [*Reads.*]

"I this moment heard you was in the country upon a visit at your uncle's; and as I propose staying here to-night, (being heartily fatigued with my journey) will be much obliged, if you will favour me with your company to supper:—I am alone; but if the family cannot spare you, I must insist you will use no ceremony with your old and sincere friend,  
JOE TACKUM."

Angels catch the sounds!

*Har.* With all my heart—but what's the matter?

*Cha.* Who do you think is by accident arrived at the next village?

*Har.* Who, who? you put me in a fever.

*Cha.* Joe Tackum, my old fellow-collegian, who took orders not a month ago, and who, I suppose, is now going to his father's—Fly, William; get me pen, ink, and paper; he must not stir from the place he now is at, to get a bishopric.

[*Exeunt Charles and William.*]

*Har.* Let me see now; can't I find some passage that will be *apropos*? If Diggery were here, he would find twenty in a minute—Oh, I have it—"If it were done when 'tis done; then would it were done quickly—'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished." No, no, no, I'm all wrong—Damme, if ever I attempt to spout again while I live. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The Hall, with benches fixed to see the play.*

Sir Gilbert, Diggery, &c. are perceived busling and receiving the company.

*Sir Gil.* Welcome, my good friends; welcome, ladies and gentlemen. Diggery, don't be mumbling your nonsense,



sense, but feat the company—You are all most heartily welcome—How do you like our preparation?

*Comp.* Oh, 'tis charming—Indeed, Sir Gilbert, 'tis charming.

*Sir Gil.* Don't be mumbling, Diggery, I say; but look about, and observe the company. Pray, sit down all of you, or we can't begin our pastimes; the actors will be here shortly. Diggery, where's my nephew and his friend? Where's Kitty too?

*Dig.* She is just stepped out with Charles.

*Sir Gil.* Ay, ay, to rehearse their parts together; so much the better. After this night, I shall take care they have no rehearsing of their tragedies, and comedies, and love-dialogues; I'll put an end to this tinderwork business. But come, come, bustle about, Diggery; get yourself ready, and desire them all to begin; we have no time to lose. Now, neighbours, you shall see the Beggar's Opera in taste.

*Dig.* Here they are, here they are.

*Enter Charles, Kitty, and Harry.*

*Har.* Are you sure none of the family know you are married?

*Cha.* Not a soul; but they shall all know it now. [*Charles and Kitty go up to Sir Gilbert, and kneel.*]—Sir, this young lady, who is now my wife, joins with me in requesting your blessing and forgiveness.

*Dig.* No, no, no—you are all wrong; you are to confess the marriage at the end of the third act—We begin at the wrong end. [*Charles and Kitty rise.*

*Enter Miss Bridget, in a rage.*

*Miss Brid.* Brother, brother, we are all undone—Oh, Kitty, you are a sad slut—The wench is married, brother!

*Dig.* Why, Mrs Bridget, you are wrong too; you are to say that bye-and-bye.

*Sir Gil.* You came in too soon, sister Bridget; you have forgot.

*Miss Brid.* I tell you, brother, the wench is married—Are you stupid?

*Sir Gil.* I tell you again, sister Bridget, you are too soon; that rage will do well enough presently—Diggery shall tell you when to come. This foolish woman spoils all—I have seen the Beggar's Opera a thousand times.

*Miss Brid.* Was ever any thing equal to this? I'll raise the neighbourhood—Murder! Robbery! Ravishment!—Bless me, how my head turns round—

[*They*

[*They all rise and assist Miss Bridget, who faints in a chair.*

*Dig.* I never saw any thing better acted in all my life.

*Sir Gil.* Very well, sister, indeed! Bounce away! I did not think it was you—Very well, indeed! ha, ha, ha!

[*Bridget shows great agitation.*

*Dig.* 'Tis very fine, indeed!—I wish I may do my part half as well.

*Miss Brid.* I shall go mad! You crazy fool you, hold your tongue, or I will—[*Runs at Diggerly.*] As for you, brother—

*Sir Gil.* No, no; now you are out.

*Dig.* You should not meddle with me.

*Miss Brid.* I tell you, dolt, fool, that your niece there, that impudent baggage, is married to that more impudent fellow, your nephew.

*Sir Gil.* What is all this!

*Dig.* This is not in the play.

*Miss Brid.* No; but it is in nature for such creatures to deceive and be wicked. She is married, I tell you.

*Sir Gil.* The devil she is!—It is a lie, though.

*Dig.* Then we shall have a tragedy instead of a comedy.

*Sir Gil.* Speak, speak, you graceless pair of imps! What is all this!

*Har.* Indeed it is true, Sir Gilbert, as I can bear witness.

*Sir Gil.* It can't be; 'tis all a lie—Parson Dosey would not have done such a thing for his other eye; and there's no other in the neighbourhood.

*Har.* It was not parson Dosey that did the kind office, but honest Joe Tackum.

*Sir Gil.* And pray, who the devil is honest Joe Tackum?

*Cha.* A friend of mine, Sir, whom I detained for the purpose.

*Kit.* Dear guardie, forgive me for this time; and I'll never do it again.

[*Kneeling.*

*Miss Brid.* Did you ever hear any thing so profligate and destitute? Oh, you'll turn out finely, Miss!—To deceive us all—What, guilty of such an abomination, in so short a time, and at your age?

*Sir Gil.* What say you to that, cockatrice, in so short a time, and at your age?

*Dig.* I don't think it out of character, though. [*Aside.*

*Kit.* Pray, Madam, excuse me: Is it not quite as bad to do in so short a time, and at your age?

*Miss Brid.* What do you mean, you impertinent slut?

*Sir Gil.* Ay, what do you mean, Miss Hot-upon't?

*Kit.* Ask this gentleman, pray.

*Sir Gil.* Why, what the devil, sister! [*She looks confounded.*]

*Har.* Since I am subpoena'd into court, I must speak the truth. That lady, *in so short a time, and at her age*, offered her hand for the same trip to matrimony; but I was not in a humour for travelling.

*Miss Brid.* You are all a parcel of knaves, fools, and impertinent huffies—I'll never see your faces again. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Gil.* You ought to be ashamed to shew your own, Miss Bridget.

*Dig.* It is all in character.

*Cha.* Consider, Sir, I am your nephew, and my prosperity ought to give you pleasure: Besides, I shall not want any thing from you in your will; I am now well provided for.

*Sir Gil.* 'Egad, that's a just observation. [*Aside.*—Well, as my sister, who ought to be wiser, would have done the same, I will forgive the less offence. [*Kisses her.*] Make her a good husband, Charles: And permit me to recommend one thing to you; let her never read a play, or go within the doors of a theatre;—if you do, I would not underwrite her.

*Cha.* "My life upon her faith."

# THOMAS AND SALLY:

O R,

## The Sailor's Return.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY MR ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

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### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

#### M E N.

		<i>Covent-Garden.</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>The Squire,</i>	- -	Mr Mattocks.	Mr Dod.
<i>Thomas,</i>	- -	Mr Dabellamy.	Mr Vernon.

#### W O M E N.

<i>Sally,</i>	- -	Mrs Pinto.	Mrs Arne.
<i>Dorcas,</i>	- -	Mrs Thompson.	Mrs Love.

SCENE, *The Country.*

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### A C T I.

SCENE, *A Village at the foot of a hill, with a cottage more advanced than the rest, on one side. SALLY discovered spinning at the door.*

SALLY.

**M**Y time how happy once and gay!  
Oh, blythe I was as blythe could be;

But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day!

For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,

Though all their arts are lost on me;

For I can never love but one,

And he, alas! is gone to sea.

C 2

They



They bid me to the wake, the fair,  
 To dances on the neighb'ring lee;  
 But how can I in pleasure share,  
 While my true love is out at sea?  
 The flowers droop till light's return,  
 The pigeon mourns its absent she;  
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,  
 Till my true love comes back from sea.

*Enter Dorcas.*

*Dor.* What, will you never quit this idle trade?  
 Still, still in tears?—Ah, you're a foolish maid!  
 In time have prudence, your own int'rest see;  
 Youth lasts not always; be advis'd by me.  
 That May-day of life is for pleasure,  
 For singing, for dancing, and show;  
 Then why will you waste such a treasure,  
 In sighing, and crying—heigh-ho!  
 Let's copy the bird in the meadows,  
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low;  
 Fly round, and coquet as she does,  
 And never sit crying—heigh-ho!  
 Though when in the arms of a lover,  
 It sometimes may happen I know,  
 That, 'ere all our toying is over,  
 We cannot help crying—heigh-ho!  
 In age ev'ry one a new part takes,  
 I find to my sorrow 'tis so:  
 When old you may cry till your heart aches,  
 But no one will mind you—heigh-ho!

*Sal.* Leave me.—

*Dor.* Go to—I come to make you glad;  
 Odzooks, what's here? This folly sets me mad.  
 You're grieving, and for whom?—'tis pretty sport—  
 For one that gets a wife at ev'ry port!

*Sal.* Dorcas, for shame! how can you be so base,  
 Or after this look Thomas in the face?  
 His ship's expected—

*Dor.* Tell not me—The Squire—  
 As Tom is your's, you are his heart's desire—  
 Then why so peevish, and so froward still?  
 He'll make your fortune—let him have his will.

*Sal.*

# THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

21

*Sal.* Were I as poor as wretch can be,  
As great as any monarch he;  
'Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,  
I'd work my fingers to the bone.  
Grant me, ye pow'rs! I ask not wealth;  
Grant me but innocence and health.  
Ah, what is grandeur link'd to vice?  
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

[*Exit.*

*Dor.* Well, go your ways—I cannot choose but smile.  
Would I were young again—alas, the while!  
But what are wishes?—wishes will not do:  
One cannot eat one's cake, and have it too.

When I was a young one, what girl was like me?  
So wanton, so airy, so brisk as a bee:  
I rattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er  
A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.  
To all that came near I had something to say:  
'Twas this, Sir—and that, Sir,—but scarce ever Nay.  
And Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and my lace,  
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.  
At twenty I got me a husband—poor man?  
Well, rest him, we all are as good as we can:  
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws;  
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.  
He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone;  
'Egad, I've a tongue—and I paid him his own.  
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'rd,  
Stand firm to our charter—and have the last word.  
But now I'm quite alter'd—the more to my woe;  
I'm not what I was forty summers ago:  
This Time's a sore foe, there's no shunning his dart;  
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.  
Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance;  
I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance;  
And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,  
I teach that to others I once did my self.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Squire appears descending the hill with huntsmen.*

SQUIRE.

Hark, hark! the shrill horn calls the sportsman abroad;  
To horse, my brave boys, and away;  
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds  
Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox !  
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;  
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him—Huzza!  
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
 Like Bacchannals, shouting and gay;  
 How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,  
 And loose the fatigues of the day !  
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;  
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours:  
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Squire, returning after the huntsmen are gone off, knocks at Sally's door, who comes out of the cottage.*

*Sal.* Ah, whither have my heedless steps betray'd!

*Sq.* Where would you fly? of whom are you afraid  
 Here's neither spectre, ghost, nor goblin nigh;  
 Nor any one—but Cupid, you, and I.

*Sal.* Unlucky!—

*Sq.* S'death! she sets me all on fire:  
 Bewitching girl! I languish with desire.  
 But wherefore do you shrink, and trembling stand,  
 So coy, so silly?—

*Sal.* Pray, Sir, loose my hand.

*Sq.* When late I wander'd o'er the plain,  
 From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain  
 My wild desires to rally:  
 But now they're of themselves come home,  
 And, strange! no longer seek to roam;  
 They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,  
 And cries I court but to destroy:

Can love with ruin tally?  
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,  
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,  
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come, thou sweeter far  
 Than jessamine and roses are,  
 Or lilies of the valley:

O follow Love, and quit your fear;  
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,  
And make me blest in Sally.

*Sal.* Sir, you demean yourself; and, to be free,  
Some lady you should choose of fit degree:  
I am too low, too vulgar—

*Sq.* —Rather say,  
There's some more favour'd rival in the way:  
Some happy sweetheart in your thoughts take place;  
For him you keep your favours; that's the case.

*Sal.* Well, if it be, 'tis neither shame nor sin;  
An honest lad he is, of honest kin:  
No higher than my equal I pretend,—  
You have your answer, Sir; and there's an end.

*Sq.* Come, come, my dear girl, I must not be deny'd;  
Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it away:  
I'll give you this purse too; and, hark you! beside,  
We'll kifs and we'll toy all the long summer's-day.

*Sal.* Of kissing and toying you soon would be tir'd;  
Oh, should hapless Sally consent to be naught!  
Besides, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;  
The heart's not worth gaining which is to be bought.

*Sq.* Perhaps you're afraid of the world's busy tongue:  
But know, above scandal you then shall be put;  
And laugh as you roll in your chariot along,  
At draggle-tail Chastity walking a-foot.

*Sal.* If only through fear of the world I was shy,  
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown;  
It's pardon were easy with money to buy;  
But how, tell me how, I should purchase my own.

*Sq.* Leave morals to grey-beards; those lips were design'd  
For better employment—

*Sal.* —I will not endure—

*Sq.* Oh fie, child! Love bids you be rich and be kind:

*Sal.* But virtue commands me,—Be honest and poor.

ACT



## A C T II.

SCENE, *The Sea-side.**Thomas, with Sailors, enters in a boat, from which they land.*

THOMAS.  
**A**VAST, my boys, avast ; all hands ashore :  
 Messmates, what cheer ? Old England, hey ! once more.  
 I'm thinking how the wenches will rejoice ;  
 Out with your presents, boys, and take your choice.  
 I've an old sweetheart—but look, there's the town ;  
 Weigh anchor, tack about, and let's bear down.

How happy is the sailor's life,  
 From coast to coast to roam ;  
 In ev'ry port he finds a wife,  
 In every land a home.  
 He love's to range,  
 He's nowhere strange ;  
 He ne'er will turn his back,  
 To friend or foe ;  
 No, masters, no :  
 My life for honest Jack.

*Chorus.* He loves to range, &c.

If saucy foes dare make a noise,  
 And to the sword appeal ;  
 We out, and quickly learn 'em, boys,  
 With whom they have to deal.  
 We know no craft, but 'fore and aft,  
 Lay on our strokes amain ;  
 Then if they're stout, for t'other bout,  
 We drub 'em o'er again.

*Chorus.* We know no craft, &c.

Or fair or foul, let Fortune blow,  
 Our hearts are never dull ;  
 The pocket that to-day ebbs low,  
 To-morrow shall be full :  
 For if so be, we want, d'ye see,  
 A pluck of this here stuff ;  
 In India, and America,  
 We're sure to find enough,

*Chorus.* For if so be, &c.

Then

Then blefs the king, and blefs the ſtate,  
 And blefs our captains all;  
 And ne'er may chance unfortunate,  
 The Britiſh fleet beſal;  
 But proſp'rous gales, where'er ſhe fails;  
 And ever may ſhe ride,  
 Of ſea and ſhore, till time's no more,  
 The terror and the pride.

*Chorus.* But proſp'rous gales, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Squire and Dorcas.*

*Sq.* In vain I've ev'ry wily art eſſay'd,  
 Nor promiſes can tempt, nor vows perſuade;  
 No proſpect of ſucceſs is left me now:  
 How ſhall I gain her?—

*Dor.*—Why, I'll tell you how.

This way ſhe comes? the wench is full of pride;  
 Lay oaths, and vows, and promiſes aſide;  
 Often, when regular approaches fail,  
 Beſiegers ſtorm a place, and ſo prevail.

All you who wou'd wiſh to ſucceed with a laſs,  
 Learn how the affair's to be done;

For if you ſtand fooling, and ſhy, like an aſs,  
 You'll loſe her as ſure as a gun.

With whining, and ſighing, and vows, and all that,  
 As far as you pleaſe you may run;

She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,  
 But jilt you, as ſure as a gun.

To worſhip, and call her bright goddeſs, is fine:

But mark you the conſequence, mun;

The baggage will think herſelf really divine,  
 And ſcorn you, as ſure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and ſtout,  
 And no opportunity ſhun:

She'll tell you ſhe hates you, and ſwear ſhe'll cry out;

But 'mum—ſhe's as ſure as a gun. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sally, with a milking pail.*

*al.* How cruel thoſe who, with ungenerous aim,  
 Strive to ſeduce and bring poor maids to ſhame!  
 That brutiſh Squire! but wherefore ſhould I fear?  
 I ne'er can turn falſe-hearted to my dear:

No;

No; when he came his last farewell to take,  
He bid me wear this token for his sake.  
He shall not prove me fickle and unkind;  
Or say, that—out of sight was out of mind.

Auspicious spirits! guard my love,  
In time of danger near him bide;  
With outspread wings around him move,  
And turn each random ball aside.  
And you his foes, though hearts of steel,  
Oh, may you then with me accord;  
A sympathetic passion feel,  
Behold his face, and drop the sword.  
Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave;  
Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,  
Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave  
The calm smooth bosom of the deep:  
Till halcyon peace return'd, once more,  
From blasts secure and hostile harms,  
My sailor views his native shore,  
And harbours safe in those fond arms.

*Enter Squire.*

*Sq.* Well met, pretty maid—  
Nay, don't be afraid;  
I mean you no mischief, I vow:  
Psha! what is't you ail?  
Come, give me your pail,  
And I'll carry it up to your cow.

*Sal.* Pray, let it alone;  
I've hands of my own,  
Nor need yours to help me—forbear!  
How can you persist?  
I won't, Sir, be kiss'd,  
Nor teaz'd thus—go trifle elsewhere.

*Sq.* In yon lonely grove  
I saw an alcove,  
All round the sweet violet springs;  
And there was a thrush  
Hard by in a bush,  
'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.

*Sal.* But hark! prithee, hark!  
Look, yonder's a lark!  
It warbles and please me so,

To hear the soft tale  
 O' th' sweet nightingale,  
 I wou'd not be tempted to go.  
 Then here we'll sit down ;  
 Come, come, never frown !  
 No longer my blifs I'll retard :  
 Kind Venus shall spread  
 Her veil over head,  
 And the little rogue Cupid keep guard.

*Enter Thomas.*

*Tho.* What's this I see? May I believe my eyes?  
 A pirate just about to board my prize!  
 'Tis well I this way chanc'd my course to steer.  
 Sal, what's the matter?—

*Sal.* —Thomas!—

*So.* —'Sdeath, who's here?  
 Fellow, be gone, or—

*Tho.* —Learn your phrase to mend:  
 Do you sheer off, or else I'll make you, friend.  
 Let go the wench; I claim her for my share;  
 And now lay hands upon her—if you dare.

*So.* Saucy rascal, this intrusion  
 You shall answer to your cost:  
 Bully'd—scandaliz'd—confusion!  
 All my schemes and wishes cross'd.

*Tho.* Hark you, master, keep your distance;  
 'Sblood, take notice what I say:  
 There's the channel, no resistance;  
 Tack about, and bear away.

*So.* Wou'd you wrest our freedom from us?  
 Now my heart has lost its fear:  
 Oh, my best, my dearest Thomas!  
 Sure some angel brought you here.

*So.* Since her paltry inclination  
 Stoops to such a thing as you;  
 Thus I make a recantation,—  
 Wretched, foolish girl, adieu!

[*Exit.*

*So.* Oh, welcome, welcome! How shall I impart  
 The joy this happy meeting gives my heart?  
 Now, Tom, in safety stay at home with me,  
 And never trust again that treach'rous sea.

*Tho.*



*Tho.* Excuse me, Sal; while mighty George has foes,  
On land and main their malice I'll oppose.  
But hang this talking, my desires are keen;  
You see yon steeple, and know what I mean.

Let fops pretend in flames to melt,  
And talk of pangs they never felt;  
I speak without disguise or art,  
And with my hand bestow my heart.

*Sal.* Let ladies prudishly deny,  
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie;  
I own the passion in my breast,  
And long to make my lover blest.

*Tho.* For this, the sailor on the mast  
Endures the cold and cutting blast;  
All dripping wet, wears out the night,  
And braves the fury of the fight.

*Sal.* For this the virgin pines and sighs,  
With throbbing heart and streaming eyes;  
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,  
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

*Both.* Ye British youths, be brave; you'll find  
The British virgins will be kind:  
Protect their beauty from alarms,  
And they'll repay you with its charms.

# THE DEVIL TO PAY:

O R,

The Wives Metamorphosed.

By CHARLES COFFEY, Esq.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Sir John Loverule</i> , an honest country gentleman, beloved for his-hospitality	}	<i>Drury-Lane:</i> Mr Beard.
<i>Butler</i> ,	}	Mr Turbutt. Mr Leigh. Mr Gray. Mr Marshall.
<i>Cook</i> ,		
<i>Footman</i> ,		
<i>Coachman</i> ,		
<i>Jobson</i> , a psalm-singing cobbler, tenant to	}	Mr Harper.
<i>Sir John</i> - - - - -	}	Mr Hill.
<i>Doctor</i> , - - - - -		

### W O M E N.

<i>Lady Loverule</i> , wife to <i>Sir John</i> , a proud, canting, brawling, fanatical shrew	}	Mrs Pritchard:
<i>Lucy</i> ,	}	Miss Brett. Miss Bennet.
<i>Lettice</i> ,		
<i>Nell</i> , <i>Jobson's</i> wife, an innocent country girl	}	Mrs Clive.
Tenants, Servants.		

SCENE, *A Country Village.*

SCENE, *The Cobbler's House.*

*JOBSON and NELL.*

*NELL.*

*D* R'YTHEE, good *Jobson*, stay with me to-night, and for once make merry at home.

*D*

*Job.*

*Job.* Peace, peace, you jade, and go spin; for if I lack any thread for my stitching, I will punish you by virtue of my sovereign authority.

*Nell.* Ay marry, no doubt of that; whilst you take your swing at the ale-house, spend your substance, get drunk as a beast, then come home like a sot, and use one like a dog.

*Job.* Nounz, do you prate? Why, how now, brazen-face, do you speak ill of the government? Don't you know, hussy, that I am king in my own house, and that this is treason against my majesty?

*Nell.* Did ever one hear such stuff! But I pray you now, Jobson, don't go to the ale-house to-night.

*Job.* Well, I'll humour you for once, but don't grow fau-  
cy upon't; for I'm invited by Sir John Loverule's butler, and am to be princely drunk with punch at the hall-place; we shall have a bowl large enough to swim in.

*Nell.* But they say, husband, the new lady will not suffer a stranger to enter her doors; she grudges even a draught of small beer to her own servants; and several of the tenants have come home with broken heads from her ladyship's own hands, only for smelling strong beer in the house.

*Job.* A pox on her for a fanatical jade! She has almost distracted the good knight: But she's now abroad, feasting with her relations, and will scarce come home to-night; and we are to have much drink, a fiddle, and merry gambols.

*Nell.* O, dear husband, let me go with you; we'll be as merry as the night's long.

*Job.* Why, how now, you bold baggage, would you be carried to a company of smooth-faced, eating, drinking, lazy serving-men? No, no, you jade; I'll not be a cuckold.

*Nell.* I'm sure they would make me welcome; you promised I should see the house, and the family has not been here before, since you married and brought me home.

*Job.* Why thou most audacious strumpet, darest thou dispute with me, thy lord and master! Get in and spin, or else my strap shall wind about thy ribs most confoundedly.

#### A I R I. *The Twitcher.*

He that has the best wife,  
She's the plague of his life;  
But for her who will scold and will quarrel,  
Let him cut her off short  
Of her meat and her sport,  
And ten times a-day hoop her barrel, brave boys,  
And ten times a-day hoop her barrel.

*Nell.*

*Nell.* Well, we poor women must always be slaves, and never have any joy; but you men run and ramble at your pleasure.

*Job.* Why, you most pestilent baggage, will you be coop'd? Begone.

*Nell.* I must obey. [Going.]

*Job.* Stay; now I think on't, here's sixpence for you; get ale and apples, stretch and puff thyself up with lamb's fool; rejoice and revel by thyself; be drunk and wallow in thy own sty, like a grumbling sow as thou art.

He that has the best wife,

She's the plague of his life, &c. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, Sir *Jobn's*.

*Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman, Lucy, Lettice, &c.*

*But.* I would our dancing neighbours were here, that we might rejoice a little while our termagant lady is abroad.—have made a most sovereign bowl of punch.

*Lucy.* We had need rejoice sometimes, for our devilish new lady will never suffer it in her hearing.

*But.* I will maintain, there is more mirth in a galley than in our family. Our master indeed is the worthiest gentleman—nothing but sweetness and liberality.

*Foot.* But here's a house turned topsy-turvy, from heaven to hell, since she came hither.

*Lucy.* His former lady was all virtue and mildness.

*But.* Ay, rest her soul! she was so; but this is inspired with a legion of devils, who make her lay about her like a fury.

*Lucy.* I am sure I always feel her in my bones; if her complexion don't please her, or she looks yellow in a morning, I am sure to look black and blue for it before night.

*Cook.* 'Pox on her, I dare not come within her reach; I have some six broken heads already. A lady, quotha! a she-bear is a civiller animal.

*Foot.* Heav'ns help my poor master! this devilish termagant, scolding woman will be the death of him: I never saw a man so altered in all the days of my life.

*Cook.* There's a perpetual motion in that tongue of her's, and a damned shrill pipe, enough to break the drum of a man's ear.'

Enter *Jobson*.

*But.* Welcome, welcome 'all; this is our wish. Honest old acquaintance,' Goodman *Jobson*! how dost thou?



*Job.* By my troth, I am always sharp-set towards punch, and am now come with a firm resolution, though but a poor cobbler, to be as richly drunk as a lord; I am a true English heart, and look upon drunkenness as the best part of the liberty of the subject.

*But.* Come, Jobson, we'll bring out our bowl of punch in solemn procession; and then for a song to crown our happiness. [*They all go out, and return with a bowl of punch.*]

A I R II. *Charles of Sweden.*

Come, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,  
Crown this night with pleasure;  
Let none at cares of life repine,  
To destroy our pleasure.  
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,  
That ev'ry true and loyal soul  
May drink and sing without controul,  
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be,  
Guardian of our pleasure;  
That under thy protection we  
May enjoy new pleasure.  
And as the hours glide swift away,  
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,  
And sing thy praises that we may  
Live and die with pleasure.

*But.* The king and the royal family in a brimmer—

A I R - III.

Here's a good health to the king,  
And send him a prosperous reign;  
O'er hills and high mountains,  
We'll drink dry the fountains,  
Until the sun rises again, brave boys,  
Until the sun rises again.

Then here's to thee, my boy boon,  
And here's to thee, my boy boon;  
As we've tarry'd all day  
For to drink down the sun,  
So we'll tarry and drink down the moon, brave boys,  
So we'll tarry and drink down the moon. [*Omnes hurra.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Sir John and Lady.*

*Lady.* O heaven and earth! what's here's within my doors? Is hell broke loose? What troop of fiends are here? Sirrah, you impudent rascal, speak?

*Sir John.* For shame, my dear.—As this is a time of mirth and jollity, it has always been the custom of my house, to give my servants liberty in this season, and to treat my country neighbours, that with innocent sports they may divert themselves.

*Lady.* I say, meddle with your own affairs; I will govern my own house without your putting in an oar. Shall I ask you leave to correct my own servants?

*Sir John.* I thought, Madam, this had been my house, and these my tenants and servants.

*Lady.* Did I bring a fortune to be thus abused and snub'd before people? Do you call my authority in question, ungrateful man! Look you to your dogs and horses abroad; but it will be my province to govern here; nor will I be controuled by e'er a hunting, hawking knight in Christendom.

A I R. IV. *Set by Mr Seedo.*

*Sir John.* Ye gods! you gave to me a wife  
Out of your grace and favour,  
To be the comfort of my life,  
And I was glad to have her:  
But if your providence divine  
For greater blifs design her,  
To obey your wills at any time,  
I'm ready to resign her.

This it is to be married to a continual tempest. Strife and noise, canting and hypocrisy, are eternally afloat—'Tis impossible to bear it long.

*Lady.* Ye filthy scoundrels, and odious jades, I'll teach you to junket thus, and steal my provisions: I shall be devour'd at this rate.

*But.* I thought, Madam, we might be merry once upon a holiday.

*Lady.* Holiday, you popish cur: Is one day more holy than another? and if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you rogue. [*Beats him.*] You minx, you impudent flirt, are you jigging it after an abominable fiddle? all dancing is whorish, hussy. [*Lugs her by the ears.*]

*Lucy.* O Lud, she has pulled off both my ears.

*Sir John.* Pray, Madam, consider your sex and quality: I blush for your behaviour.

*Lady.* Consider your incapacity: You shall not instruct me. Who are you thus muffled, you buzzard?

[*She beats them all.—Jobson steals by.*]

*Job.* I am an honest, plain, psalm-singing cobbler, Madam: If your ladyship would but go to church, you might hear me above all the rest there.

*Lady.* I'll try thy voice here first, villain. [*Strikes him.*]

*Job.* Nounz! what a pox, what the devil ails you?

*Lady.* O profane wretch! wicked varlet!

*Sir John.* For shame! your behaviour is monstrous.

*Lady.* Was ever poor lady so miserable in a brutish husband as I am? I that am so pious and religious a woman!

*Job. sings.* He that has the best wife,  
She's the plague of his life:

But for her that will scold and will quarrel— [*Exit.*]

*Lady.* O rogue, scoundrel, villain!

*Sir John.* Remember modesty.

*Lady.* I'll rout you all with a vengeance—'I'll spoil  
' your squeaking treble.

' [*Beats the fiddle about the blind man's head.*]

' *Fid.* O murder, murder! I am a dark man—which  
' way shall I get hence!—O heaven, she has broke my fiddle,  
' and undone me and my wife and children.

' *Sir John.* Here, poor fellow, take your staff and be-  
' gone: There's money to buy you two such: That's  
' your way. [*Exit Fidler.*]

' *Lady.* Methinks you are very liberal, Sir; must my  
' estate maintain you in your profuseness?

*Sir John.* Go up to your closet, pray, and compose your mind.

*Lady.* O wicked man! to bid me pray.

*Sir John.* A man can't be completely curst, I see, without marriage; but since there is such a thing as separate maintenance, she shall to-morrow enjoy the benefit of it.

A I R V. *Of all comforts I miscarry'd.*

Of the states in life so various.

Marriage, sure, is most precarious;

'Tis a maze so strangely winding,

Still we are new mazes finding:

'Tis an action so severe,

That nought but death can set us clear.

Happy's

Happy's the man, from wedlock free,  
Who knows to prize his liberty.

Were men wary  
How they marry,

We should not be by half so full of misery.

[Knocking at the door.

Here, where are my servants? Must they be frightened from me?—Within there—see who knocks.

*Lady.* Within there—Where are my fluts? Ye drabs, ye queans—lights there.

*Enter Servants sneaking, with candles.*

*But.* Sir, it is a doctor that lives ten miles off: he practises physic, and is an astrologer; your worship knows him very well: He is a cunning man, makes almanacks, and can help people to their goods again.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doct.* Sir, I humbly beg your honour's pardon for this unseasonable intrusion; but I am benighted, and 'tis so dark that I can't possibly find my way home; and knowing your worship's hospitality, desire the favour to be harbour'd under your roof to-night.

*Lady.* Out of my house, you lewd conjuror, you magician.

*Doct.* Here's a turn!—here's a change!—Well, if I have any art, you shall smart for this. [Aside.

*Sir John.* You see, friend, I am not master of my own house: Therefore, to avoid any uneasiness, go down the lane about a quarter of a mile, and you'll see a cobbler's cottage; stay there a little, and I'll send my servant to conduct you to a tenant's house, where you'll be well entertained.

*Doct.* I thank you, Sir; I'm your most humble servant, But as for your lady there, she shall this night feel my resentment. [Exit.

*Sir John.* Come, Madam, you and I must have some conference together.

*Lady.* Yes; I will have a conference and a reformation too in this house, or I'll turn it upside down—I will.

AIR VI. *Contented country farmer.*

*Sir John.* Grant me, ye pow'rs, but this request,  
And let who will the world contest;  
Convey her to some distant shore,  
Where I may ne'er behold her more;  
Or let me to some cottage fly,  
In freedom's arms to live and die.

[Exeunt.

SCENE,



SCENE, *The Cobbler's.**Nell and the Doctor.*

*Nell.* Pray, Sir, mend your draught, if you please; you are very welcome, Sir.

*Doct.* Thank you heartily, good woman; and to requite your civility, I'll tell you your fortune.

*Nell.* O pray do, Sir: I never had my fortune told me in my life.

*Doct.* Let me behold the lines of your face.

*Nell.* I'm afraid, Sir, 'tis none of the cleanest; I have been about dirty work all this day.

*Doct.* Come, come, 'tis a good face; be not ashamed of it: You shall shew in greater places suddenly.

*Nell.* O dear, Sir, I shall be mightily ashamed; I want dacity when I come before great folks.

*Doct.* You must be confident, and fear nothing; there is much happiness attends you.

*Nell.* Oh me! this is a rare man: Heaven be thanked.

*Doct.* To-morrow before the sun rise, you shall be the happiest woman in this country.

*Nell.* How, by to-morrow!—Alack-a-day, Sir, how can that be?

*Doct.* No more shall you be troubled with a surly husband that rails at and straps you.

*Nell.* Lud, how came he to know that? He must be a conjuror. Indeed my husband is somewhat rugged, and in his cups will beat me, but it is not much; he's an honest pains-taking man, and I let him have his way. Pray, Sir, take t'other cup of ale.

*Doct.* I thank you——Believe me, to-morrow you shall be the richest woman i' th' hundred, and ride in your own coach.

*Nell.* O father, you jeer me.

*Doct.* By my art, I do not. But mark my words; be confident, and bear all out, or worse will follow.

*Nell.* Never fear, Sir; I warrant you.—O Gemini! a Coach!

AIR VII. *Send home my long stray'd eyes.*

My swelling heart now leaps for joy,  
And riches all my thoughts employ;  
No more shall people call me Nell,

Her

THE WIVES METAMORPHOSED.

45

Her ladyship will do as well:  
Deck'd in my golden rich array,  
I'll in my chariot roll away,  
And shine at ring, at ball, and play.

*Enter Jobson.*

*Job.* Where is this quean? Here, Nell! what a pox, are you drunk with your lamb's wool?

*Nell.* O husband! here's the rarest man—he has told me my fortune.

*Job.* Has he so? and planted my fortune too,—a lusty pair of horns, upon my head—*Oh*—is it not so?

*Doct.* Thy wife is a virtuous woman, and thou'lt be happy—

*Job.* Come out, you hang-dog, you juggler, you cheating, bamboozling villain! Must I be cuckolded by such rogues as you are? mathematicians and almanack-makers!

*Nell.* Pr'ythee peace, husband; we shall be rich, and have a coach of our own.

*Job.* A coach! a cart, a wheel-barrow, you jade—by the mackin, she's drunk, bloody drunk, most confoundedly drunk.—Get you to bed, you strumpet. [*Beats her.*]

*Nell.* O mercy on us! Is this a taste of my good fortune?

*Doct.* You had better never touch'd her, you surly rogue.

*Job.* Out of my house, you villain, or I'll run my awl up to the handle in your buttocks.

*Doct.* Farewel, you paltry slave.

*Job.* Get out, you rogue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an open country.

*Doctor solus.*

\* A I R VIII. *The Spirit's song in Macbeth.*

My little spirits, now appear;

Nadir and Abishag, draw near.

' The time is short, make no delay;

' Then quickly haste, and come away:

' Nor moon nor stars afford their light,

' But all is wrapt in gloomy night:

' Both men and beasts to rest incline,

' And all things favour my design.

\* *Spirits (within.)* Say, master, what is to be done?

My strict commands be sure attend;

For ere this night shall have an end,

You

## THE DEVIL TO PAY: OR,

You must this cobbler's wife transform,  
 And to the knight's the like perform;  
 With all your most specific charms,  
 Convey each wife to diff'rent arms:  
 Let the delusion be so strong,  
 That none may know the right from wrong.

(*Within.*) All this we will with care perform,  
 In thunder, lightning, and in storm.

[*Thunder.*]

SCENE changes to the Cobbler's House.

Jobson at work, the bed in view.

*Job.* What devil has been abroad to-night? I never heard such claps of thunder in my life. I thought my little hovel would have flown away; but now all is clear again, and a fine star-light morning it is. I'll settle myself to work. They say, winter's thunder is summer's wonder.

A I R IX. *Charming Sally.*

Of all the trades from east to west,  
 The cobbler's, past contending,  
 Is like in time to prove the best,  
 Which every day is mending.  
 How great his praise who can amend  
 The soles of all his neighbours;  
 Nor is unmindful of his end,  
 But to his last still labours!

*Lady.* Heyday! what impudent ballad-singing rogue is that, who dares wake me out of my sleep? I'll have you flea'd, you rascal.

*Job.* What a pox, does she talk in her sleep? or is she drunk still? [*Sings.*]

A I R X. *Now ponder well, ye parents dear.*

In Bath a wanton wife did dwell,  
 As Chaucer he did write,  
 Who wantonly did spend her time  
 In many a fond delight.  
 All on a time so sick she was,  
 And she at length did die;  
 And then her soul at Paradise  
 Did knock most mightily.

*Lady.* Why, villain, rascal, screech-owl, who makest a worse noise than a dog hung in the pales, or a hog in a high wind.

ind. Where are all my servants? Somebody come and amstring this rogue. [Knocks.

*Job.* Why, how now, you brazen quean! you must get drunk with the conjuror, must you! I'll give you money another time to spend in lamb's wool, you saucy jade, shall I?

*Lady.* Monstrous! I can find no bell to ring. Where are all my servants? They shall toss him in a blanket.

*Job.* Ay, the jade's asleep still: The conjuror told her she should keep her coach, and she is dreaming of her equipage.

## II.

I will come in, in spite, she said,

Of all such churls as thee;

Thou art the cause of all our pain,

Our grief and misery.

Thou first broke the commandment,

In honour of thy wife:

When Adam heard her say these words,

He ran away for life.

*Lady.* Why, husband! Sir John! Will you suffer me to be thus insulted?

*Job.* Husband! Sir John! what a pox, has she knighted me! and my name's Zekel too: A good jest, faith.

*Lady.* Ha! he's gone, he is not in the bed. Heaven, where am I? 'Foh, what loathsome smells are here!' Canvass sheets, and a filthy ragged curtain; a beastly rug, and a flock-bed. Am I awake, or is it all a dream! What rogue is that? Sirrah!—Where am I? Who brought me hither? What rascal are you?

*Job.* This is amazing!—I never heard such words from her before. If I take my strap to you, I'll make you know your husband. I'll teach you better manners, you saucy drab.

*Lady.* Oh astonishing impudence! You my husband, sirrah? I'll have you hang'd, you rogue; I'm a lady. Let me know who has given me a sleeping-draught, and convey'd me hither, you dirty varlet?

*Job.* A sleeping-draught! Yes, you had a sleeping-draught, with a pox to ye. What, has not your lamb's wool done working yet?

*Lady.* Where am I? Where has my villainous husband put me? Lucy! Lettice! Where are my queans?

*Job.* Ha, ha, ha! What, does she call her maids too? The conjuror has made her mad as well as drunk.

*Lady.*



*Lady.* He talks of conjurors; sure I am bewitched! Ha! what cloaths are here? a linsy-woolsey gown, a calico hood, a red bays petticoat: I am removed from my own house by witchcraft. What must I do? What will become of me? [*Horns wind without.*]

*Job.* Hark! the hunters and the merry horns are abroad. Why, Nell, you lazy jade, 'tis break of day; to work, to work; come and spin, you drab, or I'll tan your hide for you. What, a pox, must I be at work two hours before you in the morning?

*Lady.* Why, firrah, thou impudent villain! dost thou not know me, you rogue?

*Job.* Know you! yes, I know you well enough; and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

*Lady.* I am Sir John Loverule's lady; how came I here?

*Job.* Sir John Loverule's lady! No, Nell, not quite so bad neither: That damned stingy, fanatic whore, plagues every one that comes near her—the whole country curses her.

*Lady.* Nay, then I'll hold no longer—You rogue, you insolent villain, I'll teach you better manners.

[*Flings the bedstaff and other things at him.*]

*Job.* This is more than ever I saw by her; I never had an ill word from her before. Come, strap, I'll try your mettle; I'll sober you, I warrant you, quean.

[*He straps her—she flies at him.*]

*Lady.* I'll pull your throat out; I'll tear out your eyes; I am a lady, firrah. O murder, murder! Sir John Loverule will hang you for this.—Murder, murder!

*Job.* Come, hussy, leave fooling, and come to your spinning, or else I'll lamb you as you never were lambled since you were an inch long. Take it up you jade.

[*She flings it down—he straps her.*]

*Lady.* Hold, hold! I'll do any thing.

*Job.* Oh, I thought I should bring you to yourself again.

*Lady.* What shall I do? I can't spin. [*Aside.*]

*Job.* I'll into my stall; 'tis broad day now.

[*Works and sings.*]

A I R XI. Come, let us prepare.

Let matters of state

Disquiet the great,

The cobbler has nought to perplex him;

Has nought but his wife

To ruffle his life,

And her he can strap if she vex him.

He's

He's out of the pow'r  
 Of Fortune, that whore,  
 Since low as can be she has thrust him :  
 From duns he's secure ;  
 For, being so poor,  
 There's none to be found that will trust him.

Heyday, I think the jade's brain is turn'd ! What, have you forgot to spin, huffy ?

*Lady.* But I have not forgot to run. I'll e'en try my net : I shall find somebody in the town, sure, that will succour me. [*She runs out.*]

*Job.* What does she run for it ?—I'll after her.

[*He runs out.*]

SCENE changes to Sir John's House.

*Nell in bed.*

*Nell.* What pleasant dreams I have had to-night ! Me thought I was in Paradise, upon a bed of violets and roses, and the sweetest husband by my side ! Ha, blest me ! where am I now ? What sweets are these ? No garden in the spring can equal them.—Am I on a bed ?—The sheets are arsenet, sure ; no linen ever was so fine.—What a gay linnen robe have I got ?—O heav'n ! I dream !—Yet if this be a dream, I would not wish to wake again.—Sure I died last night, and went to heaven ; and this is it.

*Enter Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Now must I wake an alarum that will not lie still again till midnight at soonest : The first greeting, I suppose, will be jade or whore. Madam, madam !

*Nell.* O Gemini ! who's this ? What dost say, sweetheart ?

*Lucy.* Sweetheart ! Oh Lud, sweetheart ! The best names have had these three months from her have been slut or whore—What gown and ruffles will your ladyship wear to-day.

*Nell.* What does she mean ? Ladyship, gown, and ruffles !—Sure I am awake !—Oh, I remember the cunning man now.

*Lucy.* Did your ladyship speak ?

*Nell.* Ay, child, I'll wear the same I did yesterday.

*Lucy.* Mercy upon me, child !—Here's a miracle !

*Enter Lettice.*

*Let.* Is my lady awake !—Have you had her shoe or her pinner at your head yet ?

E

*Lucy.*

*Lucy.* Oh no, I'm overjoy'd; she's in the kindest humour—Go to the bed and speak to her—Now is your time.

*Let.* Now's my time! What, to have another tooth beat out.—Madam!

*Nell.* What dost say, my dear?—O father, what would she have?

*Let.* What work will your ladyship please to have done to-day? Shall I work plain work, or go to my stitching?

*Nell.* Work, child! 'tis holiday; no work to-day.

*Let.* Oh mercy! am I, or she, awake? or do we both dream?—Here's a blessed change!

*Lucy.* If it continues, we shall be a happy family.

*Let.* Your ladyship's chocolate is ready.

*Nell.* Mercy on me, what's that?—some garment, I suppose. [*Aside.*—Put it on then, sweetheart.

*Let.* Put it on, Madam! I have taken it off; 'tis ready to drink.

*Nell.* I mean, put it by; I don't care for drinking now.

*Enter Cook.*

*Cook.* Now go I like a bear to the stake, to know her scurvy ladyship's command about dinner. How many rascally names must I be called?

*Let.* Oh, John Cook, you'll be out of your wits to find my lady in so sweet a temper.

*Cook.* What the devil, are they all mad?

*Lucy.* Madam, here's the cook come about dinner.

*Nell.* Oh, there's a fine cook! He looks like one of your gentlefolks. [*Aside.*—Indeed, honest man, I'm very hungry now; pray get me a rasher upon the coals, a piece of ewe-milk cheese, and some white bread.

*Cook.* Hey, what's to do here? my head turns round. Honest man! I look'd for rogue and rascal at least.—She's strangely changed in her diet as well as her humour. [*Aside.*—I'm afraid, Madam, cheese and bacon will sit very heavy on your ladyship's stomach in a morning. If you please, Madam, I'll toss you up a white fricasee of chickens in a trice, Madam; or what does your ladyship think of a veal sweetbread?

*Nell.* Ev'n what you will, good cook.

*Cook.* Good cook! good cook!—'Ah, 'tis a sweet lady.'  
'Mercy on us! miracles will never cease.

*Enter*

*Enter Butler.*

' Oh, kifs me, Chip, I am out of my wits—We have the kindest, sweetest lady.

' *But.* You shamming rogue, I think you are out of your wits all of ye; the maids look merrily too.'

*Lucy.* Here's the butler, Madam, to know your ladyship's orders.

*Nell.* Oh, pray, Mr Butler, let me have some small beer when my breakfast comes in.

*But.* Mr Butler! Mr Butler!—I shall be turn'd into stone with amazement. [*Aside.*]—Would not your ladyship rather have a glass of Frontinac or Lacryme?

*Nell.* O dear, what hard names are there! but I must not betray myself. [*Aside.*]—Well, which you please, Mr Butler.

*Enter Coachman.*

' *But.* Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am.

' *Coach.* The cook has been making his game I know not how long: What, do you banter too?'

*Lucy.* Madam, the coachman.

*Coach.* I come to know if your ladyship goes out to-day, and which you'll have, the coach or chariot?

*Nell.* Good lack-a-day!—I'll ride in the coach, if you please.

*Coach.* The sky will fall. That's certain. [*Exit.*

*Nell.* I can hardly think I am awake yet. How well pleased they all seem to wait upon me!—O notable cunning man!—My head turns round. I am quite giddy with my own happiness.

AIR XII. *What though I am a country-lass.*

Though late I was a cobbler's wife,

In cottage most obscure-a,

In plain stuff-gown, and short-ear'd coif,

Hard labour did endure-a:

The scene is chang'd, I'm alter'd quite,

And from poor humble Nell-a,

I'll learn to dance, to read, and write,

And from all bear the bell-a. [*Exit.*

*Enter Sir John, meeting his servants.*

*But.* Oh, Sir, here's the rarest news!

*Lucy.* There never was the like, Sir! You'll be overjoy'd and amazed!



*Sir John.* What, are ye mad?—What's the matter with ye?—How now! here's a new face in my family!—What's the meaning of all this?

*But.* Oh, Sir, the family's turn'd upside down!—We are almost distracted; the happiest people!—

*Lucy.* Ay, my lady, Sir; my lady—

*Sir John.* What, is she dead?

*But.* Dead! Heav'n forbid!—O, she's the best woman, the sweetest lady—

*Sir John.* This is astonishing!—I must go and enquire into this wonder. If this be true, I shall rejoice indeed.

*But.* 'Tis true, Sir, upon my honour. Long live Sir John and my Lady. Huzza!

*Enter Nell.*

*Nell.* I well remember the cunning man warn'd me to hear all out with confidence; or worse, he said, would follow.—I am asham'd, and know not what to do with all this ceremony. I am amazed, and out of my senses.—I look'd in the glass, and saw a gay fine thing I knew not.—Methought my face was not at all like that I have seen at home in a piece of looking-glass fastened upon the cupboard. But great ladies, they say, have flattering glasses, that shew them far unlike themselves, whilst poor folks' glasses represent them e'en just as they are.

'AIR XIII. *When I was a dame of honour.*

- ' Fine ladies with an artful grace
- ' Disguise each native feature;
- ' Whilst flatt'ring glasses shew the face,
- ' As made by art, not nature:
- ' But we poor folks in home-spun grey,
- ' By patch nor washes tainted,
- ' Look fresh and sweeter far than they,
- ' That still are finely painted.'

*Lucy.* Oh, Madam, here's my master just return'd from hunting.

*Enter Sir John.*

*Nell.* O Gemini! is this fine gentleman my husband?

*Sir John.* My dear, I am overjoy'd to see my family thus transported with ecstasy which you occasion'd.

*Nell.* Sir, I shall always be proud to do every thing that may give you delight, or your family satisfaction.

*Sir John.* By heav'n, I am charm'd!—Dear creature, if thou continuest thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the Indies.

Indies. But can this be real?—May I believe my senses?

Nell. All that's good above can witness for me, I am in earnest. [Kneels.

Sir John. Rise, my dearest. Now am I happy indeed. Where are my friends, my servants? Call 'em all, and let them be witnesses of my happiness. [Exit.

Nell. O rare sweet man! He smells all over like a nose-gay.—Heav'n preserve my wits.

A I R XIV. 'Twas within a furlong, &c.

O charming cunning man! thou hast been wond'rous kind;  
And all thy golden words do now prove true, I find.

Ten thousand transports wait

To crown my happy state;

Thus kiss'd and press'd,

And doubly bless'd

In all this pomp and state:

New scenes of joy arise,

Which fill me with surprise;

My rock, and reel,

And spinning-wheel,

And husband, I despise.

Then, Jobson, now adieu,

Thy cobling still pursue;

For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor must not buckle to.

[Exit.

SCENE, Jobson's House.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Was ever lady yet so miserable? I can't make one soul in the village acknowledge me. They sure are all of the conspiracy. This wicked husband of mine has laid a devilish plot against me: I must at present submit, that I may hereafter have an opportunity of executing my design. Here comes the rogue; I'll have him strangled: But now I must yield.

Enter Jobson.

Job. Come on, Nell; art thou come to thy self yet?

Lady. Yes, I thank you; I wonder what I ail'd: This cunning man has put powder in my drink, most certainly.

Job. Powder! the brewer put good store of malt in it, that's all. Powder, quoth she! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. I never was so ill in all the days of my life.

Job. Was so ill! No, nor I hope ne'er will be so again, to put me to the trouble of strapping you so devilishly.

*Lady.* I'll have that right-hand cut off for that, rogue.  
*[Aside.]*—You was unmerciful to bruise me so.

*Job.* Well, I'm going to Sir John Loverule's; all his tenants are invited. There's to be rare feasting and revelling, and open house kept for three months.

*Lady.* Husband, shan't I go with you?

*Job.* What the devil ails thee now!—Did I not tell thee but yesterday, I would strap thee for desiring to go? and art thou at it again with a pox?

*Lady.* What does the villain mean by strapping, and yesterday?

*Job.* Why, I have been married but six weeks, and you long to make me a cuckold already. Stay at home, and be hang'd; there's good cold pye in the cupboard; but I'll trust thee no more with strong beer, hussy.

*Lady.* Well, I'll not be long after you. Sure I shall get some of my family to know me; they can't be all in this wicked plot.

SCENE, Sir John's.

*Sir John and Company enter.*

A I R. Duetto.

*Sir John.* Was ever man possess'd of  
 So sweet, so kind a wife!

*Nell.* Dear Sir, you make me proud.  
 Be you kind,  
 And with shall find

All the good I can boast of  
 Shall end but with my life.

*Sir John.* Give me thy lips:

*Nell.* First let me, dear Sir, wipe 'em:

*Sir John.* Was e'er so sweet a wife!

*Nell.* Thank you, dear Sir;

I vow and protest  
 I ne'er was so kiss'd:

Again, Sir.

*Sir John.* Again and again, my dearest;  
 O may it last for life!

What joy thus to enfold thee!

What pleasure to behold thee

Inclin'd again to kiss!

*Sir John.* How ravishing the bliss!

*Nell.* I little thought this morning

'Twould ever come to this.

*Da capo.*

*Enter*

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* Here's a fine rout and rioting! You, sirrah, but-  
er! you rogue!

*But.* Why, how now! who are you?

*Lady.* Impudent varlet! Don't you know your lady?

*But.* Lady! Here, turn this mad woman out of doors.

*Lady.* You rascal—take that, sirrah.

*[Flings a glass at him.]*

*But.* Have a care, hussy; there's a good pump with-  
out; we shall cool your courage for you.

*Lady.* You, Lucy! have you forgot me too, you minx?

*Lucy.* Forgot you, woman! Why, I never remembered  
you; I never saw you before in my life.

*Lady.* Oh, the wicked slut! I'll give you cause to re-  
member me, I will, hussy. *[Pulls her head-cloaths off.]*

*Lucy.* Murder, murder! help!

*Sir John.* How now! What uproar's this?

*Lady.* You, Lettice, you slut! won't you know me nei-  
ther? *[Strikes her.]*

*Let.* Help, help!

*Sir John.* What's to do there?

*But.* Why, Sir, here's a mad woman calls herself my  
lady, and is beating and cuffing us all round.

*Sir John (to Lady.)* Thou my wife! poor creature, I  
pity thee—I never saw thee before.

*Lady.* Then it is in vain to expect redress from thee,  
thou wicked contriver of all my misery.

*Nell.* How I am amazed! Can that be I there in my  
cloaths, that have made all this disturbance? And yet I  
am here, to my thinking, in these fine cloaths. How can  
this be? I am so confounded and affrighted, that I begin  
to wish I was with Zekel Jobson again.

*Lady.* To whom shall I apply myself, or whither can I  
fly? Heav'n, what do I see!—Is not that I yonder, in  
my gown and petticoat I wore yesterday? How can it be?  
I cannot be in two places at once.

*Sir John.* Poor wretch! she's stark mad.

*Lady.* What, in the devil's name, was I here before I  
came? Let me look in the glass—Oh, heavens! I am  
astonish'd! I don't know myself!—If this be I that the  
glass shews me, I never saw myself before.

*Sir John.* What incoherent madness is this?

*Enter*



*Enter Jobson.*

*Lady.* There; that's the devil in my likeness, who has robb'd me of my countenance. Is he here too?

*Job.* Ay, hussy; and here's my strap, you quean.

*Nell.* O dear, I'm afraid my husband will beat me, that am on t'other side the room there.

*Job.* I hope your honours will pardon her; she was drinking with a conjuror last night, and has been mad ever since, and calls herself my lady Loverule.

*Sir John.* Poor woman! take care of her; do not hurt her; she may be cured of this.

*Job.* Yes, an't please your worship, you shall see me cure her presently. Hussy, do you see this?

*Nell.* O, pray, Zekel, don't beat me.

*Sir John.* What says my love? Does she infect thee with madness too?

*Nell.* I am not well—pray, lead me in.

*[Exeunt Nell and maids.]*

*Job.* I beseech your worship don't take it ill of me, she shall never trouble you more.

*Sir John.* Take her home, and use her kindly.

*Lady.* What will become of me?

*[Exeunt Jobson and Lady.]*

*Enter Footman.*

*Foot.* Sir, the Doctor, who call'd here last night, desires you will give him leave to speak a word or two with you, upon very earnest business.

*Sir John.* What can this mean? bring him in.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doct.* Lo! on my knees, Sir, I beg forgiveness for what I have done, and put my life into your hands.

*Sir John.* What mean you?

*Doct.* I have exercised my magic art upon your lady: I know you have too much honour to take away my life, since I might have still concealed it had I pleased.

*Sir John.* You have now brought me to a glimpse of misery too great to bear. Is all my happiness then turned into vision only?

*Doct.* Sir, I beg you, fear not; if any harm comes on it, I freely give you leave to hang me.

*Sir John.* Inform me what you have done.

*Doct.* I have transformed your lady's face so, that she seems the cobbler's wife, and have charmed her face into the likeness

keness of my lady's; and last night, when the storm arose, my spirits conveyed them to each other's bed.

*Sir John.* Oh, wretch, thou hast undone me! I am fallen from the height of all my hopes, and must still be curst with a tempestuous wife; a fury, whom I never knew quiet since I had her.

*Dor.* If that be all, I can continue the charm for both their lives.

*Sir John.* Let the event be what it will, I'll hang you if you do not end the charm this instant.

*Dor.* I will this minute, Sir; and perhaps you'll find it the luckiest of your life: I can assure you your lady will prove the better for it.

*Sir John.* Hold; there's one material circumstance I'd know.

*Dor.* Your pleasure, Sir?

*Sir John.* Perhaps the cobbler has——You understand me.

*Dor.* I do assure you no; for 'ere she was conveyed to his bed, the cobbler was got up to work, and he has done nought but beat her ever since; and you are like to reap the fruits of his labour. He'll be with you in a minute—Here he comes.

*Enter Jobson.*

*Sir John.* So, Jobson, where's your wife?

*Job.* A'nt please your worship, she's here at the door: But indeed, I thought I had lost her just now; for as she came into the hall, she fell into such a swoon, that I thought she would never come out on't again; but a tweak or two by the nose, and half a dozen straps, did the business at last. Here, where are you, housewife?

*Enter Lady.*

*But.* O heaven and earth! is this my lady?

*Job.* What does he say? My wife changed to my lady!

*Cook.* Ay, I thought the other was too good for our lady.

*Lady (to Sir John.)* Sir, you are the person I have most offended; and here confess I have been the worst of wives in every thing, but that I always kept myself chaste. If you can vouchsafe once more to take me to your bosom, the remainder of my days shall joyfully be spent in duty, and observance of your will.

*Sir John.* Rise, Madam, I do forgive you; and if you are

are sincere in what you say, you'll make me happier than all the enjoyments in the world without you could do.

*Job.* What a pox! am I to lose my wife thus?

*Enter Lucy and Lettice.*

*Lucy.* Oh, Sir, the strangest accident has happened—it has amazed us!—My lady was in so great a swoon, we thought she had been dead.

*Let.* And when she came to herself, she proved another woman.

*Job.* Ha, ha, ha! a bull, a bull.

*Lucy.* She is so changed, I knew her not; I never saw her face before. O Lud, is this my lady?

*Let.* We shall be maul'd again.

*Lucy.* I thought our happiness was too great to last.

*Lady.* Fear not, my servants; it shall hereafter be my endeavour to make you happy.

*Sir John.* Persevere in this resolution, and we shall be blest indeed for life.

*Enter Nell.*

*Nell.* My head turns round, I must go home. O, Zekel! are you there?

*Job.* O Lud, is that fine lady my wife? 'Egad, I am afraid to come near her. What can be the meaning of this?

*Sir John.* This is a happy change; and I'll have it celebrated with all the joy I proclaimed for my late short-lived vision.

*Lady.* To me it is the happiest day I ever knew.

*Sir John.* Here, Jobson, take thy fine wife.

*Job.* But one word, Sir—Did not your worship make a buck of me, under the rose?

*Sir John.* No, upon my honour, nor ever kiss'd her lips till I came from hunting; but since she has been a means of bringing about this happy change, I'll give thee five hundred pounds home with her.—Go buy a stock of leather.

*Job.* Brave boys! I'm a prince—the prince of cobblers! Come hither and kiss me, Nell; I'll never strap thee more.

*Nell.* Indeed, Zekel, I have been in such a dream, that I'm quite weary of it *(to Jobson.)*—Forsooth, Madam, will you please to take your cloaths, and let me have mine again.

*[To Lady Loverule.]*

*Job.*

*Job.* Hold your tongue, you fool; they'll serve you to  
to church. [Aside.

*Lady.* No, thou shalt keep them, and I'll preserve thine  
relics.

*Job.* And can your ladyship forgive my strapping your  
honour so very much?

*Lady.* Most freely. The joy of this blessed change sets  
all things right again.

*Sir John.* Let us forget every thing that is past, and  
think of nothing but joy and pleasure.

A I R XVI. *Hey, boys, up go we.*

*Lady.* Let ev'ry face with smiles appear,  
Be joy in ev'ry breast;  
Since from a life of pain and care,  
We now are truly blest.

*Sir John.* May no remembrance of past time  
Our present pleasures soil;  
Be nought but mirth and joy a crime,  
And sporting all our toil.

*Job.* I hope you'll give me leave to speak,  
If I may be so bold;  
There's nought but the devil and this good strap  
Could ever tame a scold.



# THE APPRENTICE.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY MR MURPHY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Drury-Lane;</i>
<i>Wingate</i> , a passionate old man, particularly fond of money and figures, and involuntarily uneasy about his son	} Mr Yates.
<i>Dick</i> , his son, bound to an apothecary, and fond of going on the stage	} Mr Woodward.
<i>Gargle</i> , an apothecary	- - - Mr Burton.
<i>Charlotte</i> , daughter to Gargle	- - - Miss Minors.
<i>Simon</i> , servant to Gargle	- - - Mr H. Vaughan.
<i>Scotchman</i> ,	- - - Mr Blakes.
<i>Irishman</i> ,	- - - Mr Jefferson.
<i>Catchpole</i> , a bailiff	- - - Mr Vaughan.

*Spouting-Club, Watchmen, &c.*

## P R O L O G U E,

*Written by Mr GARRICK, and spoken by Mr WOODWARD.*

**P**ROLOGUES precede the *piece*—in mournful verse,  
As undertakers—walk before the herse,  
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,  
And wake its feelings—for the dead—behind.  
'To-night no smuggled scenes from France we show,  
'Tis English—English, Sirs!—from top to toe.  
'Tho' coarse the colours, and the hand unskill'd,  
From real life our little cloth is fill'd.

The

The hero is a youth,—by fate design'd  
 For culling simples;—but whose stage-struck mind,  
 Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.  
 A place there is, where such young Quixotes meet;  
 'Tis call'd the *SPOUTING CLUB*,—a glorious treat!  
 Where 'prentic'd kings—alarm the gaping street!  
 There *Brutus* starts and stares by midnight taper;  
 Who all the day enacts—a woollen draper.  
 There *Hamlet's* ghost stalks forth with doubled fist,  
 Cries out with hollow voice,—“*List, List, O List!*”  
 And frightens Denmark's prince—a young tobacco-nist.  
 The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,  
 Rises—a haberdasher to the sight!  
 Not young attornies—have this rage withstood,  
 But change their pens for TRUNCHEONS, ink for BLOOD;  
 And (strange reverse!)—die for their country's good.  
 To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,  
 To bring them back to reason—and their shop,  
 Our author wrote.—O you, *Tom, Dick, Jack, Will!*  
 Who hold the balance, or who gild the pill;—  
 Who wield the yard, and simp'ring pay your court,  
 And at each flourish snip an inch too short!  
 Quit not your shops; there thrift and profit call,  
 Whilst here young gentlemen are apt to fall! [*Bell rings.*]  
 But soft! the Prompter calls!—brief let me be—  
 Here groans you'll hear, and flying apples see,  
 Be damn'd, perhaps.—Farewell!—Remember me.

## A C T I.

SCENE I. *Enter Wingate and Simon.*

WINGATE.

NAY, nay; but I tell you I am convinced—I know it  
 is so—And so, friend, don't you think to trifle with  
 me:—I know you're in the plot, you scoundrel; and if you  
 don't discover all, I'll—

*Sim.* Dear heart, Sir, you won't give a body time.

*Win.* Zookers! a whole month missing, and no account  
 of him far or near—Wounds! 'tis unaccountable—Look  
 ye, friend—don't you pretend—

*Sim.* Lord, Sir,—you're so main passionate, you won't  
 let a body speak.

*Win.* Speak out then,—and don't stand muttering—  
 'What a lubberly fellow you are! Ha! ha!—Why don't  
 you speak out, you blockhead?

F

*Sim.*

*Sim.* Lord, Sir, to be sure the gentleman is a fine young gentleman, and a sweet young gentleman—but, lack-a-dance, Sir,—how should I know any thing of him?

*Win.* Sirrah, I say he could not be 'prentice to your master so long, and you live so long in one house with him without knowing his haunts and all his ways—And the varlet, what brings you here to my house so often?

*Sim.* My master Gargle and I, Sir, are so uneasy about un, that I have been running all over the town since morning to enquire for un;—and so, in my way, I thought might as well call here.

*Win.* A villain! to give his father all this trouble—And so you have not heard any thing of him, friend?

*Sim.* Not a word, Sir, as I hope for mercy; tho', as sure as you are there, I believe I can guess what's come on un. As sure as any thing, master, the gypsies have gotten hold on un;—and we shall have un come home as thin as a rake,—like the young girl in the city,—with living upon nothing but crusts and water for six-and-twenty days.

*Win.* The gypsies have got hold of him, ye blockhead! Get out of the room—Here, you Simon—

*Sim.* Sir—

*Win.* Where are you going in such a hurry?—Let me see; what must be done?—A ridiculous numbskull, with his damned *Cassanders* and *Cloppatras* and trumpery; with his *Romances* and his *Odysey Popes*, and a parcel of rascals not worth a groat—Wearing stone buckles, and cocking his hat!—I never wear stone buckles—never cock my hat!—But, zookers, I'll not put myself in a passion—Simon, do you step back to your master, my friend Gargle; and tell him I want to speak with him: Though I don't know what I should send for him for—a fly, slow, hesitating blockhead!—He'll only plague me with his physical case and his nonsense—Why don't you go, you booby, what I bid you?

*Sim.* Yes, Sir. [Exit]

*Win.* This fellow will be the death of me at last—I can't sleep in my bed sometimes for him—an absurd, insignificant rascal—to stand in his own light!—Dead and fury, that we can't get children without having a loss for 'em!—I have been turmoiling for the fellow all the days of my life, and now the scoundrel's run away. Suppose I advertise the dog, and promise a reward to any

that can give an account of him—Well, but—why should I throw away my money after him?—Why, as I can't say what reward, I may give what I please when they come—Ay, but if the villain should deceive me, and happen to be dead—why then he tricks me out of two shillings—my money's flung into the fire—Zookers, I'll not put myself in a passion—let him follow his nose—'tis nothing at all to me—what care I?—What do you come back for, friend?

*Re-enter Simon.*

*Sim.* As I was going out, Sir, the post came to the door, and brought this letter.

*Win.* Let me see it—The gypsies have got hold of him!—ha! ha! What a pretty fellow you are!—ha! ha! Why don't you step where I bid you, sirrah?

*Sim.* Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Win.* Well, well—I'm resolved, and it shall be so—I'll advertise him to-morrow morning, and promise, if he comes home, all shall be forgiven;—and when the blockhead comes home, I may do as I please—ha! ha! I may do as I please.—Let me see; he had on a silver-loop'd hat—I never liked those vile loops—A silver-loop'd hat; and—and—ridikins, what signifies what he had on! I'll read my letter, and think no more about him—Hey! what a plague have we here? [*Mutters to himself.*]—Bristol—a—what's all this?

*“Esteemed Friend,*

“Last was 20th ultimo, since none of thine; which will occasion brevity. The reason of my writing to thee at present, is to inform thee, that thy son came to our place with a company of strollers, who were taken up by the magistrate, and committed as vagabonds to jail.

Zookers, I'm glad of it—a villain of a fellow! Let him lie there.

I am sorry thy lad should follow such profane courses; but out of the esteem I bear unto thee, I have taken thy boy out of confinement, and sent him off for your city in the waggon, which left this four days ago.—He is consigned to thy address; being the needful from thy friend and servant,

*Ebenezer Broadbrim.”*

Wounds!—What did he take the fellow out for?—a scoundrel, a rascal—turn'd stage-player!—I'll never see the villain's face. Who comes there?

F 2

*Enter*



*Enter Simon.*

*Sim.* I met my master on the way, Sir;—our cares are over,—here he is, Sir.

*Win.* Let him come in; and do you go down stairs, you blockhead. *[Exit Simon.]*

*Enter Gargle.*

*Win.* So, friend Gargle—Here's a fine piece of work—Dick's turned vagabond.

*Gar.* He must be put under a proper regimen directly, Sir—He arrived at my house within these ten minutes; but in such a trim—He's now below stairs—I judged it proper to leave him there till I had prepared you for his reception.

*Win.* Death and fire! what could put it in the villain's head to turn buffoon?

*Gar.* Nothing so easily accounted for:—Why, when he ought to be reading the Dispensatory, there was he constantly reading over plays, and farces, and *Shakespeare*—

*Win.* Ay, that damned *Shakespeare*!—I hear the fellow was nothing but a deer-stealer in *Warwickshire*.—Zookers, if they had hanged him out of the way, he would not now be the ruin of honest men's children.—But what right had he to read *Shakespeare*?—I never read *Shakespeare*!—Wounds! I caught the rascal myself reading that nonsensical play of *Hamlet*, where the prince is keeping company with strollers and vagabonds:—A fine example, Mr Gargle!

*Gar.* His disorder is of the malignant kind, and my daughter has taken the infection from him—Bless my heart!—she was as innocent as water-gruel till he spoiled her:—I found her the other night in the very fact.

*Win.* Zookers! you don't say so!—caught her in the fact?

*Gar.* Ay, in the very fact of reading a play-book in bed.

*Win.* O, is that the fact you mean?—Is that all?—tho' that's bad enough.

*Gar.* But I have done for my young madam:—I have confined her to her room, and locked up all her books.

*Win.* Look ye, friend Gargle, I'll never see the villain's face:—Let him follow his nose, and bite the bridle.

*Gar.* Lenitives, Mr Wingate—lenitives are properest at present:—His habit requires gentle alteratives;—but leave him to my management;—about twenty ounces of blood, with a cephalic tincture,—and he may do very well.

*Win.* Where is the scoundrel?

*Gar.* Dear Sir, moderate your anger, and don't use such harsh language.

*Win.*

*Win.* Harsh language!—Why, do you think, man, I'd call him a scoundrel, if I had not a regard for him?—You don't hear me call a stranger a scoundrel.

*Gar.* Dear Sir, he may still do very well; the boy has very good sentiments.

*Win.* Sentiment!—a fig for sentiment; let him get money, and never miss an opportunity—I never missed an opportunity; got up at five in the morning,—struck a light,—made my own fire,—worked my fingers' ends;—and this ragabond of a fellow is going his own way—With all my heart—what care I?—let him follow his nose—let him follow his nose—a ridiculous—

*Gar.* Ay, ridiculous indeed, Sir—Why, for a long time past, he could not converse in the language of common sense.—Ask him but a trivial question, and he'd give some cramp answer out of some of his plays that had been running in his head;—and so there's no understanding a word he says.—

*Win.* Zookers! this comes of his keeping company with wits, and be damned to 'em for wits—ha! ha!—Wits! fine thing indeed—ha! ha! 'Tis the most beggarly, rascally, contemptible thing on earth.

*Gar.* And then, Sir, I have found that he went three times a-week to a spouting-club.

*Win.* A spouting-club, friend Gargle!—What's a spouting-club?

*Gar.* A meeting of 'prentices and clerks, and giddy young men, intoxicated with plays; and so they meet in public-houses to act speeches; there they all neglect business, despise the advice of their friends, and think of nothing but to become actors.

*Win.* You don't say so!—A spouting-club!—Wounds, I believe they are all mad.

*Gar.* Ay, mad indeed, Sir.—Madness is occasioned in a very extraordinary manner: The spirits flowing in particular channels—

*Win.* 'Sdeath, you're as mad yourself as any of them.

*Gar.* And continuing to run in the same ducts—

*Win.* Ducks! damn your ducks —Who's below there?

*Gar.* The texture of the brain becomes disorder'd, and [Wingate walks about uneasily, and Gargle follows.]—thus, by the pressure on the nerves, the head is disturbed, and so your son's malady is contracted—

*Win.* Who's without there?—Don't plague me so, man.

*Gar.*

*Gar.* But I shall alter the morbid state of the juices, correct his blood, and produce laudable chyle.

*Win.* Zookers, friend Gargle, don't tease me so—Don't plague me with your physical nonsense—Who's below there? Tell that fellow to come up.

*Gar.* Dear Sir, be a little cool—Inflammatories may be dangerous.—Do, pray, Sir, moderate your passions.

*Win.* Prithee be quiet, man—I'll try what I can do—Here he comes.

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* Now, my good father, what's the matter?\*

*Win.* So, friend,—you have been upon your travels, have you?—You have had your frolic?—Look ye, young man,—I'll not put myself in a passion:—But, death and fire, you scoundrel!—what right have you to plague me in this manner?—Do you think I must fall in love with your face, because I am your father?

*Dick.* A little more than kin, and less than kind.†

*Win.* Ha! ha!—what a pretty figure you cut now?—ha! ha!—Why don't you speak, you blockhead?—Have you nothing to say for yourself?

*Dick.* Nothing to say for yourself?—What an old prig it is!

*Win.* Mind me, friend—I have found you out—I see you'll never come to good.—Turn stage-player!—Wounds, you'll not have an eye in your head in a month—ha! ha!—you'll have 'em knocked out of the sockets with withered apples—remember I tell you so.

*Dick.* A critic too!—[*Whistles.*] Well done, old square-toes.

*Win.* Look ye, young man—take notice of what I say:—I made my own fortune, and I could do the same again. Wounds!—If I were placed at the bottom of Chancery-Lane, with a brush and black-ball, I'd make my own fortune again—You read Shakespeare!—get Cocker's arithmetic—you may buy it for a shilling on any stall—best book that ever was wrote.

*Dick.* Pretty well that;—ingenious, faith!—'Egad, the old fellow has a pretty notion of letters.

*Win.* Can you tell how much is *five eighths of three sixteenths of a pound*?—Five eighths of three sixteenths of a pound—Ay, ay, I see you're a blockhead. Look ye, young man, if you have a mind to thrive in this world,

study

\* Hamlet.

† Ditto.

udy figures, and make yourself useful—make yourself useful.

*Dick.* \* How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world!—

*Win.* Mind the scoundrel now.

*Gar.* Do, Mr Wingate, let me speak to him—softly, softly—I'll touch him gently.—Come, come, young man, lay aside this sulky humour, and speak as becomes a son.

*Dick.* † O Jephtha, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

*Win.* What does the fellow say?

*Gar.* He relents, Sir——Come, come, young man, he'll forgive—

*Dick.* ‡ They fool me to the top of my bent.—Gad, I'll hum 'em, to get rid of 'em—A truant disposition, good my lord: No, no, stay, that's not right—I have a better speech.—“ § It is as you say—when we are sober, and reflect but ever so little on our follies, we are ashamed and sorry; and yet the very next minute, we rush again into the very same absurdities.”

*Win.* Well said, lad, well said—mind me, friend: Commanding our own passions, and artfully taking advantage of other people's, is the sure road to wealth—Death and fire!—but I won't put myself in a passion:—'Tis my regard for you makes me speak; and if I tell you you're a scoundrel, 'tis for your good.

*Dick.* Without doubt, Sir.

[*Stifling a laugh.*]

*Win.* If you want any thing, you shall be provided:—Have you any money in your pocket?—ha! ha! What a ridiculous numbskull you are now?—ha! ha!—Come here's some money for you.—[*Pulls out his money, and looks at it.*]—I'll give it to you another time; and so you'll mind what I say to you, and make yourself useful for the future.

*Dick.* ¶ Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land!

*Win.* Zookers, you blockhead, you'd better stick to your business, than turn buffoon, and get truncheons broke upon your arm, and be tumbling upon carpets.

*Dick.* ¶ I shall in all my best obey you, Sir——

*Win.* Very well, friend——very well said——you may do very well if you please; and so I'll say no more to you, but make yourself useful; and so now go and clean yourself, and

\* Hamlet. † Ditto. ‡ Ditto. § Suspicious Husband.

¶ Richard III.

¶ Hamlet.



and make ready to go home to your business—And mind me, young man,—let me see no more play-books, and let me never find that you wear a laced waistcoat—you scoundrel! what right have you to wear a laced waistcoat?—I never wore a laced waistcoat—never wore one till I was forty—But I'll not put myself in a passion—Go and change your dress, friend.

*Dick.* I shall, Sir—

\* I must be cruel only to be kind;

Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

Cocker's arithmetic, Sir?

*Win.* Ay, Cocker's arithmetic—Study figures, and they'll carry you through the world.

*Dick.* Yes, Sir, [*Stifling a laugh.*] Cocker's arithmetic!

[*Exit.*]

Wingate and Gargle.

*Win.* Let him mind me, friend Gargle, and I'll make a man of him.

*Gar.* Ay, Sir, you know the world—the young man will do very well—I wish he were out of his time; he shall then have my daughter—

*Win.* Yes; but I'll touch the cash—he shan't finger it during my life.—I must keep a tight hand over him—  
[*Goes to the door.*.]—Do you hear, friend—mind what I say, and go home to your business immediately—Friend Gargle, I'll make a man of him.

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* † Who call'd on Achmet?—Did not Barbarossa require me here?

*Win.* What's the matter now!—*Barossa!*—Wounds! what's *Barossa!*—Does the fellow call me names?—What makes the blockhead stand in such confusion?

*Dick.* That Barbarossa should suspect my truth!—

*Win.* The fellow's stark staring mad—Get out of the room, you villain,—get out of the room.

*Gar.* Come, come, young man, every thing is easy; don't spoil all again—'go and change your dress, and come home to your business.'—Nay, nay, be ruled by me—

[*Thrusts him off.*]

*Win.* I'm very preremptory, friend Gargle: If he vexes me once more, I'll have nothing to say to him—Well, but now I think of it—I have Cocker's arithmetic below  
stairs

\* Hamlet.

† Barbarossa.

airs in the counting-house—I'll step and get it for him, and so he shall take it home with him. Friend Gargle, your servant.

*Gar.* Mr Wingate, a good evening to you—You'll send him home to his business—

*Win.* He shall follow you home directly. Five eighths of three sixteenths of a pound!—multiply the numerator by the denominator; five times sixteen is ten times eight, ten times eight is eighty, and a—a—carry one. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Dick and Simon.*

*Sim.* Lord love ye, master—I'm so glad you're come back—Come, we had as good e'en gang home to my master Gargle's—

*Dick.* No, no, Simon, stay a moment—this is but a curvy coat I have on—and I know my father has always some jemmy thing lock'd up in his closet—I know his ways—He takes 'em in pawn; for he'll never part with a shilling without security.

*Sim.* Hush! he'll hear us—stay, I believe he's coming up stairs.

*Dick.* [*Goes to the door and listens.*—No, no, no,—he's going down growling and grumbling—ay,—say ye so? "Scoundrel, rascal—Let him bite the bridle—Six times twelve is seventy-two."—All's safe, man, never fear him—Do you stand here—I shall dispatch this business in a crack.

*Sim.* Blessings on him! what is he about now?—why, the door is lock'd master.

*Dick.* Ay, but I can easily force the lock—you shall see me do it as well as any Sir John Brute of 'em all—this right leg here is the best locksmith in England—so, so—  
[*Forces the door, and goes in.*]

*Sim.* He's at his plays again—Odds my heart, he's a rare hand—he'll go through with it, I'll warrant him—Old Cojer must not smoke that I have any concern—I must be main cautious—Lord bless his heart, he's to teach me to act Scrub.—He began with me long ago, and I got as far as the Jesuit before a went out of town:—  
" \* Scrub—Coming, Sir.—Lord, Ma'am, I've a whole "packet full of news—some say one thing, and some "say another; but, for my part, Ma'am,—I believe he's a Jesuit."—that's main pleasant—" *I believe he's a Jesuit.*"

*Re-*

*Re-enter Dick.*

*Dick.* \* I have done the deed—Didst thou not hear a noise?

*Sim.* No, master; we're all snug.

*Dick.* This coat will do charmingly—I have bilk'd the old fellow nicely—† In a dark corner of his cabinet, I found this paper; what it is the light will shew.

I promise to pay—ha!—

I promise to pay to Mr Moneytrap, or order, on demand—'tis his hand—a note of his—yet more—the sum of seven potindsfourteen shillings and seven-pence, value received by me

London, this 15th June, 1755"—'Tis wanting what should follow—his name should follow—but 'tis torn off—because the note is paid.

*Sim.* O Lud! dear Sir, you'll spoil all—I wish we were well out of the house—Our best way, master, is to make off directly.

*Dick.* I will, I will; but first help me on with this coat. Simon, you shall be my dresser—you'll be fine and happy behind the scenes.

*Sim.* O Lud! it will be main pleasant—I have been behind the scenes in the country, when I lived with the man that show'd wild beasts.

*Dick.* Hark ye, Simon; when I am playing some deep tragedy, and ‡ cleave the general ear with horrid speech, you must stand between the scenes, and cry bitterly.

[Teaches him.]

*Sim.* Yes, Sir.

*Dick.* And when I'm playing comedy, you must be ready to laugh your guts out [teaches him]; for I shall be very pleasant—Tol de rol—[Dances.]

*Sim.* Never doubt me, Sir.

*Dick.* Very well: Now run down, and open the street-door; I'll follow you in a crack.

*Sim.* I am gone to serve you, master.

*Dick.* § To serve thyself. For, look ye, Simon; when I am manager, claim thou of me the care o'the wardrobe, with all those moveables, whereof the || property-man now stands posselt.

*Sim.* O Lud! this is charming—Hush! I am gone.

[Going.]

\* Macbeth. † The Mourning Bride. ‡ Hamlet. § Rich. III.

|| The property-man, in the play-house phrase, is the person who gives truncheons, daggers, &c. to the actors, as occasion requires.

*Dick.*

*Dick.* Well, but hark ye, Simon,—come hither——

\* What money have you about you, Master Matthew?

*Sim.* But a tester, Sir.

*Dick.* A tester!—That's something of the least, Master Matthew—let's see it.

*Sim.* You have had fifteen fixpences now.

*Dick.* Never mind that—I'll pay you all at my benefit.

*Sim.* I don't doubt that, Master—but mum. [Exit.

*Dick, solus.*

† Thus far we run before the wind.—An apothecary!—make an apothecary of me!—‡ What, cramp my genius over a pestle and mortar; or mew me up in a shop with an alligator stuff, and a beggarly account of empty boxes!—to be culling simples, and constantly adding to the bills of mortality!—No! no! It will be much better to be pasted up in capitals, *The part of Romeo by a young gentleman, who never appeared on any stage before!*—My ambition fires at the thought:—But hold,—mayn't I run some chance of failing in my attempt?—hissed,—pelted,—laughed at;—not admitted into the Green-room—That will never do. § Down, busy devil, down, down—Try it again.—Loved by the women, envied by the men, applauded by the pit, clapped by the gallery, admired by the boxes.—“Dear colonel, is not he a charming creature?”—“My lord, don't you like him of all things?”—“Makes love like an angel!”—“What an eye he has!—fine legs!”—“I'll certainly go to his benefit.”—Celestial sounds!—And then I'll get in with all the painters, and have myself put up in every print-shop—in the character of Macbeth! “This is a sorry fight.”—[*Stands an attitude.*] In the character of Richard, “Give me another horse, bind up my wounds:” This will do rarely;—and then I have a chance of getting well married—O glorious thought! || By heaven, I will enjoy it, though but in fancy——But what's o'clock?—it must be almost nine. I'll away at once; this is club-night——'Egad, I'll go to 'em for a while; the spouters are all met; little think they I'm in town; they'll be surpris'd to see me—Off I go, and then for my assignation with my master Gargle's daughter. 'Poor Charlotte! she's locked up; but I shall find means to settle matters for her escape. She's a pretty theatrical genius:

\* Every Man in his Humour. † Richard III.

‡ Romeo and Juliet. § Venice Preserved. || Tamerlane.



‘genius:—If she flies to my arms like a hawk to its prey  
‘it will be so rare an adventure, and so dramatic an incident

\* Limbs do your office; and support me well;  
Bear me to her, then fail me if you can.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Discovers the Spouting-club, the members seated, and roaring out Bravo, while one stands at a distance repeating.*

1st Member. CURS'D be your senate, curs'd your constitution;

The curse of growing factions and divisions  
Still vex your councils†.

2d Mem. Don't you think his action a little confined?

1st Mem. Psha! you blockhead, don't you know that I'm in chains?—

2d Mem. Blockhead, say ye?—Was not I the first that took compassion on you, when you lay like a sneaking fellow under the counter, and swept your master's shop in a morning? when you read nothing but the *Young Man's Pocket Companion*, or the *True Clerk's Vade Mecum*, did not I put *Chrononhotontologos* in your hand?

All. Bravo! bravo!

President. Come, gentlemen, let us have no disputes.—Consider, gentlemen, this is the Honourable Society of Spouters; and so, to put an end to all animosities, 'read the seventh rule of this society.

‘A Member reads,

‘That business, or want of money, shall not be received as an excuse for non-attendance; nor the anger of parents or other relations; nor the complaints of our masters be ever heard; by which means, this society will be able to boast its own mimic heroes, and be a nursery of young actorlings for the stage, in spite of the mechanic genius of our friends.

‘Pres. That is not the rule I mean:—but come,† we'll fill a measure the table round—Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both.

All. Huzza, huzza, huzza!

\* The Orphan.

† Venice Preserved.

‡ Macbeth.

*Pres.* Come, gentlemen, let us have no quarrels.

*All.* Huzza, huzza!

*Scotchman.* Come now, I'll gi' you a touch of Mockbeeth.

*1st Mem.* That will be rare. Come, let's have it.

*Scotch.* What dost leer at, mun?—I have had muckle applause at Edinburgh, when I enacted in the Regiceede, and I now intend to do Mockbeeth. I see'd the dagger yesterday, and I thought I should ha' killed every one that came in my way.

*Irishman.* Stand out of the way, lads, and you'll see me give a touch of Othollo, my dear.—[*Takes the cork and burns it, and blacks his face.*] The devil burn the cork—it would not do it fast enough.

*1st Mem.* Here, here, I'll lend you a helping hand.—[*Blacks him.*] [Knocking at the door.]

*2d Mem.* \* Open locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* † How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags!—what is't you do?

*All.* Ha! the genius come to town—Huzza, huzza!—the genius—

*Dick.* How fare the honest partners of my heart?—Jack Hopeless, give us your hand—Guildersten, your's—Ha! Rosencrofs—Gentlemen, I rejoice to see ye—But come, the news, the news of the town!—Has any thing been damned?—Any new performers this winter?—How often has Romeo and Juliet been acted? Come, my bucks, inform me; I want news.

*1st Mem.* You shall know all in good time——But prithee, my dear boy, how was it? You played at Bristol; let's hear.

*2d Mem.* Ay, let's have it, dear Dick.

*Dick.* Look ye there now—‡ Let's have it, dear boy, and dear Dick—

*1st Mem.* Nay, nay; but how was you received?

*Dick.* Romeo was my part——I touched their souls for them—Every pale face from the wells was there; and so on I went—But rot 'em,—never mind them.—§ What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?

*1st Mem.* Several things—But, Genius, why did you come to us so late?—Why did not you come in the beginning of the night?

*Dick.*

\* Macbeth. † Ditto. ‡ Suspicious Husband. § Richard III.

*Dick.* Why, I intended it: But who should I meet in my way but friend Catcall, a devilish good critic?—and so he and I went together, and had our pipes, to \* close the orifice of the stomach, you know:—And what do you think I learned of him?

*1st Mem.* I cannot say.

*Dick.* Can you tell now, whether the emphasis should be laid upon the *epitaph* † or the *substantive*?

*1st Mem.* Why, no.

*Dick.* Ever, while you live, lay your emphasis upon the *epitaph*.

*Irish.* Arrah, my dear, but what is that same epitaph now?

*Dick.* † Arrah, my dear Cousin Macshane, won't you put a remembrance upon me?

*Irish.* Ow! but is it mocking you are?—Look ye, my dear, if you'd be taking me off,—don't you call it taking off?—by my shoul I'd be making you take yourself off—What? if you're for being obstropolous, I would not matter you three skips of a flea—

*Dick.* Nay, prithee, no offence—I hope we shall be brother-players.

*Irish.* Ow! then we'd be very good friends; for you know two of a trade can never agree, my dear.

*Scotch.* Locke is certainly reet in his chapter about innate ideas; for this mon is born without any at all—and the other mon yonder, I doot is no greet heed-piece.

*Dick.* What do you intend to appear in?

*Irish.* Othollo, my dear: Let me alone; you'll see how I'll bodder 'em—Though by my shoul, myself does not know but I'd be frightened when every thing is in a hub-bub, and nothing to be heard, but “Throw him over”—“Over with him”—“Off, off, off the stage,”—“Music”—“Won't ye ha' some orange-chips?”—“Won't ye ha' some nonpareils?” Ow!—but may be the dear craturs in the boxes will be lucking at my legs—Ow! to be sure—the devil burn the luck they'll give 'em.

*Dick.* I shall certainly laugh in the fellow's face.

*Irish.* Ow! never mind it—let me alone, my dear—May be I'd see a little round face from Dublin in the pit, may be I wou'd; but then won't I be the first gentleman of my name that turn'd stage-player?—My cousins would rather see

\* Every Man in his Humour.

† By mistake for *epitbet*.

‡ Stratagem.

—I'll make me starve like a gentleman, with honour and reputation—Myself does be ashamed when I think of it.

*Scotch.* Stay till you hear me give a specimen of elocution.

*Dick.* What, with that impediment, Sir?

*Scotch.* Impediment! what impediment? I do not leesp, do I?—I do not squeent—I am weel leem'd, am I not?

*Irish.* By my shoul, if you go to that, I am as well timber'd myself as any of them, and shall make a figure in genteel and top comedy.

*Scotch.* I'll give you a specimen of Mockbeeth.

*Irish.* Make haste, then, and I'll begin Othollo.

*Scotch.* Is this a dagger that I see before me, &c.

*Irish.* [*Collaring him*] \* Willain, be sure you prove my love a whore, &c.

[*Another member comes forward, with his face powder'd, and a pipe in his hand.*]

—I am thy father's spirit, Hamlet—

*Dick.* Po! prithee, you're not fat enough for a ghost.

*Mem.* I intend to make my first appearance in it for all that: Only I am puzzled about one thing—I want to know, when I come on first, whether I should make a bow to the audience?

*Dick.* Why, if you are the ghost of a gentleman, make a bow by all means.

\* *Another Mem.* Now, gentlemen, for the true way of dying—[*Spreads a blanket.*—Now for a little phrenzy—

[*Repeats a dying speech, and rolls himself up in the blanket.*]

[*Watch behind the scenes;—Past five o'clock, cloudy morning.*]

*Dick.* Hey! past five o'clock 'Sdeath, I shall miss my appointment with Charlotte. † I have staid too long, and shall lose my proselyte. Come, let us adjourn.

*All.* Ay, let us fall forth.

*Irish.* With all my heart; though I should have bodder'd em finely if they had staid.

*Scotch.* I should have sheen'd in Mockbeeth—but never mynd it—I'll go now to my friend the bookseller, and translate Cornelius Tacitus, or Grotius de Jure Belli—and so, gentlemen, your servant.

\* *All.* Huzza, huzza!

*Dick.* ‡ We'll scour the watch—Confusion to morality—damn the watch—and I wish the constables were married—huzza, huzza.

G 2

\* *Irish.*

\* Othello.

† Venice Preserved.

‡ Sir John Brute.



*Irish.* By my shoul, myshelf did not care if I had a wife with a good fortune, to be hindering me from going on. But no matter—I may meet with a willing cratur some where.

[*Exit singing.*]

*All.* Huzza, huzza!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE, *A Street.*

*Enter a Watchman.*

Past five o'clock, cloudy morning. Mercy on us! all mad, I believe, in this house—They're at this trade three nights in the week, I think—Past five o'clock, a cloudy morning.

*All.* Huzza! [*without.*]

*Watch.* What in the name of wonder are they all at?

*Hurra, hurra, without. Enter the Spouters.*

*Dick.* \* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

*1st Mem.* † By heavens, I'll tear you joint by joint, and strew this hungry church-yard with your limbs.

*Dick.* ‡ Avaunt, and quit my sight—thy bones are marrowless—There's no speculation in those eyes, that thou dost glare withal.

*Watch.* Prithee, don't disturb the peace.

*A Mem.* § Be sure you write him down an afs.

*Dick.* || Be alive again, and dare me to the desert with thy pole—take any shape but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble.

*Watch.* Soho! soho!

*Enter Watchmen from all parts, some drunk, some coughing, &c.*

*2d Watch.* What's the matter there?

*1st Watch.* Here are the disturbers of the peace—I charge 'em all.

*Dick.* ¶ Unmanner'd slave, advance your halbert higher than my breast, or by St Paul I'll strike thee down, and spur thee, beggar, for this insolence.

[*They fight; Dick is knocked down. Exeunt Watchmen fighting the rest.*]

*Dick.* \*\* I have it; it will do—Egad, I'll make my escape now—O, I am Fortune's fool.

[*Exit*]

*Re-enter Watchmen, &c.*

*Watch.* Come, bring 'em along.

*1st Mem.* †† Good ruffians, hold a while.

*2d Mem.* †† I am unfortunate, but not asham'd of being so.

*Watch*

\* Hamlet. † Romeo. ‡ Macbeth. § Much ado about Nothing.  
|| Macbeth. ¶ Richard. \*\* Romeo. †† Revenge. ‡‡ Oroonoko

*Watch.* Come, come, bring 'em along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Another Street.*

*Enter Dick, with a lanthorn and a ladder.*

All's quiet here; the coast's clear;—now for my adventure with Charlotte—This ladder will do rarely for the business—though it would be better if it were a ladder of ropes. But hold; have not I seen something like this on the stage?—yes I have, in some of the entertainments—Ay, \* I remember an apothecary, and hereabout he dwells—This is my master Gargle's;—being dark, the beggar's shop is shut—What, ho! apothecary!—But soft,—what light breaks through yonder window?—It is the east, and Juliet is the sun; arise, fair sun, &c.

*Char.* Who's there? my Romeo?

*Dick.* The same, my love, if it not thee displease—

*Char.* Hush! not so loud; you'll waken my father—

*Dick.* † Alas! there is more peril in thine eye—

*Char.* Nay, but prithee now—I tell you you'll spoil all—What made you stay so long?

*Dick.* ‡ Chide not, my fair, but let the god of love laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart—

*Char.* As I am a living soul, you'll ruin every thing; be quiet, and I'll come down to you— [Going.]

*Dick.* No, no, not so fast—Charlotte—let us act the garden-scene first—

*Char.* A fiddlestick for the garden-scene—

*Dick.* Nay, then I'll act Ranger—Up I go, neck or nothing.

*Char.* Dear heart, you're enough to frighten a body out of one's wits—Don't come up—I tell you there's no occasion for the ladder—I have settled every thing with Simon, and he's to let me through the shop when he opens it.

*Dick.* Well, but I'll tell you, I would not give a farthing for it without the ladder; and so, up I go.

*Enter Simon at the door.*

*Sim.* Sir, Sir; Madam, Madam—

*Dick.* Prithee, be quiet, Simon—I am ascending the high top-gallant of my joy—

*Sim.* An't please you, master, my young mistress may come through the shop—I am going to sweep it out, and she may escape that way fast enow—

G 3

*Char.*

\* Romeo.

† Ditto.

‡ Fair Penitent.

*Char.* That will do purely—And so do you stay where you are, and prepare to receive me—

[*Exit from above.*]

*Dick.* No, no, but that won't take—you shan't hinder me from going through my part—[*Goes up.*] \* A woman, by all that's lucky—neither old nor crooked—In I go—[*Goes in.*]—And for fear of the pursuit of the family, I'll make sure of the ladder.

*Sim.* Hift, hift, master—leave that there, to save me from being suspected—

*Dick.* With all my heart, Simon. [*Exit from above.*]

*Sim. alone.* Lord love him, how comical he is!—It will be fine for me, when we're playing the fool together, to call him brother Martin. “† Brother Martin.”

*Enter Charlotte.*

*Char.* O Lud! I am frighted out of my wits; where is he?—

*Sim.* He's a-coming, Ma'am—[*Calls to him.*] “Brother Martin.”

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* ‡ Cuckold him, Ma'am, by all means—I'm your man.

*Char.* Well now, I protest and vow, I wonder how you can serve a body so—Feel with what a pit-a-pat action my heart beats—

*Dick.* § 'Tis an alarm to love—Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms, &c.

*Watchman behind the scenes.* Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

*Char.* Dear heart, don't let us stand fooling here—As I live and breathe, we shall both be taken—Do, for heaven's sake, let us make our escape.

\* *Watch.* Past six o'clock—a cloudy morning.

\* *Char.* It comes nearer and nearer; let us make off.—

*Dick.* Give us your hand then—my pretty little adventurer, I attend you.

|| Yes, my dear Charlotte, we will go together,  
Together to the theatre we'll go,  
There to their ravish'd eyes our skill we'll show,  
And point new beauties—to the pit below.

*Sim.* Heavens blefs the couple of 'em—But mum.

[*Exit, and shuts the door after him.*]

G 3

*Enter*

\* Suspicious Husband. † Stratagem. ‡ Suspicious Husband.  
§ Old Bachelor. || Distress'd Mother.

*Enter Bailiff and his Follower.*

*Bail.* That's he yonder, as sure as you're alive—Ay, it is—and he has been about some mischief here.

*Fol.* No, no, that an't he—that one wears a laced coat—though I can't say—As sure as a gun, it is he—

*Bail.* Ay, I smoaked him at once—Do you run that way, and stop at the bottom of Catharine-street; I'll go up Drury-Lane; and between us both, it will be odds if we miss him. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Watchman.*

*Watch.* Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning—Hey-ay! what's here? a ladder at Master Gargle's window?—I must alarm the family—Ho! Master Gargle—

[*Knocks at the door.*]

*Gar. above.* What's the matter?—How comes this window to be open?—Ha! a ladder! Who's below there?

*1st Watch.* I hope you an't robbed, Master Gargle?—As I was going my rounds, I found your window open.

*Gar.* I fear this is some of that young dog's tricks. Take away the ladder; I must enquire into all this. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Simon like Scrub.*

*Sim. \** Thieves! murder! thieves! popery!

*Watch.* What's the matter with the fellow?

*Sim.* Spare all I have, and take my life—

*Watch.* Any mischief in the house?

*Sim.* They broke in with fire and sword—they'll be here this minute—five and forty.—This will do charmingly; my young master taught me this. [*Aside.*]

*1st Watch.* What, are there thieves in the house?

*Sim.* With sword and pistol, Sir—five and forty.

*Watch.* Nay, then 'tis time for me to go;—for, mayhap, may come to ha' the worst on't. [*Exit Watchman.*]

*Enter Gargle.*

*Gar.* Dear heart, dear heart!—she's gone, she's gone!—my daughter, my daughter!—What's the fellow in such a right for?

*Sim.* Down on your knees—down on your marrowbones—(This will make him think I know nothing of the matter—Bless his heart for teaching me)—Down on your marrowbones.

*Gar.* Get up, you fool, get up—Dear heart, I'm all in a fermentation. [*Enter*]

\* Stratagem.



*Enter Wingate, reading a news-paper.*

“Wanted, on good security, five hundred pounds, for which lawful interest will be given, and a good premium allowed. Whoever this may suit, enquire for S. T. at the Crown and Rolls in Chancery-Lane.”—This may be worth looking after. I’ll have a good premium—If the fellow’s a fool, I’ll fix my eye on him.—Other people’s follies are an estate to the man that knows how to make himself useful——So, friend Gargle—you’re up early I see—nothing like rising early—nothing to be got by lying in bed like a lubberly fellow—What’s the matter with you?—ha, ha! you look like a—ha, ha!

*Gar.* O, no wonder—My daughter, my daughter!

*Win.* Your daughter!—what signifies a foolish girl?

*Gar.* Oh, dear heart, dear heart!—out of the window.

*Win.* Fallen out of the window!—Well, she was a woman, and ’tis no matter—if she’s dead, she’s provided for.—Here, I found the book—could not meet with it last night. Here it is—there is more sense in it than in all their Macbeths and their trumpery—(*Reads.*)—Cocker’s Arithmetic—Look ye here now, friend Gargle; suppose you have the sixteenth part of a ship, and I buy one-fifth of you, what share of the ship do I buy?

*Gar.* Oh, dear Sir, ’tis a melancholy case—

*Win.* A melancholy case indeed, to be so ignorant. Why should not a man know every thing? One-fifth of one-sixteenth, what part have I of the whole? Let me see,—I’ll do it in a short way—

*Gar.* Lost beyond redemption—

*Win.* Zookers, be quiet, man, you put me out—Seven times seven is forty-nine, and six times twelve is seventy-two,—and—and—a—Here, friend Gargle, take the book, and give it that scoundrel of a fellow.

*Gar.* Lord, Sir, he’s returned to his tricks.

*Win.* Returned to his tricks!—What—broke loose again?

*Gar.* Ay, and carried off my daughter with him.

*Win.* Carried off your daughter!—How did the rascal contrive that?

*Gar.* Oh, dear Sir,—the watch alarmed us a while ago, and I found a ladder at the window—so I suppose my young madam made her escape that way.

*Win.* Wounds! what business had the fellow with your daughter?

*Gar.* I wish I had never taken him into my house—He may debauch the poor girl—

*Win.*

*Win.* And suppose he does—she's a woman, a'nt she?—  
Ha, ha! friend Gargle, ha, ha!

*Gar.* Dear Sir, how can you talk thus to a man distracted?

*Win.* I'll never see the fellow's face.

*Sim.* Secrets, secrets! \*

*Win.* What are you in the secret, friend?

*Sim.* To be sure, there be secrets in all families—but, for my part, I'll not speak a word *pro* or *con* till there's a peace.

*Win.* You won't speak, firrah!—I'll make you speak.—  
Do you know nothing of this numbskull?

*Sim.* Who I, Sir? He came home last night from your house, and went out again directly.

*Win.* You saw him then?

*Sim.* Yes, Sir—saw him, to be sure, Sir—He made me open the shop-door for him—he stopp'd on the threshold, and pointed at one of the clouds, and asked me if it was not like an ouzel? †

*Win.* Like an ouzel—Wounds! what's an ouzel.

*Gar.* And the young dog came back in the dead of night to steal away my daughter?

*Win.* I'll tell you what, friend Gargle—I'll think no more of the fellow—let him bite the bridle—I'll go mind my business, and not miss an opportunity.

*Gar.* Good now, Mr Wingate, don't leave me in this affliction—Consider, when the animal-spirits are properly employed, the whole system's exhilarated, a proper circulation in the smaller ducts or capillary vessels—

*Win.* Look ye there now—the fellow's at his ducks again, ha, ha!

*Gar.* But when the spirits are under influence—

*Win.* Ha, ha! what a fine fellow you are now! You're as mad with your physical nonsense, as my son with his *Shakespeare* and *Ben Thompson*.

*Gar.* Dear Sir, let us go in quest of him, he shall be well phlebotomized; and for the future I'll keep his solids and fluids in proper balance——

*Win.* Don't tell me of your solids—I tell you he'll never be solid—and so I'll go and mind my business—Let me see, where is this chap?—[*Reads.*]—Ay, ay, at the Crown and Rolls.——Good morning, friend Gargle; don't plague yourself about the numbskull; study fractions, man; vulgar fractions will carry you through the world; arithmetical proportion is when the antecedent and consequent—a—  
[*Going.*]

*Enter*

\* Stratagem;

† Hamlet.

*Enter a Porter.*

*Win.* Who are you, pray? What do you want?

*Por.* Is one Mr Gargle here?

*Gar.* Yes—Who wants him?

*Por.* Here's a letter for you.

*Gar.* Let me see it—O dear heart! [*Reads.*] “To Mr Gargle, at the Pestle and Mortar.”—Slidikins, this is a letter from that unfortunate young fellow.

*Win.* Let me see it, Gargle.

*Gar.* A moment's patience, good Mr Wingate, and this may unravel all. [*Reads.*] Poor young man!—his brain is certainly turned. I can't make head or tail of it.

*Win.* Ha, ha!—you're a pretty fellow—Give it me, man—I'll make it out for you—'Tis his hand, sure enough. [*Reads.*]

“To Mr Gargle, &c.

“Most potent, grave,\* and reverend doctor; my very noble and approved good master: That I have taken away your daughter, it is most true; true, I will marry her;—† 'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.”—What in the name of common sense is all this?—“‡ I have done your shop some service, and you know it; no more of that—§ yet I could wish, that at this time I had not been this thing.”—What can the fellow mean?—“For time || may have yet one fated hour to come, which, wing'd with liberty, may overtake occasion past.”—Overtake occasion past!—Time and tide waits for no man. —“¶ I expect redress from thy noble sorrows—Thine and my poor country's ever. R. WINGATE.”

Mad as a March hare!—I have done with him—Let him stay till the shoe pinches; a crack-brain'd numbskull!

*Por.* An't please you, Sir, I fancy the gentleman is a little beside himself. He took hold on me here by the collar, and called me villain\*\*, and bid me prove his wife a whore.—Lord help him! I never see'd the gentleman's spouse in my born-days before.

*Gar.* Is she with him now?

*Por.* I believe so. There's a likely young woman with him all in tears.

*Gar.* My daughter, to be sure.

*Win.* Let the fellow go and be hang'd!—Wounds! I would not go the length of my arm to save the villain from

\* Othello. † Hamlet. ‡ Othello: § Mourning Bride.

|| Mourning Bride. ¶ Venice Preserved. \*\* Othello.

from the gallows. Where was he, friend, when he gave you this letter?

*Por.* I fancy, master, the gentleman's under troubles—brought it from a spunging-house.

*Win.* From a spunging-house!

*Por.* Yes, Sir, in Gray's-Inn Lane.

*Win.* Let him lie there; let him lie there. I am glad of it.

*Gar.* Do, my dear Sir, let us step to him.

*Win.* No, not I; let him stay there. This it is to have a genius! ha, ha!—a genius! ha, ha!—a genius is a fine thing indeed! ha! ha! *[Exit.]*

*Gar.* Poor man! he has certainly a fever on his spirits. Do you step in with me, honest man, till I slip on my coat, and then I'll go after this unfortunate boy.

*Por.* Yes, Sir; 'tis in Gray's-Inn Lane. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *A Spunging-house.* Dick and Bailiff at a table, and Charlotte sitting in a disconsolate manner by him.

*Bail.* Here's my service to you, young gentleman—Don't be uneasy—the debt is not much. Why do you look so sad?

*Dick.* Because \* captivity has robb'd me of a just and dear diversion.

*Bail.* Never look sulky at me—I never use any body ill—Come, it has been many a good man's lot—Here's my service to you—But we've no liquor—Come, we'll have another bowl—

*Dick.* † I've now not fifty ducats in the world—yet still am in love, and pleased with ruin.

*Bail.* What do you say?—You've fifty shillings, I hope.

*Dick.* ‡ Now, thank heav'n, I'm not worth a groat.

*Bail.* Then there's no credit here, I can tell you that—you must get bail, or go to Newgate. Who do you think to pay house-rent for you?—You see your friends won't come near you—They've all answered in the old cant—"I've promised my wife never to be bail for any body;" or, "I've sworn not to do it;"—or, "I'd lend you the money if I had it, but desire to be excused from bailing any man." The porter you just now sent will bring the same answer, warrant. Such poverty-struck devils as you shan't stay in my house—you shall go to *quod*, I can tell you that—

*[Knocking at the door.]*

Coming, coming, I am coming—I shall lodge you in Newgate, I promise you, before night—Not worth a groat

\* Mourning Bride. † Venice Preserved. ‡ Ditto.



groat!—you're a fine fellow to stay in a man's house—You shall go to quod. [Exit]

*Dick.* Come, cheer up, Charlotte, never mind this—Come now—let us act the prison-scene in the Mourning Bride—

*Char.* How can you think of acting speeches, when we're in such distress?

*Dick.* Nay, but my dear angel—

*Enter Wingate and Gargle.*

*Gar.* Hush! Do, dear Sir, let us listen to him—I dare say he repents.

*Win.* Wounds!—what cloaths are those the fellow has on?—Zookers, the scoundrel has robbed me.

*Dick.* Come, now we'll practise an attitude—How many of 'em have you?

*Char.* Let me see—one, two, three; and then in the fourth act, and then—O Gemini, I have ten at least.

*Dick.* That will do swimmingly—I've a round dozen myself. Come, now begin. You fancy me dead, and I think the same of you—Now mind.—*[They stand in attitudes.]*

*Win.* Only mind the villain.

*Dick.* O thou soft fleeting form of Lindamira!

*Char.* \* Illusive shade of my beloved lord!

*Dick.* † She lives! she speaks! and we shall still be happy.—Py.

*Win.* You lie, you villain, you shan't be happy.

*[Knocks him down.]*

*Dick.* *[On the ground.]* ‡ Perdition catch your arm, the chance is thine.

*Gar.* So, my young madam—I have found you again.

*Dick.* § Capulet, forbear; Paris, let loose your hold.—She is my wife—our hearts are twin'd together.

*Win.* Sirrah! villain! I'll break every bone in your body. *[Strikes.]*

*Dick.* || Parents have flinty hearts; no tears can move 'em: Children must be wretched—*Tear not our heart-strings thus; they strain, they crack!* O what a pity 'tis there are no scene-drawers to lift me.

*Win.* A scoundrel, to rob your father! You rascal, I've a mind to break your head.

*Dick.* ¶ What, like this? *[Takes off his wig, and shows two patches on his head.]*

*Win.* 'Tis mighty well, young man—Zookers! I made my

\* Romeo and Juliet. † Ditto. ‡ Richard III. § Romeo.  
|| Romeo. ¶ Barbarossa.

my own fortune; and I'll take a boy out of the Blue-coat hospital, and give him all I have. Look ye here, friend Gargle—you know I'm not a hard-hearted man—the scoundrel, you know, has robb'd me; so, d'ye see, I won't hang him—I'll only transport the fellow—And so, Mr Catchpole, you may take him to Newgate.

Gar. Well but, dear Sir, you know I always intended to marry my daughter into your family; and if you let the young man be ruined, my money must all go into another channel.

Win. How's that!—into another channel!—Must not lose the handling of his money. [*Aside.*]—Why, I told you, friend Gargle, I'm not a hard-hearted man.

Gar. Why no, Sir; but your passions—However, if you will but make the young gentleman serve out the last year of his apprenticeship, you know I shall be giving over, and I may put him into all my practice.

Win. Ha, ha!—Why, if the blockhead would but get as many crabbed physical words from Hypocrites and Alchemists, as he has from his nonsensical trumpery—ha, ha!—I don't know, between you and I, but he might pass for a very good physician.

Dick. \* And must I leave thee, Juliet?—

Char. Nay, but prithee now have done with your speeches. You see we are brought to the last distress, and so you had better make it up. [*Aside to Dick.*]

Dick. Why, for your sake, my dear, I could almost find in my heart—

Win. You'll settle your money on your daughter?

Gar. You know it was always my intention.

Win. I must not let the cash slip through my hands—  
[*Aside.*]—Look ye here, young man—I am the best-natured man in the world—How came this debt, friend?

Bail. The gentleman gave his note at Bristol, I understand, where he boarded: 'Tis but twenty pounds.

Win. Twenty pounds! Well, why don't you send to your friend *Shakespeare* now to bail you?—ha, ha! I should like to see *Shakespeare* give bail—ha, ha! Mr Catchpole, will you take bail of *Ben Thompson*, and *Shakespeare*, and *Odyssey Popes*?

Bail. No such people have been here, Sir—Are they house-keepers?

Dick. † You do not come to mock my miseries?

II

Gar.

\* *Romeo and Juliet.*

† *Mourning Bride.*

*Gar.* Hush, young man, you'll spoil all. Let me speak to you——' How is your digestion ?'

*Dick.* \* Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.

*Char.* Nay, but dear Dick, for my sake——

*Win.* What says he, Gargle ?

*Gar.* He repents, Sir ; he'll reform.

*Win.* That's right, lad---now you're right ; and if you will but serve out your time, my friend Gargle here will make a man of you. Wounds ! you'll have his daughter and all his money. And if I hear no more of your trumpery, and you mind your business, and stick to my little Charlotte, and make me a grandfather in my old days—egad, you shall have all mine too ; that is, when I am dead.

' *Dick.* Charlotte, that will do rarely ; and we may go to the play as often as we please.

' *Char.* O Gemini ! it will be the purest thing in the world ; and we shall see Romeo and Juliet every time it is acted.

' *Dick.* Ay, and that will be a hundred times in a season at least ; besides, it will be like a play, if I reform at the end—† Sir, free me so far in your most generous thoughts, that I have shot my arrow o'er the house, and hurt my brother——

' *Win.* What do you say, friend ?

' *Char.* Nay, but prithee now, do it in plain English.

' *Dick.* Well, well, I will—He knows nothing of metaphors.'——Sir, you shall find for the future, that we'll both endeavour to give you all the satisfaction in our power.

*Win.* Very well, that's right—you may do very well—Friend Gargle, I am overjoyed——

' *Gar.* Chearfulness, Sir, is the principal ingredient in the composition of health——

' *Win.* Wounds, man ! let's hear no more of your physic——Here, young man, put this book in you pocket, and let me see how soon you'll be master of vulgar fractions.'——Mr Catchpole, step home with me, and I'll pay you the money——' You seem to be a notable sort of a fellow, Mr Catchpole ; could you nab a man for me ?

' *Catch.* Fast enough, Sir, when I've the writ.

' *Win.* Very well, come along. I lent a young gentleman a hundred pounds ; a cool hundred he called it : It did not stay to cool with him. I had a good premium ; but I shan't wait a moment for that——Come along, young

\* Macbeth.

† Hamlet.

young man. What right have you to twenty pounds?  
—Give you twenty pounds!—I never was obliged to my family for twenty pounds. But I'll say no more—If you have a mind to thrive in this world, *make yourself useful* is the golden rule.

'*Dick*. My dear Charlotte, as you are to be my reward, I will be a new man.'

*Char*. Well, now I shall see how much you love me.

'*Dick*. It shall be my study to deserve you: And since we don't go on the stage, 'tis some comfort that the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.

Some play the upper, some the under parts,  
And most assume what's foreign to their hearts:  
Thus Life is but a tragic-comic jest,  
And all is farce and mummery at best.



# High Life Below Stairs.

IN TWO ACTS.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

		<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Lovel</i> , a young West-Indian of fortune	-	Mr Obrien.
<i>Freeman</i> , his friend	- - - -	Mr Packer.
<i>Philp</i> ,	}	Mr Yates.
<i>Tom</i> ,		Mr Mozeen.
<i>Coachman</i> ,		Mr Clough.
<i>Kingston</i> , a black		Mr Moody.
<i>Kitty</i> ,		Mrs Clive.
<i>Cook</i> ,		Mrs Bradshaw.
<i>Cloe</i> , a black	}	Mrs Smith.
<i>Duke's servant</i>		Mr Palmer.
<i>Sir Harry's servant</i>		Mr King.
<i>Lady Bab's maid</i>		Miss Hippesley.
<i>L. Charlotte's maid</i>		Mrs Bennet.
<i>Robert</i> , servant to Freeman	- - - -	Mr Acman.
<i>Fidler</i> ,	- - - -	Mr Atkins.

Scene, LONDON.

## ACT I.

SCENE, *An apartment in Freeman's house.*

FREEMAN and LOVEL entering.

FREEMAN.

**A** Country boy! ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

*Lov.* Some time—I am now convinced of what you have often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

*Free.* Oh, are you satisfied at last, Mr Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St James's, than in your kitchen.

*Lov.*

*Lov.* 'Tis with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr Freeman; though, I must own, my expences often make me stare.—Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks—If there is a rogue among my folks, it is that furly dog Tom.

*Free.* You are mistaken in every one. Philip is an hypocritical rascal; Tom has a good deal of furly honesty about him; and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

*Lov.* Prithee, Freeman, how came you to be so well acquainted with my people? None of the wenches are handsome enough to move the affections of a middle-aged gentleman as you are—ha, ha, ha!

*Free.* You are a young man, Mr Lovel, and take a pride in a number of idle unnecessary servants, who are the plague and reproach of this kingdom.

*Lov.* Charles, you are an old-fashion'd fellow. Servants a plague and reproach! ha, ha, ha! I would have forty more, if my house would hold them.—Why, man, in Jamaica, before I was ten years old, I had a hundred blacks kissing my feet every day.

*Free.* You gentry of the western isles are high-melted ones, and love pomp and parade. I have seen it delight your soul, when the people in the street have stared at your equipage; especially if they whispered loud enough to be heard, "That is squire Lovel, the great West-Indian"—ha, ha, ha!

*Lov.* I should be very sorry if we were as splenetic as you northern islanders, who are devoured with melancholy and fog—ha, ha, ha! No, Sir, we are children of the sun, and are born to diffuse the bounteous favour which our noble parent is pleased to bestow on us.

*Free.* I wish you had more of your noble parent's regularity, and less of his fire. As it is, you consume so fast, that not one in twenty of you live to be fifty years old.

*Lov.* But in that fifty we live two hundred, my dear; mark that.—But to business—I am resolved upon my frolic—I will know whether my servants are rogues or not. If they are, I'll bastinado the rascals; if not, I think I ought to pay for my impertinence. Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

*Free.* To tell you the truth, Mr Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house. How-

ever, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

*Lov.* Let us have him.

*Free.* You shall: But it is an hundred to one if you get any thing out of him; for though he is a very honest fellow yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell any thing to the disadvantage of another.—Who waits?—[*Enter servant.*] Send Robert to me. [*Exit servant.*] And what was it determin'd you upon this project at last?

*Lov.* This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my curiosity—Read it.

[*Gives the letter*]

*Free.* I should know something of this hand—[*Reads.*]

“To Peregrine Lovel, Esq;

“Please your honour,

“I take the liberty to acquaint your honour, that you are sadly cheated by your servants.—Your honour will find it as I say—I am not willing to be known; whereof, if I am, it may bring one into trouble.

“So no more from your honour's

“Servant to command.”

—Odd and honest! Well—and now what are the steps you intend to take?

[*Returns the letter*]

*Lov.* I shall immediately apply to my friend the manager for a disguise.—Under the form of a gawky country boy, I will be an eye-witness of my servants behaviour. You must assist me, Mr Freeman.

*Free.* As how, Mr Lovel?

*Lov.* My plan is this—I gave it out that I was going to my borough in Devonshire; and yesterday set out with my servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke.

*Free.* Well?

*Lov.* I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turn'd back, and am just come to town.—*Ecce signum!*

[*Points to his boots*]

*Free.* It is now one o'clock,

*Lov.* This very afternoon I shall pay my people a visit.

*Free.* How will you get in?

*Lov.* When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenants sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

*Free.* They will certainly discover you.

*Lov.*

*Lov.* Never fear; I'll be so countryfied, that you shall not know me. As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them.

*Free.* Shall you be able to play your part?

*Lov.* I am surprised, Mr Freeman, that you, who have known me from my infancy, should not remember my abilities in that way.—'But you old fellows have short memories.

*'Free.* What should I remember?"

*'Lov.'* How I play'd Daniel in the Conscious Lovers school, and afterwards arrived at the distinguished character of the mighty Mr Scrub— [Mimicking.

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha! that is very well—Enough—Here Robert.

*Enter Robert.*

*Rob.* Your honour order'd me to wait on you.

*Free.* I did, Robert.—Robert—

*Rob.* Sir—

*Free.* Come here. You know, Robert, I have a good opinion of your integrity.

*Rob.* I have always endeavoured that your honour should.

*Free.* Pray, have not you some acquaintance among Mr Lovel's people?

*Rob.* A little, please your honour.

*Free.* How do they behave?—We have nobody but friends—you may speak out.

*Lov.* Ay, Robert, speak out.

*Rob.* I hope your honours will not insist on my saying any thing in an affair of this kind.

*Lov.* Oh, but we do insist—If you know any thing—

*Rob.* Sir, I am but a servant myself; and it would not become me to speak ill of a brother-servant.

*Free.* Psha! this is false honesty—speak out.

*Rob.* Don't oblige me, good Sir. Consider, Sir, a servant's bread depends upon his *carackter*.

*Lov.* But if a servant uses me ill—

*Rob.* Alas, Sir! what is one man's poison is another man's meat.

*Free.* You see how they trim for one another.

*Rob.* Service, Sir, is no inheritance.—A servant that is not approved in one place, may give satisfaction in another. Every body must live, your honour.

*Lov.*



*Lov.* I like your heartiness as well as your caution; but in my case, it is necessary that I should know the truth.

*Rob.* The truth, Sir, is not to be spoken at all times; it may bring one into trouble, whereof if—

*Free.* [*Musing.*] 'Whereof if'—Pray, Mr Lovel, let me see that letter again. [*Lovel gives the letter.*]—Aye—It must be so.—Robert.

*Rob.* Sir——

*Free.* Do you know any thing of this letter?

*Rob.* Letter, your honour?

*Free.* Yes, letter,

*Rob.* I have seen the hand before.

*Lov.* He blushes!

*Free.* I ask you, if you were concern'd in writing this letter?—You never told me a lie yet, and I expect the truth from you now.

*Rob.* Pray, your honour, don't ask me.

*Free.* Did you write it?—Answer me.

*Rob.* I cannot deny it. [*Bowing.*]

*Lov.* What induced you to it?

*Rob.* I will tell the truth. I have seen such waste and extravagance, and riot and drunkenness, in your kitchen, Sir, that, as my master's friend, I could not help discovering it to you.

*Lov.* Go on.

*Rob.* I am sorry to say it to your honour, but your honour is not only imposed on, but laughed at by all your servants, especially by Philip, who is a very bad man.

*Lov.* Philip? An ungrateful dog!—Well?

*Rob.* I could not presume to speak to your honour; and therefore I resolved, though but a poor scribe, to write your honour a letter.

*Lov.* Robert, I am greatly indebted to you.—Here—  
[*Offers money.*]

*Rob.* On any other account than this, I should be proud to receive your honour's bounty; but now I beg to be excused.  
[*Refuses the money.*]

*Lov.* Thou hast a noble heart, Robert, and I'll not forget you. Freeman, he must be in the secret. Wait your master's orders.

*Rob.* I will, your honour.

[*Exit.*]

*Free.* Well, Sir, are you convinced now?

*Lov.* Convinced? Yes; and I'll be among the scoundrels before night.—You or Robert must contrive some way or other

er to get me introduced to Philip as one of your cotta-  
s boys out of Essex.

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha! You'll make a fine figure.

*Lov.* They shall make a fine figure.—It must be done  
s afternoon:—Walk with me across the park, and I'll tell  
the whole.—My name shall be *Jemmy*; and I am come  
be a gentleman's servant—and will do my best, and hope  
get a good *carackter*. [Mimicking.

*Free.* But what will you do if you find them rascals?

*Lov.* Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil.—  
me along.

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha!—Bravo—Jemmy—Bravo, ha, ha!—

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The Park.*

*Duke's Servant.*

What wretches are ordinary servants, that go on in the  
me vulgar track every day! eating, working, and sleeping!  
But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are  
another species. We are above the common forms—  
ve servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious  
our masters.—Ha!—my dear Sir Harry—

*Enter Sir Harry's Servant.*

How have you done these thousand years?

*Sir Har.* My lord duke!—your grace's most obedient  
ervant.

*Duke.* Well, baronet, and where have you been?

*Sir Har.* At Newmarket, my lord.—We have had  
ev'lish fine sport.

*Duke.* And a good appearance, I hear—Pox take it, I  
ould have been there; but our old duchefs died, and we  
ere obliged to keep house, for the decency of the thing.

*Sir Har.* I picked up fifteen pieces.

*Duke.* Psha! a trifle!

*Sir Har.* The viscount's people, have been bloodily ta-  
ken in this meeting.

*Duke.* Credit me, baronet, they know nothing of the turf.

*Sir Har.* I assure you, my lord, they lost ev'ry match;  
or Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss  
Slammerkin had the distemper.

*Duke.* Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't—Taste this snuff,

*Sir Harry.*

[*Offers his box.*

*Sir Har.* 'Tis good rappee.

*Duke*]

*Duke.* Right Strasburgh, I assure you; and of my own importing.

*Sir Har.* Aye!

*Duke.* The city-people adulterate it so confoundedly that I always import my own snuff—I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so indolent.—When did you see the girls? I saw lady Bab this morning; but, 'fore Gad, whether it be love or reading, she looked as pale as a penitent.

*Sir Har.* I have just had this card from Lovel's people—  
[*Reads.*] “Philip and Mrs Kitty present their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a small party, and eat a bit of supper.”

*Duke.* I have the same invitation.—Their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

*Sir Har.* You'll be with us, my lord?—Philip's a blockhead.

*Duke.* A buck of the first head. I'll tell you a secret—he's going to be married.

*Sir Har.* To whom?

*Duke.* To Kitty.

*Sir Har.* No!

*Duke.* Yes, he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

*Sir Har.* Then we may depend upon your grace for certain,—ha, ha, ha!

*Duke.* If our house breaks up in a tolerable time, I'll be with you.—Have you any thing for us?

*Sir Har.* Yes, a little bit of poetry.—I must be at the Cocoa-tree till eight.

*Duke.* Heigh-ho!—I am quite out of spirits—I had a damned debauch last night, baronet.—Lord Francis, Bob the bishop, and I, tipt off four bottles of Burgundy a-piece.—Ha! there are two fine girls coming!—Faith—lady Bab—aye, and lady Charlotte. [Takes out his glass]

*Sir Har.* We'll not join them.

*Duke.* O yes—Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion; though I should be glad she would keep her teeth cleaner.—Your English women are damned negligent about their teeth.—How is your Charlotte in that particular?

*Sir Har.* My Charlotte!

*Duke.* Ay—the world says you are to have her.

*Sir Har.* I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord.

*Duke.* How so?

*Sir Har.* Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

*Duke.*

Duke. Oh ! damn it—that's insufferable.

Mr Har. Besides, she's a fool, and miss'd her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money.—Rot it, I never save a shilling.—Indeed I am sure of a place in the list.—Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night ; how do you manage that ?

Mr Har. Why, we do meet at a third place ; are very polite, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and so on.

Duke. A-la-mode, ha !——Here they are.

Mr Har. Let us retire.

[*They retire.*]

*Enter Lady Bab's Maid and Lady Charlotte's Maid.*

L. Bab. Oh fie, lady Charlotte ! you are quite indelicate ; so sorry for your taste.

L. Char. Well, I say it again, I love Vauxhall.

L. Bab. O my stars ! Why, there is nobody there but the poor citizens.

L. Char. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out—ha, ha, ha !

L. Bab. Ha, ha, ha !—*Runelow* for my money.

L. Char. Now you talk of *Runelow*, when did you see the colonel, lady Bab ?

L. Bab. The colonel ! I hate the fellow—He had the audacity to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

L. Char. He is a pretty man for all that—Soldiers, you know, have their mistresses every where.

L. Bab. I despise him.—How goes on your affair with the baronet ?

L. Char. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him.—You are to be at Lovel's to-night, lady Bab ?

L. Bab. Unless I alter my mind—I don't admire visiting the commoners, lady Charlotte.

L. Char. Oh, but Mrs Kitty has taste.

L. Bab. She affects it.

L. Char. The duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

L. Bab. The duke might shew his judgment much better.

[*Holding up her head.*]

L. Char. There he is, and the baronet too.—Take no notice of them.—We'll rally them bye-and-bye.

L. Bab.



*L. Bab.* Dull souls! Let us set up a loud laugh, and leave 'em.

*L. Char.* Ay—let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us—we shall certainly be mobb'd.

*Both.* Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit*]

*Duke and Sir Harry come forward.*

*Duke.* They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us.—I must follow.

*Sir Harry.* No, no.

*Duke.* I must—I must have a party of raillery with the a bon mot, or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me—Adieu! I'll be with you in the evening, if possible—Though, ha, ha, ye! there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so you know mum! we must mind the stops of the great fiddle—Adieu!

[*Exit*]

*Sir Har.* What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can read. It was but the other day that he was cow-boy in the country, then was bound 'prentice to a periwig-maker, got into my lord duke's family, and now sets up for a gentleman.—*O tempora! O mores!*

*Re-enter Duke's Servant.*

*Duke.* Sir Harry, prithee what are we to do at Love when we come there?

*Sir Har.* We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

*Duke.* The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy, I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—

[*Makes a motion as if with the dice-bowl*]

*Sir Har.* Fie, my lord duke.

*Duke.* Look you, baronet, I insist on it.—Who the deuce of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it? But I shall lose the girls—How grave you look, ha, ha, ha!—Well, let there be fiddles.

*Sir Har.* But, my dear lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.

*Duke.* Well, I won't be particular; I'll do as they do.—Tol, lol, lol.

[*Exit singing and dancing*]

*Sir Har.* [*solus.*] He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune, and got me to write his love letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment, so wheedled the old folks into consent, and was

he carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the  
herwoman, who happened to be his first cousin—

*Enter Philip.*

Philip, your servant.

*Phil.* You are welcome to England, Sir Harry—I hope  
you received the card, and will do us the honour of your  
company—My Master is gone into Devonshire—We'll  
have a roaring night.

*Sir Har.* I'll certainly wait on you.

*Phil.* The girls will be with us.

*Sir Har.* Is this a wedding-supper, Philip?

*Phil.* What do you mean, Sir Harry?

*Sir Har.* The duke tells me so.

*Phil.* The duke's a fool.

*Sir Har.* Take care what you say; his grace is a bruiser.

*Phil.* I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid  
him, I assure you—Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch  
—I have such wine for you!

*Sir Har.* I am your man, Phil.

*Phil.* Egad the cellar shall bleed: I have some Burgun-  
—that is fit for an emperor—My master would have given  
ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my lord what d'ye  
all him with: But I told him it was all gone—ha! Charity  
begins at home—ha!—Odso, here is Mr Freeman, my mas-  
ter's intimate friend; he's a dry one. Don't let us be seen  
together—he'll suspect something.

*Sir Har.* I am gone.

*Phil.* Away, away; remember, *Burgundy* is the word.

*Sir Har.* Right—Long corks! ha, Phil!—[*Mimicks*  
*the drawing of a cork.*]—Your's. [Exit.]

*Phil.* Now for a cast of my office—a starch phiz, a cant-  
ing phrase, and as many lies as necessary—hem!

*Enter Freeman.*

*Free.* Oh, Philip!—how do you do, Philip? You have  
lost your master, I find.

*Phil.* It is a loss, indeed, Sir—So good a gentleman!—  
He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time.—Sir,  
your servant— [Going.]

*Free.* Why in such a hurry, Philip?

*Phil.* I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his  
honour is away.

*Free.* You are in the right, Philip.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Servants at such times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, Sir.

*Free.* True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

*Phil.* It is so, Sir.—Sir, your servant. [Going]

*Free.* Oh, Mr Philip!—pray stay; you must do me a piece of service.

*Phil.* You command me, Sir— [Bows]

*Free.* I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest—[*Philip bows*]  
—rascals in the world. [Aside]

*Phil.* Your honour is pleased to compliment.

*Free.* There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man—Poor fellow, he has a great number of children and they have sent me one of 'em, a tall, gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say they can do nothing with him.

*Phil.* Let me have him, Sir.

*Free.* In truth, he is an unlick'd cub.

*Phil.* I will lick him into something, I warrant you, Sir. Now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, Sir.—In two months I'll engage to finish him.

*Free.* I don't doubt it. [Aside]

*Phil.* I have twenty pupils in the parish of St James's; and for a table, or a side-board, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or any thing—

*Free.* What have you for entrance?

*Phil.* I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

*Free.* Here is a guinea—I beg he may be taken care of.

*Phil.* That he shall, I promise you—[*Aside*.]—Your honour knows me.

*Free.* Thoroughly. [Aside]

*Phil.* When can I see him, Sir?

*Free.* Now; directly—Call at my house, and take him in your hand.

*Phil.* Sir, I will be with you in a minute—I will but step into the market to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board-wages—Humph!

*Free.* How happy is Mr Lovel in so excellent a servant! [Exit]

*Phil.* Ha, ha, ha!—This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a-week, and thinks

is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christ-  
 s—Damn all such sneaking scoundrels, I say. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *The Servants Hall in Lovel's House.*

Kingston and Coachman drunk and sleepy.

[*A knocking at the door.*]

King. Somebody knocks—Coachy, go—go to the  
 or, coachy.

Coach. I'll not go—do you go, you black dog.

King. Devil shall fetch me if I go. [*Knocking.*]

Coach. Why then let him stay—I'll not go—damme—  
 y, knock the door down, and let yourself in. [*Knocking.*]

King. Ay, ay, knock again—knock again.

Coach. Master is gone into Devonshire—so he can't be  
 ere—So I'll go to sleep.

King. So will I—I'll go to sleep too.

Coach. You lie, devil—you shall not go to sleep till I am  
 sleep—I am king of the kitchen.

King. No, you are not king; but when you are drunk,  
 you are fulky as hell.—Here is cooky coming—she is king  
 and queen too.

*Enter Cook.*

Cook. Somebody has knocked at the door twenty times,  
 and nobody hears—Why, coachman—Kingston—ye drun-  
 en bears!—why don't one of you go to the door?

Coach. You go, cook—you go.

Cook. Hang me if I go.

King. Yes, yes, cooky, go—Mollsy, Pollsy, go.

Cook. Out, you black toad—It is none of my business,  
 and go I will not. [*Sits down.*]

*Enter Philip with Lovel disguised.*

Phil. I might have stayed at the door all night, as the  
 little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the  
 door in my pocket—What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John coachman and Kingston as drunk as  
 two bears.

Phil. Ah, ah, my lads! what finished already?—These  
 are the very best of servants—Poor fellows! I suppose they  
 have been drinking their master's good journey—ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't. [*Aside.*]

Phil. Yo ho! get to bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves  
 sober, that you may be able to get drunk again bye-and-  
 bye. They are as fast as a church—Jemmy.

Lov. Anon.



*Phil.* Do you love drinking?

*Lov.* Yes—I loves ale.

*Phil.* You dog, you shall swim in Burgundy.

*Lov.* Burgundy! what's that?

*Phil.* Cook, wake those honest gentlemen, and see them to bed.

*Cook.* It is impossible to wake them.

*Lov.* I think I could wake 'em Sir, if I might—heh—

*Phil.* Do, Jemmy, wake 'em—ha, ha, ha!

*Lov.* Hip—Mr. Coachman.

[*Gives him a great slap on the face*]

*Coach.* Oh! oh!—What!—Zounds!—Oh!—damn you!

*Lov.* What, blackey! blackey! [*Pulls him by the nose*]

*King.* Oh! oh!—What now! Curse you! Oh!—  
'Got tam you.'

*Lov.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Phil.* Ha, ha, ha!—Well done, Jemmy.—Cook, see those gentry to bed.

*Cook.* Marry come up, I say so too; not I indeed—

*Coach.* She shan't see us to bed—We'll see ourselves to bed.

*King.* We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together. [*Exeunt reclining*]

*Phil.* You see how we live, boy.

*Lov.* Yes, I sees how you live.

*Phil.* Let the supper be elegant, cook.

*Cook.* Who pays for it?

*Phil.* My master, to be sure! who else? ha, ha, ha! He is rich enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha!

*Lov.* Humph!

*Phil.* Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way. [*Aside*]

*Lov.* Soh!

*Cook.* Prithee, Philip, what boy is this? [*Aside*]

*Phil.* A boy of Freeman's recommending.

*Lov.* Yes, I'm 'quire Freeman's boy—heh—

*Cook.* Freeman is a stingy hound, and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

*Lov.* Ha, ha, ha! that is good—Freeman shall have it. [*Aside*]

*Cook.* I must step to the tallow-chandler's to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

*Phil.* Well said, cook, that is right; the perquisite is the thing, cook. *Cook.*

Cook. Cloe, Cloe! where are you, Cloe?—

[Calls.

*Enter Cloe.*

Cloe. Yes, mistress—

Cook. Take that box, and follow me.

[Exit.

Cloe. Yes, mistress—[*Takes the box.*]—Who is this?  
[*Seeing Lovel.*]—He, he, he—Oh—This is pret-  
ty boy—He, he, he!—Oh—This is pretty red  
—He, he, he!—You shall be in love with me  
—and-bye—He, he!

[*Exit chucking Lovel under the chin.*

Lov. A very pretty amour [*Aside.*] Oh la! what a  
room is this!—Is this the dining-room, pray Sir?

Phil. No; our drinking-room.

Lov. La! la! what a fine lady here is—This is madam,  
suppose.

Phil. Where have you been, Kitty?

*Enter Kitty.*

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his honour's shirts  
and other linen, which it is a shame his honour should  
wear any longer.—Mother Barter is above, and waits  
to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here?

[*Lovel bows.*

Phil. A boy of Freeman's; a poor, silly fool—

Lov. Thank you—

[*Aside.*

Phil. I intend the entertainment this evening as a compli-  
ment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr Philip.

Phil. But I beg I may see none of your airs, or hear any  
of your French gibberish with the duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil.

[*Fawningly.*

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something  
handsome upon you; and with the five hundred pounds  
which I have already saved in this extravagant fellow's fa-  
mily—

Lov. A dog! [*Aside.*]—O la, la! what! have you  
got five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead—

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear—

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded—

[*Apart.*

Kit. You know my education was a very genteel one.—

I was a half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like native—*Comment vous portez vous, Mounseur?*

[*Aukwardly*]

*Phil.* Psha, psha!—

*Kit.* One is nothing without French—I shall shine in the bar—Do you speak French, boy?

*Low.* Anon.

*Kit.* Anon—O the fool! ha, ha, ha!—Come here, do and let me new-mould you a little—You must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night.

[*She ties and powders his hair*]

*Low.* Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

*Kit.* His best! O the natural!—This is a strange head of hair of thine, boy—It is so coarse, and so carotty.

*Low.* All my brothers be red in the pole.

[*Philip and Kitty laugh*]

*Kit.* There—Now you are something like—Come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the Servant's Guide.

*Phil.* Come, Sir, first, Hold up your head—very well—Turn out your toes, Sir—very well—Now call coach—

*Low.* What is call coach?

*Phil.* Thus, Sir—Coach, coach, coach!

[*Loud.*]

*Low.* Coach, coach, coach!

[*Imitating.*]

*Phil.* Admirable! the knave has a good ear—Now, Sir, tell me a lie.

*Low.* O la! I never told a lie in all my life.

*Phil.* Then it is high time you should begin now; what is a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

*Kit.* And stand in it—Now I'll lecture him [*Takes out a book.*] This is. "The servant's guide to wealth, by Timothy "Shoulderknot, formerly servant to several noblemen, and "now an officer in the customs; necessary for all servants."

*Phil.* Mind, Sir, what excellent rules the book contains, and remember them well—Come, Kitty, begin.

*Kit.* (*Reads.*) Advice to the footman.

"Let it for ever be your plan

"To be the master, not the man,

"And do as little as you can.

*Low.* He, he, he!—Yes, I'll do nothing at all—not I.

*Kit.* "At market, never think it stealing

"To keep with tradesmen proper dealing;

"All stewards have a fellow-feeling.

*Phil.* You will understand that better one day or other, boy.

*Kit.*

*Kit.* To the groom.

“Never allow your master able

“To judge of matters in the stable :

“If he should roughly speak his mind,

“Or to dismiss you seems inclin’d,

“Lame the best horse, or break his wind.

*Lov.* Oddines ! that’s good—he, he, he !

*Kit.* To the coachman.

“If your good master on you doats,

“Ne’er leave his house to serve a stranger ;

“But pockèt hay, and straw, and oats,

“And let the horses eat the manger.”

*Lov.* Eat the manger !—he, he, he !

*Kit.* I won’t give you too much at a time—Here, boy, take the book, and read it every night and morning before you say your prayers.

*Phil.* Ha, ha, ha ! very good ; but now for business.

*Kit.* Right—I’ll go and get one of the damask tablecloths, and some napkins ; and be sure, Phil, your sideboard is very smart. [Exit.]

*Phil.* That it shall—Come, Jemmy— [Exit.]

*Lov.* Soh !—soh !—It works well. [Exit.]

## A C T II.

*SCENE, The Servants’ Hall, with the supper and side-board set out.*

PHILIP, KITTY, and LOVEL.

*Kit.* **W**ELL, Phil, what think you ? Don’t we look very smart ?—Now let ’em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for ’em.

*Phil.* ’Tis all very well, but—

*Kit.* But what ?

*Phil.* Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

*Kit.* What is the matter with him ?

*Phil.* I don’t know—he is a queer son of a ———

*Kit.* Oh, I know him ; he is one of your sneaking, half-bred fellows, that prefers his master’s interest to his own.

*Phil.* Here he is.

*Enter*



*Enter Tom.*

—And why won't you make one to-night, Tom? Here's cook and coachman, and all of us.

*Tom.* I tell you again, I will not make one.

*Phil.* We shall have something that's good.

*Tom.* And make your master pay for it.

*Phil.* I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest—ha, ha, ha?

*Tom.* A little honefter than you, I hope, and not bra neither.

*Kit.* Hark you, Mr Honefty, don't be faucy.

*Lov.* This is worth listening to. [*Aside.*]

*Tom.* What, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

*Kit.* Cully, firrah, cully! Afraid, firrah! afraid of what? [*Goes up to Tom.*]

*Phil.* Ay, Sir, afraid of what?—[*Goes up on the other side.*]

*Lov.* Ay, Sir, afraid of what? [*Goes up to Tom.*]

*Tom.* I value none of you—I know your tricks.

*Phil.* What do you know, firrah?

*Kit.* Ay, what do you know?

*Lov.* Ay, Sir, what do you know?

*Tom.* I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house—and that you, Mr Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hanged. [*Strikes Lovel.*]

*Phil.* What do you strike the boy for?

*Lov.* It is an honest blow. [*Aside.*]

*Tom.* I'll strike him again—'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

*Kit.* Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

*Tom.* Egad, madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses.—There's your good friend, mother Barter, the old cloaths woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

*Kit.* Well, Sir, and did you never—ha?

*Tom.* No, never:—I have lived with his honour four years, and never took the value of that—[*Snapping his fingers.*]—His honour is a prince, gives noble wages, and keeps noble company; and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers.—Shame on you!

*Lov.* The fellow I thought a rogue, is the only honest servant in my house. [*Aside.*]

*Kit.*

*Kit.* Out, you mealy-mouth'd cur.

*Phil.* Well, go tell his honour, do——ha, ha, ha!

*Tom.* I scorn that—Damn an informer!—But yet I hope honour will find you two out one day or other—that's  
[Exit

*Kit.* This fellow must be taken care of.

*Phil.* I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes town.

*Lov.* You lie, you scoundrel, you will not——[Aside.—  
la! here is a fine gentleman.

*Enter Duke's Servant.*

*Duke.* Ah, ma chere Madamseile! Comment vous, portez  
ous? [Salute.

*Kit.* Fort bien, je vous remercie, Mounseieur.

*Phil.* Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

*Duke.* How do you do, Philip?

*Phil.* Your grace's humble servant.

*Duke.* But, my dear Kitty——

[Talk apart.

*Phil.* Jemmy.

*Lov.* Anon.

*Phil.* Come along with me, and I'll make you free of the  
cellar.

*Lov.* Yes—I will—But won't you ask *he* to drink?

*Phil.* No, no; he will have his share bye-and-bye——  
Come along.

*Lov.* Yes.

[Exeunt Philip and Lovel.

*Kit.* Indeed I thought your grace an age in coming.

*Duke.* Upon honour, our house is but this moment up.—  
You have a damned vile collection of pictures, I observe,  
above stairs, Kitty.——Your 'squire has no taste.

*Kit.* No taste? that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast  
deal of money.

*Duke.* There is not an original picture in the whole col-  
lection——Where could he pick 'em up?

*Kit.* He employs three or four men to buy for him, and  
he always pays for originals.

*Duke.* Donnez moi votre eau de luce——My head aches  
confoundedly——[She gives a smelling-bottle.]——Kitty, my  
dear, I hear you are going to be married.

*Kit.* Pardonnez moi for that.

*Duke.* If you get a boy, I'll be godfather, 'faith.

*Kit.* How you rattle, duke!——I am thinking, my lord,  
when I had the honour to see you first.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* At the play, Madamseile.

*Kit.* Your grace loves a play?

*Duke.* No—it is a dull, old-fashioned entertainment; I hate it.

*Kit.* Well, give me a good tragedy.

*Duke.* It must not be a modern one then—You are decidedly handsome, Kate—Kiss me—— [*Offers to kiss her*]

*Enter Sir Harry's Servant.*

*Sir Har.* Oh ho! are you thereabouts, my lord duke? That may do very well bye-and-bye—However, you will never find me behind hand. [*Offers to kiss her*]

*Duke.* Stand off, you are a commoner—Nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

*Sir Har.* You are so devilish proud of your nobility—Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you—Let me tell you, Sir, a knight of the shire——

*Duke.* A knight of the shire! ha, ha, ha! a mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county.

*Kit.* O Lud! this is charming, to see two noblemen quarrel.

*Sir Har.* Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

*Kit.* Well said, Sir Harry, that is good morality.

*Duke.* I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzzas of a mob.

*Kit.* Very smart, my lord—Now, Sir Harry—

*Sir Har.* If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt——

*Duke.* Zounds, Sir, what do you mean by that?

*Kit.* Hold, hold!—I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here—Ha' done, Sir Harry—

*Sir Har.* Not I—Why, he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

*Duke.* We have dignity. [*Slowly*]

*Sir Har.* But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies? [*Quickly*]

*Kit.* Peace, peace——Here's lady Bab.

*Enter Lady Bab's Servant in a chair.*

—Dear lady Bab—

*L. Bab.* Mrs Kitty, your servant—I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you do?—My lord duke, your servant—and Sir Harry too—your's.

*Duke.* Your ladyship's devoted—

*L. Bab.*

*Bab.* I am afraid I have trespassed in point of time—  
[*sings on her swatch.*]—But I got into my favourite author.

*Duke.* Yes, I found her ladyship at her studies this morn—  
—Some wicked poem—

*Bab.* O you wretch!—I never read but one book.

*Tit.* What is your ladyship so fond of?

*Bab.* *Shikspur.* Did you never read *Shikspur*?

*Tit.* *Shikspur!* *Shikspur!*—Who wrote it?—No, I never  
*Shikspur.*

*Bab.* Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

*Tit.* Well then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other.  
Here's lady Charlotte.

*Enter Lady Charlotte's Maid in a chair.*

Dear lady Charlotte!

*L. Char.* Oh, Mrs Kitty, I thought I never should have  
sh'd your house—Such a fit of the cholic seized me—  
lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here?—  
chairmen were such drones—My lord duke! the pink  
all good breeding.

*Duke.* O ma'am—

[*Bowing.*

*L. Char.* And Sir Harry!—Your servant, Sir Harry.

[*Formally.*

*Sir. Har.* Madam, your servant—I am sorry to hear your  
ladyship has been ill.

*L. Char.* You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity  
of that sorrow, Sir—Remember the Park.

*Sir Har.* The Park! I'll explain that affair, madam.

*L. Char.* I want none of your explanations. [*Scornfully.*

*Sir Har.* Dear lady Charlotte!

*L. Char.* No, Sir; I have observed your coolness of late,  
and despise you—A trumpety baronet!

*Sir Har.* I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but no-  
bility—That sly dog the marquis—

*L. Char.* None of your reflections, Sir—The marquis is  
a person of honour, and above enquiring after a lady's for-  
tune, as you meanly did.

*Sir Har.* I—I—madam? I scorn such a thing—I assure  
you, madam, I never—that is to say—Egad, I am con-  
demned—My lord duke, what shall I say to her?—  
May help me out—

[*Aside.*

*Duke.* Ask her to shew her legs—ha, ha, ha!

[*Aside.*

*Enter Philip and Lovel loaded with bottles.*

*Phil.* Here, my little peer—here is wine that will ennoble  
your blood—Both your ladyships most humble servant.

*Lov.*



*Low.* [*Affecting to be drunk.*]—Both your ladyships and humble servant.

*Kit.* Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

*Phil.* I have made him free of the cellar—ha, ha, ha!

*Low.* Yes, I am free—I am very free.

*Phil.* He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble Port to imperial Tokay.

*Low.* Yes, I have been drinking Kokay.

*Kit.* Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait his lordship bye-and-bye.

*Low.* Thank you, madam—I will certainly wait their lordships, and their ladyships too. [*Aside, and exits.*]

*Phil.* Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then supper? ‘Have you had your tea?’

*All.* A dance, a dance!—‘no tea—no tea.’

‘*Phil.* Here, fidler, [*calls*] I have provided a very good hand, you see.

‘*Enter Fidler with a wooden leg.*

‘*Sir Har.* Not so well legg’d, Mr Philip.

‘*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

‘*Duke.* Le drole!—Hark ye, Mr—which leg do you beat time with?

‘*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

[*Loud laughing.*]

‘*Sir Har.* What can you play, Domine?

‘*Fid.* Any thing, an’t please your honour, from a jig to a sonato.

‘*Phil.* Come here—Where are all our people?’

[*Enter Coachman, Cook, Kingston, Cloe.*]

‘—I’ll couple you—My lord duke will take Kitty—Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand—Sir Harry and lady Charlotte—Coachman and Cook, and the two devils dance together——ha, ha, ha!’

*Duke.* With submission, the country-dances bye-and-bye.

*L. Char.* Ay, ay, French dances before supper, and country-dances after—I beg the duke and Mrs Kitty may give us a minuet.

*Duke.* Dear lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout—Sir Harry will oblige us. [*Sir Harry bows.*]

*All.* Minuet, Sir Harry—minuet, Sir Harry.

*Fid.* What minuet would your honours please to have?

*Kit.* What minuet?—Let me see—Play Marshal Thingumbob’s minuet.

[*A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty, awkward and conceited.*]

*L. Char.*

*L. Char.* Mrs Kitty dances sweetly.

*Phil.* And Sir Harry delightfully.

*Duke.* Well enough for a commoner.

*Phil.* Come, now to supper—A gentleman and a lady—ere, fidler, [*gives money*] wait without.

*Fid.* Yes, an't please your honour. [*Exit with a tankard.*]

*Phil.* [*They sit down.*] We will set the wine on the table—ere is Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne, and a bottle of okay for the ladies—There are tickets on every bottle—If y gentleman chooses Port—

*Duke.* Port!—'Tis only fit for a dram.

*Kit.* Lady Bab, what shall I send you?—Lady Charlotte, pray be free: The more free the more welcome, as ey say in my country.—The gentlemen will be so good to take care of themselves. [*A pause.*]

*Duke.* Lady Charlotte, "Hob or Nob."

*L. Char.* Done—my lord—in Burgundy, if you please.

*Duke.* Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company. [*They drink. A pause.*]

*Phil.* Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round—I ave a health for you—"Here is to the amendment of our masters and mistresses."

*All.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh. A pause.*]

*Kit.* Ladies, pray what is your opinion of a single-gentleman's service?

*L. Char.* Do you mean an *old* single-gentleman?

*All.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*]

*Phil.* My lord duke, your toast.

*Duke.* Lady Betty—

*Phil.* Oh no—A health and a sentiment.

*Duke.* A health and a sentiment!—No, no, let us have a song—Sir Harry, your song.

*Sir Har.* Would you have it?—Well then—Mrs Kitty, re must call upon you—Will you honour my muse?

*All.* A song, a song; ay, ay, Sir Harry's song—Sir Harry's song.

*Duke.* A song to be sure—but first—preludo [*Kisses Kitty.*]—Pray, gentlemen, put it about.

[*Kissing round—Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.*]

*Sir Har.* See how the devils kifs!

*Kit.* I am really hoarse; but—hem—I must clear up my pipes—hem—This is Sir Harry's song; being a new song, intitled and called, *The Fellow-Servant; or, All in a Livery.* [*Sings.*]

K

Come

## I.

Come here, fellow-servant, and listen to me,  
I'll shew you how those of superior degree  
Are only dependants, no better than we.

[*Cho.*] Both high and low in this do agree,  
'Tis here fellow-servant,  
And there fellow-servant,  
And all in a livery.

## II.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,  
Who bows to the great, and if they smile is blest;  
What is he, i' faith, but a servant at best?

*Cho.* Both high, &c.

## III.

Nature made all alike, no distinction she craves:  
So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its knaves  
For we are all servants, but they are all slaves.

*Cho.* Both high, &c.

## IV.

The fat-shining glutton looks up to the shelf,  
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,  
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.

*Cho.* Both high, &c.

## V.

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,  
And with eyes, lips, and neck, sets the smarts all in arms  
Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.

*Cho.* Both high, &c.

## VI.

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing, and  
love;  
And when sick of one place, to another we'll move;  
For, with little and great, the best joy is to rove.

*Cho.* Both high and low in this do agree,  
That 'tis here fellow-servant,  
And there fellow-servant,  
And all in a livery.

*Phil.* How do you like it, my lord duke?

*Duke.* It is a damn'd vile composition.

Phil. How so?

Duke. O very low! very low, indeed!

Sir Har. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir Har. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir Har. Scoundrel!—You are a rascal—I'll pull you  
the nose. [All rise.]

Duke. Look ye, friend, don't give yourself airs, and make  
disturbance among the ladies—If you are a gentleman,  
use your weapons.

Sir Har. Weapons!—What you will—Pistols.

Duke. Done—behind Montague-house.

Sir Har. Done—with seconds.

Duke. Done—

Phil. Oh, for shame, gentlemen!—My lord duke—Sir  
Harry, the ladies!—fie!

[Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing.]

Phil. [A violent knocking.] What the devil can that be,  
etty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs, and peep. [Exit Kingston.]

sounds like my master's rap—Pray heaven it is not he!

[Enter Kingston.]—Well, Kingston, what is it?

King. It is master and Mr Freeman—I peep'd thro' the  
key-hole, and saw them by the lamp-light—Tom has just  
brought them in.

Phil. The devil he has! What can have brought him  
back?

Kit. No matter what—Away with the things.

Phil. Away with the wine—away with the plate—Here,  
waiter, cook, Cloc, Kingston, bear a hand—Out with  
the candles—Away, away. [They carry away the table, &c.]

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do?

[They all run about in confusion.]

Kit. Run up stairs, ladies.

Phil. No, no, no!—He'll see you then.

Sir Har. What the devil had I to do here!

Duke. Pox take it, face it out.

Sir Har. Oh no; these West-Indians are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him see any of you for the world.

Lov. [without.] Philip—Where's Philip?

Phil. Oh the devil? he's certainly coming down stairs—



Sir Harry, run down into the cellar—My lord duke, get to the pantry—Away, away!

*Kit.* No, no; do you put their ladyships into the pantry and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

*Visitors.* Any where, any where—Up the chimney, if you will.

*Phil.* There—in with you. [*They all go into the pantry*]

*Low.* [*without.*] Philip—Philip—

*Phil.* Coming, Sir—[*Aloud.*]—Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

*Kit.* Yes, here is one.

*Phil.* Egad, this is Black Monday with us—Sit down—Seem to read your book—Here he is, as drunk as a pipe

[*They sit down*]

*Enter Lovel with pistols, affecting to be drunk; Freeman following.*

*Low.* Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my Myrmidons?—What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

*Phil.* He is very drunk, indeed—[*Aside.*]—Mrs Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honour.

*Free.* Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say—ha, ha, ha!

*Low.* Come, sit down, Freeman—Lie you there—[*Loves his pistols down.*] I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip—

*Phil.* A good servant is never afraid of being caught, Sir.

*Low.* I have some accounts that I must settle.

*Phil.* Accounts, Sir!—To-night?

*Low.* Yes, to-night—I find myself perfectly clear—You shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

*Phil.* Your honour will go into the parlour?

*Low.* No, I'll settle 'em all here.

*Kit.* Your honour must not sit here.

*Low.* Why not?

*Kit.* You will certainly take cold, Sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

*Low.* What a cursed lie that is!

*Duke.* Philip—Philip—Philip.

[*Aside*]

[*Peeping out*]

*Phil.* Pox take you!—hold your tongue.

[*Aside*]

*Free.* You have just nick'd them in the very minute.

[*Aside to Lovel*]

*Low.* I find I have—Mum—[*Aside to Freeman.*]—Get some wine, Philip—[*Exit Philip.*]—Though

mu

must eat something before I drink——Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

*Kit.* In the pantry? Lard, your honour! we are at board-wages.

*Free.* I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

*Lov.* You shall have it——Here—[*Rises.*]——Open the pantry-door—I'll be about your board-wages.—I have treated you often, now you shall treat your master.

*Kit.* If I may be believed, Sir, there is not a scrap of any thing in the world in the pantry. [*Opposing him.*]

*Lov.* Well, then, we must be contented, Freeman.—Let us have a crust of bread and a bottle of wine——

[*Sits down again.*]

*Kit.* Sir, had not my master better go to bed?

[*Makes signs to Freeman that Lovel is drunk.*]

*Lov.* Bed! not I—I'll sit here all night—'Tis very pleasant; and nothing like variety in life.

*Sir Har.* [*Peeping.*]—Mrs Kitty——Mrs Kitty——

*Kit.* Peace, on your life. [*Aside.*]

*Lov.* Kitty, what voice is that?

*Kit.* Nobody's, Sir——Hem——

*Lov.* [*Philip brings wine.*]—Soh,—very well——Now to you two march off——March off, I say.

*Phil.* We can't think of leaving your honour—for egad, if we do, we are undone. [*Aside.*]

*Lov.* Begone——My service to you, Freeman—This is good stuff——

*Free.* Excellent. [*Somebody in the pantry sneezes.*]

*Kit.* We are undone; undone. [*Aside.*]

*Phil.* Oh, that is the duke's damned rapee. [*Aside.*]

*Lov.* Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

*Free.* Somebody sneezed, I thought.

*Lov.* Damn it, there are thieves in the house——I'll be among 'em. [*Takes a pistol.*]

*Kit.* Lack-a-day, Sir, it was only the cat—They sometimes sneeze for all the world like a Christian—Here, Jack, Jack—He has got a cold, Sir—pufs, pufs.

*Lov.* A cold! then I'll cure him—Here, Jack, Jack—pufs, pufs.

*Kit.* Your honour won't be so rash—Pray, your honour, don't— [*Opposing.*]

*Lov.* Stand off——Here, Freeman—here's a barrel for business, with a brace of flugs, and well primed, as you see—Freeman—I'll hold you five to four——nay, I'll hold you

two to one, I hit the cat through the key-hole of that pantry-door.

*Free.* Try, try; but I think it impossible.

*Lov.* I am a damned good marksman.—[*Cocks the pistol and points it at the pantry-door.*]—Now for it!—[*A violent shriek, and all is discovered.*]—Who the devil are all these  
One, two, three, four——

*Phil.* They are particular friends of mine, Sir; servants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.

*Lov.* I told you there were thieves in the house.

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Phil.* I assure your honour they have been entertained at our own expence, upon my word.

*Kit.* Yes, indeed, your honour, if it was the last word I had to speak.

*Lov.* Take up that bottle.—[*Philip takes up a bottle with a ticket to it, and is going off.*]—Bring it back.—Do you usually entertain your company with Tokay, Monsieur?

*Phil.* I, Sir, treat with wine!

*Lov.* O yes, from humble Port to imperial Tokay too.—Yes, I loves Kokay.

[*Mimicking himself*]

*Phil.* How!—Jemmy, my master!

*Kit.* Jemmy!—the devil!

*Phil.* Your honour is at present in liquor—but in the morning, when your honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.

*Lov.* [*Changing his countenance.*] We'll set all to rights now—There, I am sober, at your service——What have you to say, Philip?—[*Philip starts.*]—You may well start. Go, get out of my sight.

*Duke.* Sir—I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his grace the duke of——

*Lov.* And the impudence familiarly to assume his title—Your grace will give me leave to tell you, That is the door——And if you ever enter there again, I assure you, my lord duke, I will break every bone in your grace's kin—Begone.

*Duke.* [*Aside.*] Low-bred fellows!

[*Exit*]

*Lov.* I beg their ladyships pardon; perhaps they cannot go without chairs—ha, ha, ha!

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha!

[*Sir Harry steals off*]

*L. Char.* This comes of visiting commoners.

[*Exit*]

*L. Bab.* They are downright Hottenpots.

[*Exit*]

*Phil.*

*Phil.* and *Kit.* I hope your honour will not take away our ad.

*Lov.* "Five hundred pounds will fet you up in a chocolate-house---You'll shine in the bar, madam."---I have an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and intemperance.

*Phil.* and *Kit.* Oh, Sir-----Good Sir!

*Lov.* You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning. And there, madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you'll read "night and morning before you say your prayers."

*Kit.* I am ruined and undone.

[*Exit.*]

*Lov.* But you, Sir, for your villainy, and (what I hate worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house; and here comes an honest man to shew you the way out---Your keys, Sir.

[*Philip gives the keys.*]

*Enter Tom.*

*Tom.* I respect and value you---You are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement.-----Be so good, madam, as to see that gentleman out of my house---[*Points to Philip.*]  
[*Philip.*]  
---and then take charge of the cellar and plate.

*Tom.* I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow-servant.

*Lov.* No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

*Phil.* What a cursed fool have I been!---[*Exeunt servants.*]

*Lov.* Well, Charles, I must thank you for my frolic---It has been a wholesome one to me---Have I done right?

*Free.* Entirely---No judge could have determined better. As you punished the bad, it was but justice to reward the good.

*Lov.* A faithful servant is a worthy character.

*Free.* And can never receive too much encouragement.

*Lov.* Right.

*Free.* You have made Tom very happy.

*Lov.* And I intend to make your Robert so too.---Every honest servant should be made happy.'

*Free.* But what an insufferable piece of assurance is it in some of these fellows to affect and imitate their masters' manners?

*Lov.* What manners must those be which they can imitate?

*Free.* True.

*Lov.* If persons of rank would act up to their standard, it would be impossible that their servants could ape them---But when they affect every thing that is ridiculous, it will be in the power of any low creature to follow their example.



T H E  
S U L T A N:  
O R, A  
PEEP into the SERAGLIO  
IN TWO ACTS.

---

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

	<i>Dublin.</i>	<i>Edinburgh.</i>	
<i>Solyman the Great</i> , emperor of the Turks	}	Dr Achmet.	Mr Williamson.
<i>Osmyn</i> , chief of the eunuchs		Mr Wilder.	Mr Hollingsworth.

W O M E N.

<i>Elmira</i> , - - - -	Miss Scrace.	Mrs Mountford.
<i>Ismena</i> , - - - -	Mrs Johnson.	Miss Kirby.
<i>Roxalana</i> an English slave	Mrs Daly.	Mrs Bulkley.

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A C T I.

SCENE, *An apartment in the Seraglio, a throne in manner of  
of a couch, with a canopy; on the front of which is an  
cutcheon fixed, with the Ottoman arms crowned with feathers;  
in the back-scene, the Sultan's door covered with a curtain.*

*Enter OSMYN and ELMIRA.*

OSMYN.

**T**ELL me, what right have you to be discontented?  
*EL.* When first I came within these walls, I found myself a  
slave, and the thoughts of being shut up for ever here, terrified  
me to death: My tears flowed incessantly; Solyman  
was moved with them, and solemnly promised to restore me  
to my liberty, my parents, and my country.

And yet, when the Sultan agreed to send you back to Georgia, you did not avail yourself of his generosity.

True; but his munificence, and above all, the tenderness and love he expressed to me since, have reconciled me to this place, and I vainly thought my charms could have attached him to me.

Why then complain? You still possess his heart. Alas! you have been twice honour'd with the imperial sash and kerchief.

His heart! Does not this place contain a hundred beauties who equally share his love? Tell the Sultan I'm determin'd, and ready to accept the first opportunity of returning to my friends and country.

I shall procure you an answer this morning—But, look! the Sultan approaches. *[Exit Elmira.]*

*[The curtain is drawn, and the Sultan enters, preceded by mutes &c. A grand march played.]*

Sul. Osmyn.

Osmyn. The humblest of your slaves attends.

*[Bows to the ground.]*

Sul. My friend, quit this style of servitude; I am weary of it.

Osmyn. And of the seraglio too, Sir?

Sul. It even is so—and yet, upon reflection, I cannot tell why, unless that, having been accusom'd to the noise of drums and the business of war, I know not how to relish pleasures, which, though varied, appear insipid through the ease and tranquillity with which they are attained.—My voice used to charm me.

Osmyn sings.

Behold yonder zephyr how lightly it blows,

And copying of lovers it ne'er seeks repose,

But flies to the pink, to the lily, the rose,

Caressing each flower of the garden and grove.

Then still let your pleasure variety crown,

'Mongst the different beauties that rove up and down,

Court the charms of the fair, of the black, and the brown,

They're the flowers that embellish the garden of love.

Sul. I have often told you I am not touch'd with mere flattering machines, who are taught to love or fear by interest.

Osmyn. And yet your highness must confess, your servant has

has neglected nothing perfectly to content, particularly one object he procured you.

*Sul.* Who is that?

*Of.* The Circassian beauty—the Sultana Elmira.

*Sul.* And truly she possesses all the charms that adorn her sex.

*Of.* You thought so once.

*Sul.* Once! I think so still.

*Of.* Indeed!

*Sul.* Positively—Why should you doubt it?

*Of.* Your word is my law. But, Sir, there is a matter I must acquaint you with: I cannot manage the seraglio and, by the beard of Heli, I would rather quit the helm than can no longer guide. That English slave lately brought here is quite ungovernable; she is sure to do every thing she is forbid; she makes a joke of our threats, and answers our most serious admonitions with a laugh: Besides, she is at variance with the rest of the women, and shews them for an example, that I cannot longer rule them.

*Sul.* That is your business—I will have them all agree—How do you call her?

*Of.* Since she has been here, we have called her *Roxalana*.

*Sul.* Well—you must endeavour to bring her to reason.

*Of.* Shall the Sultana Elmira throw herself at your highness' feet then?

*Sul.* Let her come—And, do you hear, Osmyn, go to the apartment of that Persian slave you spoke of yesterday—she that sings so well, and send her hither.

*Of.* I will, most sublime Sultan!

[Exit Osmyn]

*Enter Elmira. She kneels.*

*Sul.* I know before-hand that you come to upbraid me. We have not met so often lately as our mutual inclination would have made agreeable; but don't attribute that to coldness which has been the unavoidable consequence of affairs—the business of the Divan has taken up so much of my time.

*El.* I don't presume to complain; for your image is so imprinted on my heart, that you are always present to my mind.

*Sul.* [impatiently.] Nay, dear Elmira, I have not the least doubt.

*El.* How does my sovereign like this robe which I have put on, on purpose to please him?

*Sul.* Oh, [yawning] Elmira, you love music. I have sent

for the Persian slave, who, I am told, sings so well :  
 she answers the description, she will afford you entertain-  
 ment.

*El.* I want none when you are present ; your company  
 suffices for every thing.

*Sul.* Yonder comes our singer.

*Enter Ismena.*

*If.* [*kneeling.*] Your slave attends your pleasure.

[*The Sultan makes a sign to the eunuchs, who bring  
 two stools, and beckon Elmira to sit.*]

*El.* This is an honour I did not expect.---[*Taking her seat.*]

*Ismena sings.*

Blest hero, who in peace and war  
 Triumph alike, and raise our wonder ;  
 In peace the shafts of love you bear,  
 In war the bolts of Jove's own thunder.

[*While Ismena sings, Solyman takes Elmira's hand.*]

*Sul.* Beautiful Ismena, methought that song did not so  
 well express the effects of love—Madam, (*To Elmira*)  
 she will hear her again—I never heard any thing so charm-  
 ing—her voice is exquisite—What do you think of her?

*El.* If she hears all this, 'twill make her vain—I cannot  
 hear all this—I am ready to burst with indignation and  
 anger.

[*Exit Elmira.*]

*Sul.* There is something in this slave that interests me  
 in her favour ; she shall be received among the Sultana's at-  
 tendants, and by that means we shall have an opportunity of  
 hearing her often—[*Turning, perceives Elmira gone.*—] But  
 where's the Sultana ? I did not perceive she had left us—  
 Follow her, Ismena, and endeavour to amuse her.

[*Exit Ismena.*]

*Enter Osmyr.*

*Os.* I come to tell your highness, there is no bearing that  
 English slave ; she says such things, and does such things,  
 that—

*Sul.* Why, what is't she does ?

*Os.* She mimics me—nay, and mimics you too.

*Sul.* Pho, pho.

*Os.* Advice is lost upon her—When I attempt to give  
 it, she falls to singing and dancing—There is no enduring it,  
 if you don't permit me to correct her.

*Sul.* You take these things in too serious a light—She  
 seems indeed a singular character.

*Os.*



*Of.* She has the impudence of the devil: But just I threatened to complain to you of her, she said she would complain of me; and here she comes.

*Enter Roxalana.*

*Sul.* How now!

*Rox.* Well, heaven be praised, at least here is something like a human figure. You are, Sir, I suppose, the sublime Sultan, whose slave I have the honour to be: If so, please oblige me so far, as to drive from your presence that horrid ugly creature there; for he shocks my sight. [*To Ofimpy*] Do you hear?—go.

*Sul.* [*gravely.*] They complain, Roxalana, of your irreverent behaviour; you must learn to treat the officers of the seraglio, whom we have set over you, with more deference. All in this place honour their superiors, and obey in silence.

*Rox.* In silence!—and obey! Is this a sample of Turkish gallantry? You must be vastly loved, indeed, if you address women in that strain.

*Sul.* Consider you are not now in your own country.

*Rox.* No, indeed; you make me feel the difference very severely. There reigns ease, content, and liberty—Every citizen is himself a king, where the king is himself a citizen.

*Sul.* Have a humour more gentle and pliable. I advise you to alter your behaviour for very good reasons; and it is for your good: There are very rigorous laws in the seraglio for such as are refractory.

*Rox.* Upon my word you have made a very delicate speech, and I admire the gravity with which it was uttered.

*Sul.* Roxalana, I am serious.

*Of.* What does your highness think now? Did I tell you the truth?

*Rox.* Oh, whispering—What is it that monster says that what do you call him, that good-for-nothing amphibious animal, who follows us like sheep here, and is forever watching us with his frightful glaring eyes, as if he would devour us—Is this the confidante of your pleasures—guardian of our chastity?—I must do him the justice to confess, that if you give him money for making himself useful, he certainly does not steal his wages. We can't stir a step but he is after us; bye-and-bye, I suppose, he will walk out air and measure light to us; he won't let us walk in

gam

men, lest it should rain men upon us; and if it did, 'tis a thing we've been long wishing for.

*Rox.* There now, don't she go on at a fine rate?

*Rox.* Don't mind that ugly creature, but listen to me—you follow my counsel, I shall make you an accomplish'd ce—I wish to make you beloved—Let your window—be taken down—let the doors of the seraglio be thrown—let inclination alone keep your women within it; instead of that ugly odious creature there, send a handsome smart young officer to us every morning; one that treat us like ladies, and lay out the pleasure of the day.

*[While she is speaking, Solymán admires her.]*

*ul.* *[To Osmyn]* Did you ever see so expressive a countenance?—*[To Rox.]* Have you any more to say?

*Rox.* Yes, Sir, this—To desire you will not mind him, attend to me—Men were not born to advise—the g is expressly the contrary—We women have certainly ten thousand times more sense—Men, indeed!—Men born for no other purpose under heaven, but to amuse and he who succeeds best, perfectly answers the end of creation—Now, Sir, farewell. If I find you profit my first lesson, I may perhaps be tempted to give you another. *[Exit.]*

*Rox.* Did you ever hear the like, Sir?—Her insolence is to be borne.

*ul.* I think it amusing.

*Rox.* I shall certainly lose all my authority in the seraglio, if she is not corrected.

*ul.* 'Tis a girl—a fool of a disposition, that chastisement would make worse—Go after her, Osmyn; bid her come and drink sherbet with me.

*Rox.* Sherbet with you, Sir?

*ul.* I have said it. *[Goes on the throne, takes a pipe.]*—For my life, I can't get the better of my astonishment, at hearing a slave talk in so extraordinary a manner—*[Sighs.]*—And the more I think of it, my astonishment is greater—She's not handsome, that is, what is called beauty; yet her little nose, cock'd in the air, her shining eyes, and the play of her features, have an altogether—Elmira has something more soft and majestic—yet, methinks, I have a mind to sift Roxala's character; mere curiosity, and nothing else—It is the first time we have seen in this place a spirit of caprice and independence—I'll try at least what she'll say to me

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farther

farther—There can be no harm to divert myself with extravagance.

*Re-enter Osmyn.*

*Os.* I have delivered your message.

*Sul.* Deliver'd my message! Where's Roxalana?

*Os.* In her chamber, where she has lock'd herself in.

*Sul.* No matter for her being in her chamber—What did she say?

*Os.* Treasure of light, said I—through the key-hole, come from the sublime Sultan, to kiss the dust beneath your feet, and to desire you will come and drink sherbet with him. She answered through the key-hole—Go to your master I have no dust on my feet, and I don't like sherbet.

*Sul.* In effect, Osmyn, the fault is your's; you took your time ill, as you commonly do—You should have waited some time—don't you owe her respect?

*Os.* And after this, wou'd you have her come again?

*Sul.* Perhaps I would.

*Os.* Shall I fetch the Sultana Elmira too?

*Sul.* What's the meaning of this, Osmyn? I tell you once more, go and bring me Roxalana. [*Curtain moves*]

*Os.* Who is't that meddles with the great curtain?

*Sul.* Who is it lifts that portal there?

*Rox.* [*Coming from behind.*] 'Tis I.

*Sul.* You! and how dare you take that liberty?

*Os.* Ay, how dare you?—Don't you know 'tis death for any to enter there but the Sultan, without being conducted?

*Sul.* Come, come; she's not acquainted with the custom of the seraglio; so let it pass. Roxalana, I beg your pardon—I am afraid he has disturb'd you now.

*Rox.* Oh, it is only what I expected—You Turks are not reckoned very polite—In my country, a gallant waits upon a lady; but the custom is quite different here I find.

[*Sultan offers her the pipe, she strikes it down.*]  
What do you think I smoke?

*Sul.* How's this?—Does your insolence go so far?

*Os.* What do you command, Sir?

*Sul.* Silence!

*Rox.* What! angry before a woman?—I'm quite ashamed of you.

*Sul.* This is not to be suffer'd—and yet there's something so foolish in it too—Come hither, Roxalana, I want to speak to you.

*Rox.* No, I thank you; I am very well where I am.

*Sul.* Tell me then, is it in this light manner women behave in England?

*Rox.* Pretty near it.

*Sul.* And suppose I wou'd for once forget your national civility, would it make you more cautious for the future? Come, give me your hand; and you may imagine I have forgot all you have said to me.

*Rox.* So much the worse for you. I told you a great many good things; I see my frankness is disagreeable; but you must grow used to it. Don't you think yourself very happy to find a friend in a slave? one that will teach you how to love too; for 'tis in my country love is in its element. 'Tis there all life and tenderness, because it is free; and even there, a husband beloved is next to a prodigy—it must be then so difficult to love a husband, what must it be to love a master? I am your friend; I tell you truth: And you know why you dislike to hear it?—because it is a language your ears are unaccustom'd to—But I don't mind that; I shall make you well acquainted with it—Happy would it be for every prince, had they a friend near them to tell them the truth.

*Sul.* But you must treat me with respect.

*Rox.* I treat you with respect!—that would be worse still.

*Sul.* Indeed!

*Rox.* Oh, your notions are horrid—I shall correct you.

*Sul.* Correct me! In what, pray?

*Rox.* In what concerns you.

*Sul.* She is the strangest mortal sure! But let's have no more of this.

*Rox.* Nay, though you don't take my lessons as patiently I could wish, I hope you are not displeased with me. I should be sorry to offend you.

*Sul.* You may easily avoid it then.

*Rox.* It will be nothing in time.

*Sul.* Why, won't you consider who I am, and who you are?

*Rox.* Who I am, and who you are! Yes, Sir, I do consider very well that you are the Grand Sultan; I am your slave; but I am also a free-born woman, prouder of that than all the pomp and splendor eastern monarchs can bestow.

*Sul.* As far as I can perceive then, you would be very glad to get away from me.



*Rox.* You never were more right in your life.

*Sul.* Well, but if I endeavour to render the seraglio agreeable to you—if I study to make you happy, might you not in your turn try to deserve my favour?

*Rox.* No.

*Sul.* Do you speak that sincerely?

*Rox.* As I think it.

*Sul.* And yet there is something that whispers me—

*Rox.* Don't believe it—I tell you it deceives you.

*Sul.* And must I never expect—

*Rox.* Never—caprice and fancy decide all.

*Sul.* In caprice and fancy then I rest my hopes; and the meantime you shall sup with me.

*Rox.* No—I beg to be excused—I'd rather not.

*Sul.* Why so?—'tis an honour that you ought—

*Rox.* An honour that I ought! Sir, you ought to lay aside those humiliating phrases; for while they teach your superior greatness, they rob you of the pleasure of being agreeable—But to be in good humour, Sir, I ought not to accept your proposals; for I know that suppers here tend to certain—things, that I can't—indeed, Sir.

*Sul.* Well, as you please.

*Rox.* That is very well said; you are my pupil, you know and should give up every point to me; and since that is the case, instead of my supping with you, you shall dine with me.

*Sul.* With all my heart—be it so.—Osmyn!

*Enter Osmyn.*

*Sul.* Osmyn—

*Rox.* Osmyn, I say, hear my directions—You know I am to speak—Go to the clerk of the kitchen, and desire him to provide a handsome entertainment in my apartment, when the Sultan dines with me.

*Os.* Did your highness order—

*Sul.* What do you stand for? Do as she bids you.

*[Exit Osmyn bowing.]*

*Rox.* Are there not some females here that would enliven the conversation; for example, the beautiful Sultana Elzira, that accomplish'd favourite you loved so well—her company must be agreeable; and the Persian slave Ismena, whom I am told sings enchantingly—and whom you love a little.

*Sul.* Yes—but—

*Rox.* I understand you—you will have her too.

*Sul.* It is not necessary—we'll be alone.

Rox. Alone—a tete-a-tete would be a great pleasure, to sure!—Oh no.

Sul. I promise you I expect it.

*Enter Osmyn.*

Of. Madam, your orders are obey'd.

Sul. Go to Elmira's apartment, and tell her I shall see her this evening. This evening, do you hear?

Rox. I don't like that whispering there.—What's that you say?—you know I have often told you of that ugly trick.

Sul. Nothing—I'll come to her—go.

Rox. Stay, I say;—I have some business with you.

Sul. Stay!—Certainly there never was any thing half so pleasant as this creature. *[Exit.]*

Rox. Go, Osmyn, to the apartments of the Sultana Elmira, and to the chamber of the slave Ismena, and tell them to come and dine with the Sultan—If you neglect obeying my orders, your head shall answer for it—And, do you hear? don't let on you came from me with this invitation—Take care of your head. *[Exit.]*

## ACT II.

*Banquet, &c.*

*Enter ROXALANA.*

Rox. **A**Y, let me alone, now I have got the reins in my own hands, there shall soon be a reformation in this place, I warrant. Hey day! what have we got here? Cushions! what, do they think we are going to sleep? let me die but I believe it is their dinner: What, they mean to make me sit squat like a baboon, and tear my meat with my fingers?—Take away all this trumpery, and let us have tables and chairs, knives and forks, and dishes and plates, like Christians—and d'ye hear, lest the best part of the entertainment should be wanting, get us some wine. *[Mutes lift up their hands.]* Mercy on us, what a wonder! tell you, wine must be had.—If there is none here, go to the Musty; he is a good fellow, and has some good wine, warrant him: Let the church alone to take care of themselves; they are too good judges of more solid things, not to be provided with them.—*[Things are removed, and table, &c. brought on.]*—Oh, here come some of my guests—I'll see. *[Goes aside.]*

*Enter Elmira and Osmyn.*

*El.* It is impossible—A pretty thing truly, she is to put the Sultan's heart with me!

*Os.* I tell you, her ascendancy over him is such, that requires the greatest art and caution to counteract it.

*El.* Well, Osmyn, be my friend; and heretake this lock et, Osmyn; and be sure speak ill of all my rivals, and all the good you possibly can of me. [*Roxalana appears*]

*Os.* Death and hell! we are deceived. [*Aside, and exits*]

*Rox.* Take this locket, Osmyn, and be sure you speak of all my rivals. Ha, ha, ha!

*El.* Insipid pleasantry! Know this, however, madam, was the first possessor of the Sultan's heart; and as such maintain my rights, and employ my power to keep it.

*Rox.* By a locket.—Holloa! who waits there?

*Enter Osmyn.*

Go tell the Grand Signior to come here.

*Os.* I will, madam—I'll be your friend—you may depend on me.

*Rox.* Go.—[*Exit Osmyn.*]—Elmira, I don't intend to dispute the Sultan's heart with you; and, to prove you must know that it was I invited you to dine with him here; therefore, make the best use you can of the opportunity.

*El.* Is it possible?

*Enter Sultan on one side, Ismena and Osmyn on the other*

*Rox.* Slaves, bring the dinner.

*Sul.* What do I see? Ismena and Elmira too!

*Rox.* What is the matter, Sir?

*Sul.* I thought you would have been alone.

*Rox.* Not when good company is to be had—Come, I invite the ladies—[*He bows.*]—A little lower—[*She stoops to his head*]—There now. Ladies, my guest is a little awkward; but he'll improve.

*El.* Indeed, Roxalana, you go great lengths.

*Sul.* Let her alone, she knows it diverts me.

*Rox.* Well, let's be seated—I am to do the honours.

*Sul.* But what is all this? I never saw any thing like this before.

*Rox.* Where should you?—Come—[*Enter carver with long knife.*]—Who is that?—what does that horrid fellow want?

*Os.* It is the grand carver.

*Rox.* The grand carver! I thought he came to cut

heads—Pray, Mr Carver, be so good as to carve your-  
away. Come, Ismena, cut up that, and help the Sultan.  
The ladies of my country always carve.

*Sul.* Why, I think this custom is much better than ours.  
[*To the carver.*]—We shall have no occasion for you.

*Rox.* Come, some wine.

*Sul.* Wine!—

*Rox.* Dinner is nothing without wine; bring it here,  
Osmyn.

*Os.* Must I touch the horrible potion?—[*Takes the bottle  
between the skirts of his robe.*]—There it is.

*Rox.* Well, Osmyn, as a reward for your services, you  
shall have the first of the bottle—here, drink.

*Os.* I drink the hellish beverage!—I who am a true be-  
ever, a rigid Mussulman!

*Rox.* [*To the Sultan.*]—Sir, he disobeys me.

*Sul.* Drink, as you are ordered.

*Os.* I must obey, and taste the horrible liquor—Oh!  
I shmet, shut thy eyes—'Tis done—I have obeyed.

*Rox.* Ismena, hold your glafs, there—Elmira, fill your's  
and the Sultan's glafs.

*Sul.* Nay, pray dispense with me.

*Rox.* Dispense with you, Sir! why should we dispense  
with you? Oh, I understand you—perhaps you don't choose  
these gentlemen should see you—I will soon turn them off.  
Gentlemen, you may go; we shall have no occasion for  
you, I believe. Come, ladies, talk a little—if you don't  
talk, you must sing.—Ismena, oblige us with a song.—  
[*After the song.*]—Come, Sir, I insist upon your drinking.

*Sul.* I must do as you bid me. [Drinks.]

*Rox.* That's clever.

*Sul.* [*Aside.*]—How extraordinary is the conduct of this  
creature, endeavouring thus to display the accomplishments  
over her rivals; but, in every thing she is my superior—I can  
do no longer. [Gives the handkerchief to Roxalana.]

*Rox.* To me! Oh, no—Ismena, 'tis your's; the Sultan  
gives it as a reward for the pleasure you have given him with  
your charming song. [Gives the handkerchief to Ismena.]

*El.* [*Faints.*]—Oh!

*Sul.* [*Snatching the handkerchief from Ismena, gives it to El-  
mira.*]—Elmira, 'tis your's—look up, Elmira.

*El.* Oh, Sir! [Recovering.]

*Sul.* [*to Roxalana.*]—For you, out of my sight, auda-  
cious!—Let her be taken away immediately, and degraded  
to



to the rank of the meanest slave.—[*Exit Roxalana guarded*.]  
But she shall be punished, madam, and you sufficiently  
avenged.

*El.* I do not wish it; in your love all my desires are  
complished.

*Sul.* If we chastise her, it must be severely: Go, order  
her to be brought hither.

*El.* What is your design, Sir?

*Sul.* I would, before her face, repair the injustice I was  
going to do you; excite her envy; and, rendering her punish-  
ishment complete, leave her in everlasting jealousy.

*El.* I beseech you, think no more of her.

*Sul.* Pardon me, I think differently—Let her be brought  
hither, I say.

*Of.* Sir, they have not had time to put on her slave's habit  
yet.

*Sul.* No matter—fetch her as she is; and now, Elmira,  
let our endearments be redoubled in her sight.

*El.* Is that necessary, Sir?

*Sul.* Oh, it will gall her. I know it will gall her—We  
feel our misfortunes with tenfold anguish, when we compare  
what we are, with what we might have been.

*El.* It will have no effect; she is a giddy creature—her  
gaiety is her all.

*Sul.* No, no, the contrary; that's the thing that strikes me  
in Roxalana's character. Through what you call her fan-  
volous gaiety, candour and good sense shine so apparent—

*El.* There's an end on't, if you justify her. [*Proudly*]

*Sul.* I justify her! far from it; and you shall presently  
be convinced I mean to make her feel the utmost rigour of  
my resentment.

*Enter Roxalana.*

Here she comes—she's in affliction; and her left-hand there  
endeavours to hide a humiliated countenance.—[*To Roxa-*  
*lana.*] Approach—Elmira, have you determined how you  
will dispose of her?

*El.* I shall not add to what she suffers.

*Sul.* How that sentiment charms me! Indeed, Elmira, I  
blush to think that so unworthy an object should have been  
able for a moment to surprise me to a degree, even to make  
me forget your superior merit; but I am now your's for ever  
and ever.

*Rox.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sul.* Death and hell! she laughs.

*Rox.*

Rox. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis involuntary, I assure you; therefore, pray forgive me: I beg your pardon.

Sul. 'Tis impudence beyond bearing; but I want to know the meaning of all this?

Rox. The meaning is plain, and any body may see with an eye you don't love Elmira.

Sul. Who do I love then?

Rox. Me.

Sul. You are the object of my anger.

Rox. That don't signify, love and anger often go together; you are the object of your anger, because I treat you with the sincerity of a friend; but with your highness' permission, I will take myself away this moment for ever.

Sul. Go, then, and prefer infamy to grandeur.

Rox. I will instantly get out of your sublime presence.—

[Going.

Sul. No, you shan't go—Elmira, do you withdraw—[Exit Elmira.]—Were I to give way to my transports, I should make you feel the weight of my displeasure; but I frame excuses for you, that you scorn to make for yourself—What, despise my favours! insult my condescension!—Sure, you can't be sensible of your own folly!—Proceed, go on, continue to enrage your too indulgent master.

Rox. You are my master, it is true; but could the robber, that sold me to you for a thousand chequins, transfer my mind and inclinations to you along with my person?—No, Sir, let it never be said, that the great Solyman meant to triumph'd over the person of the slave, whose mind he could not subdue.

Sul. Tell me who you are; what species of inconsistent being, at once so trifling and respectable, that you seduce my heart, while you teach me my duty?

Rox. I am nothing but a poor slave, who is your friend.

Sul. Be still my friend, my mistress; for hitherto I have known only flatterers. I here devote myself to you, and the whole empire shall pay you homage.

Rox. But, pray tell me then, by what title am I to govern here?

Sul. By what title? I don't understand you—Come, come, no more of this affected coyness and dissembling—I see; I know you love me.

Rox. As Solyman, I do; but not as emperor of the Turks—nor will I ever consent to ascend his bed at night, whose feet I must fall in the morning.

Sul.

*Sul.* If it depended upon me, Roxalana, I swear by the holy prophet, that I should be happy in calling you queen.

*Rox.* That's a poor excuse—Had the man I loved a cottage, I would gladly partake it with him; would soothe his vexations, and soften his cares: But were he master of a throne, I should expect to share it with him, or has no love for me.

*Sul.* Or, if you will wait, perhaps time will bring about.

*Rox.* Wait, indeed!—No, Sir!—Your wife, or humble servant.—My resolution is fix'd—fix your's.

*Sul.* But an emperor of the Turks—

*Rox.* May do, as he pleases, and should be despotic sometimes on the side of reason and virtue.

*Sul.* Then there is our law—

*Rox.* Which is monstrous and absurd.

*Sul.* The mufti, the visirs, and the agas—

*Rox.* Are your slaves—Set them a good example.

*Sul.* Besides, what would the people say?

*Rox.* The people!—are they to govern you? Make the people happy, and they will not prevent your being so. They would be pleased to see you raise to the throne one that you love, and would love you, and be beloved by your people. Should she interpose in behalf of the unfortunate, relieve the distressed by her munificence, and diffuse happiness through the palace, she would be admired—she would be adored—she'd be like the queen of the country from where I came.

*Sul.* It is enough—my scruples are at an end—my prejudices, like clouds before the rising sun, vanish before the lights of your superior reason—My love is no longer a false one—you are worthy of empire.

*Enter Osmyn.*

*Os.* Most sublime Sultan—the Sultana Elmira claims your promise for liberty to depart.

*Rox.* Is that the case?—Let, then, the first instance of my exaltation be to give her liberty—let the gates of the seraglio be thrown open.

*Sul.* And as for Elmira, she shall go in a manner suitable to her rank.

*Exit Osmyn.*

*Osmyn returns.*

*Os.* Sir, the dwarfs and botanges your highness had ordered attend.

2. Let them come in—This day is devoted to festivity;  
 you who announce my decree, proclaim to the world,  
 the Sultana Roxalana reigns the unrival'd partner of  
 diadem.

3. There's an end of my office.—Who would have  
 thought, that a little cock'd up nose would have overturned  
 customs of a mighty empire! [Aside.]

4. Now, my Roxalana, let the world observe, by thy  
 station, the wonderful dispensation of Providence, which  
 does, that

The liberal mind, by no distinction bound,  
 Thro' Nature's glass looks all the world around:  
 Would all that's beautiful together join,  
 And find perfection in a mind like thine!

## E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mrs ABINGTON; and spoken by her after perform-  
 ing *Roxalana*, at the Theatre-Royal, Crow-street, Dublin,

1778.

LORD, how I tremble! every atom shaking.

What! speak an Epilogue of my own making!

A task for me—presumptuous and absurd—

But I have promised, and must keep my word.

Yes, I did promise, with a solemn face,

T' address my patrons here, and sue for grace;

For your past favours had so warm'd my heart,

I thought—to tell them—needed little art.

How vain the thought! for, pond'ring day and night,—

I found, tho' I might speak, I cou'd not write.

Distress'd, to Garrick then I fly for aid:

You can assist me, Sir, for wit's your trade.

When of your epilogues I speak a line,

Each side-box cries, Oh, charming, vastly fine,

Is quite delightful, monstrously divine!

The pit, alive to every comic stroke,

With laughter loud anticipates the joke:

All but the modern fop, to feeling dead,

With heart of adamant, and brains of lead,

Languid and lifeless, lolling, yawns, takes snuff,

And cries, As Gad's my judge 'tis flimsy stuff;

Heaven knows I monstrously abhor a play,

It's a vile bore——what dragg'd me here to-day?

Dear



Dear lady Mary, how can you attend?  
 Will Garrick's nonsense never have an end?  
 Not so, Sir Mac, who just has cross'd the Tweed,  
 Cries, Vary weel, ridiculous indeed!  
 The cheeld has parts; ah, he'd been muckle keen,  
 If bred at Glasgow, or at Aberdeen!  
 Sir Paddy says, "My jewel, that's mighty pretty:  
 "Faith Garrick, you were once in Dublin city;  
 "In sweet Smock-alley you have cut a figure.—  
 "Oh, you'd be great, were you a little bigger."  
 Thus nations, parties, all in this agree,  
 And Humour's palm, Oh Garrick! yield to thee:  
 Then, good Sir, scribble something new for me.  
 To Garrick thus in flattering strains I sue;  
 But all in vain, nor prayers nor flattery do.  
 Since thus *obdurate*, all their aid refuse,  
 I, a mere novice, must invoke the muse.  
 Oh wou'd immortal Shakespeare's MUSE of FIRE,  
 Heave in this breast, each *kindling* thought inspire;  
 Or could I mount on the Mæonian wing,  
 Or chant such songs as RAPTUR'D seraphs sing;  
 To you, my kind protectors, would I raise  
 My fullest, loudest, warmest notes of praise:  
 The great, the brave, the fair, who now appear  
 In bright array to grace this circle here;  
 My muse to latest ages should proclaim,  
 Their worth record, and consecrate their fame;  
 While Gratitude on RAPTUREOUS pinion soars,  
 And echoes loud the virtues she adores.

T H E

# DEUCE IS IN HIM.

I N T W O A C T S.

BY GEORGE COLEMAN, Esq.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Prattle</i>	—	—	—	—	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Colonel Tamper</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr King.
<i>Majors Belford</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Palmer.
					Mr Packér.

### W O M E N.

<i>Emily</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs King.
<i>Bell</i>	—	—	—	—	Miss Hopkins.
<i>Mademoiselle Florival</i>	—	—	—	—	Miss Davies.

## P R O L O G U E.

THE *Deuce is in Him!* What the deuce  
 (I hear you cry) can that produce?  
 What does it mean? what can it be?  
 A little patience—and you'll see.  
 Behold, to keep your minds uncertain,  
 Between the scene and you this curtain!  
 So writers hide their plots, no doubt,  
 To please the more when all comes out,  
 Of old, the Prologue told the story,  
 And laid the whole affair before ye;  
 Came forth in simple phrase to say,  
 "Fore the beginning of the play",  
 "I, hapless Polydore, was found  
 "By fishermen, or others, drown'd:

\* The lines marked with turned commas are taken from a poem called *Shakespeare, an epistle to Mr Garrick.* See Lloyd's Poems, p. 57.

" Or—I, a gentleman, did wed  
 " The lady I would never bed,  
 " Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,  
 " Who's coming hither to draw water."

Thus gave at once the bards of Greece  
 The cream and marrow of the piece;  
 Asking no trouble of your own  
 To skim the milk, or crack the bone.

The poets now take diff'rent ways;  
*E'en let them find it out for Bayes!*

And Tragedy as well might swagger  
 Without blank verse, or bowl, or dagger;  
 As Farce attempt the arduous task,  
 To walk abroad without her mask.

A poet, as once poets used,  
 To poverty was quited reduced:  
 No boy on errands to be sent,  
 On his own messages he went:  
 And once, with conscious pride and shame,  
 As from the chandler's shop he came,  
 Under his thread bare cloak, poor soul!  
 He cover'd—half a peck of coal.  
 A wag (his friend) began to smoke;  
 —George, tell us what's beneath your cloak?  
 —Tell you! it were as well to shew—  
 I hid it—that you shou'd not know.

Yet Farce and 'Titled, one to t'other  
 Shou'd seem, like *Sofias*, a twin-brother.  
 Prologues, like Andrews at a fair,  
 To draw you in, should make you stare.  
 " The notified! the only booth!—Walk in!  
 " Gem'men in here!—just going to begin!"  
 And if our Author don't produce  
 Some character that *plays the Deuce*;  
 If there's no frolic, sense, nor whim,  
 Retort, and play the Dev'l with him!

## ACT I.

SCENE, *A Room in Emily's House.*

*Enter Emily with a letter open in her hand, and Mademoiselle Florival in man's cloaths.*

EMILY.

**B**E assured, that I will do every thing in my power to  
 serve you; my brother knew that he might command  
 my service—Be comforted, I beseech you, madam.

*Flo.* You cannot wonder, madam, that I should be shocked, extremely shocked, at the cruel necessity of appearing before you in so indelicate a disguise.

*Em.* Indeed, you need not; there is something in your manner, which convinces me, that every action of your life carries its apology along with it; though I will not venture to enquire into the particulars of your story till your mind is more at ease.

*Flo.* Alas, madam, it is my interest to make you acquainted with my story. I am the daughter of Monsieur Morival, a French physician in the island of Belleisle. An English officer, who had been desperately wounded, was, after the capitulation, for the sake of due attendance, taken into my father's house; and as I, in the very early part of my life, had resided in England, he took some pleasure in my conversation: In a word, he won my affections, and asked me of my father in marriage—But he, alas! too much influenced by the narrow prejudices so common between the two nations, forbade the officer his house; but not before we were, by the most solemn engagements, secretly contracted to each other.

*Em.* May I ask the officer's name?

*Flo.* Excuse me, madam. 'Till I see or hear from him once more, my prudence, vanity, or call it what you will, will scarce suffer me to mention it. Your brother, indeed, acquainted with—

*Em.* I beg you pardon. I hope, however, you have no reason to think yourself neglected or forgotten.

*Flo.* Oh no; far from it. He was soon recalled by orders from England; and on my father's pressing me to consent to another match, my passion—I blush to own it—transported me so far, as to depart abruptly from Belleisle. I came over in an English ship to Portsmouth, where I expected, according to letters he had contrived to send me, to find the officer—But, judge of my disappointment, when I learnt that he embarked but three days before for the siege of the Havannah.

*Em.* The Havannah!—You touch me nearly—Pray go on.

*Flo.* In a strange kingdom—alone—and a woman—what could I do? In order to defeat enquiries after me, I disguised myself in this habit, and mix'd with the officers of the place; but your brother soon discovered my uneasiness, and saw through my disguise. I frankly confessed to him



every particular of my story; in consequence of which, he has thus generously recommended me to your protection.

*Em.* And you may depend on my friendship—Your situation affects me strangely.

*Flo.* Oh, madam, it is impossible to tell you half its miseries; especially since your brother has convinced me, that I am so liable to be discovered.

*Em.* You shall throw off that dress as soon as possible, and then I will take you into the house with me and my sister. In the meantime, let me see you every day—even an hour. I shall not be afraid that your visits will affect my reputation.

*Flo.* You are too good to me.

[Weeps]

*Em.* Nay, this is too much—It overcomes me—Pray be cheerful.

*Flo.* I humbly take my leave.

*Em.* Adieu. I shall expect you to dinner.

*Flo.* I shall do myself the honour of waiting on you.

*Em.* [Alone.] Poor woman! I thought my own uneasiness almost insupportable; and yet how much must my anxiety exceed mine!

*Enter Bell.*

So, sister! I met your fine gentleman. Upon my word the young spark must be a favourite—You have had a tete-a-tete of above half an hour together.

*Em.* How d'ye like him?

*Bell.* Not at all—a soft lady-like gentleman, with a white hand, a mincing step, and a smooth chin. What does this pretty master come from?

*Em.* From my brother.

*Bell.* Who is he?

*Em.* A present to you.

*Bell.* A present to me! What d'ye mean?

*Em.* Why, did not my brother promise to take care of you before he went abroad?

*Bell.* Well! and what then?

*Em.* What then! Why, he has taken care of you—He sent you a pretty fellow for a husband—Could he possibly take better care of you?

*Bell.* A husband!—a puppet—a doll, a—

*Em.* A soldier, Bell!—a red coat, consider.

*Bell.* A fine soldier, indeed!—I can't bear to see a red coat cover any thing but a man, sister—Give me a soldier!

at looks as if he could love me and protect me; ay, and me me too, if I deserved it.—If I was to have this thing for a husband, I wou'd set him at the top of my India cabinet with the China figures, and bid the maid take care she did not break him.

*Em.* Well, well; if this is the case, I don't know what my brother will say to you. Here's his letter—Read it, and send him an answer yourself.

*Bell.* [*Reads.*] “Dear sister, the bearer of this letter is a lady!”—So, so! your servant, madam! and your's too, sister!—“whose case is truly compassionate, and whom I most earnestly recommend to your protection”——Um—um—um——“Take care of her”——Um—um—um——not too many questions”——Um—um—um——“in town in a few days.”——I'll be whipt now, if this is not some mistress of his.

*Em.* No, no, Bell—I know her whole history——It is quite a little novel. She is a French woman, Mademoiselle Florival, run away from her father at Belleisle, and going for an English gentleman at the Havannah.

*Bell.* The Havannah!—Not for Colonel Tamper, I hope, sister.

*Em.* If Colonel Tamper had been at the taking of Belleisle too, I should have been frightened out of my wits about it.

*Bell.* Suppose I should bring you some news of him?

*Em.* Of whom?

*Bell.* Colonel Tamper.

*Em.* What do you mean?

*Bell.* Only a card.

*Em.* A card!—from whom? What card?

*Bell.* Oh, what a delightful flutter it puts her into!

*Em.* Nay, but tell me.

*Bell.* Well then—while your visitor was here, there came a card from Major Belford; and I took the liberty of sending an answer to it.

*Em.* Let me see it! Dear Bell, let me see it!

*Bell.* Oh, it was nothing but “his compliments, and desiring to have the honour of waiting on you any time this morning from Colonel Tamper.”

*Em.* From Colonel Tamper!—What can this mean?—I am ready to sink with fear—Why does he not come himself?

*Bell.* He's not arrived—not come to town yet, I suppose.

*Em.* Oh, Bell! I could suppose twenty things that terrify me to death.

*Bell.* I think now, such a message ought to put you quite out of your pain: He could not come from Colonel Tamper, if there was no such person in being.

*Em.* Ay, but suppose any accident should have happened to him! Heaven forbid! How unfortunate is it to depend upon a man, whose profession exposes him hourly to the risk of his life.

*Bell.* Lord, Emily, how can you torment yourself with such horrid imaginations? Besides, should the worst come to the worst—it is but a lover lost; and that is a loss easily repaired, you know.

*Em.* Go, you mad-cap! but you'll pay for all this one day, I warrant you. When you come to be heartily in love with yourself, Bell, you will know, that when a pure and disinterested passion fills the breast, when once a woman has set her heart upon a man, nothing in the world but that very man will ever make her happy.

*Bell.* I admire your *setting your heart*, as you call it, of such things. Your love, my dear Emily, is not so romantic. You pitch upon a man of figure and fortune, handsome, sensible, good-natured, and well-bred; of rank in life, and credit in his profession; a man that half the women in town would pull caps for; and then you talk, like a silly prude, of your pure and disinterested passion.

*Em.* Why, then, I declare, if he had not a friend on earth, or a shilling in the world—if he was as miserable as the utmost malice of ill fortune could make him, I would prefer Colonel Tamper to the first duke in the kingdom.

*Bell.* Oh, sister, it is a mighty easy thing for persons not living in affluence and a coach-and-six, to talk of living on bread and water, and the comforts of love in a cottage.

*Em.* The coach-and-six, Bell, would give little happiness to those who could not be happy without it. When once the heart has settled its affections, how mean is it to withdraw them for any paltry considerations of what nature so ever!

*Bell.* 'I think the lady doth protest too much.'

*Em.* 'Ay, but she'll keep her word.'

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser. Major Belford, madam!*

*Em.* Shew him in——Oh, Bell, I am ready to drop with apprehension!

*Enter Major Belford.*

*Bel.* Ladies, your humble servant——[*Salutes them.*]——  
rejoice to find you so well.

*Bell.* And we congratulate you, Major, on your safe return from the Havannah—How does your friend Colonel Mumper do?

*Bel.* He is very well, madam; but——

*Em.* But what, Sir——I am frightened beyond expression. Is he in England?

*Bel.* Yes, madam.

*Em.* In town?

*Bel.* Yes, madam.

*Em.* Why have not we the pleasure of seeing him then?

*Bel.* He'll be here immediately, madam——

*Em.* Oh, well.

*Bel.* But it was thought proper that I should wait on you, to prepare you for his reception.

*Em.* To prepare me! What does he mean?

*Bel.* Only to prevent your being alarmed at his appearance, madam?

*Em.* Alarmed! you terrify me more and more—What is the matter?

*Bel.* Nay, nothing——A trifle—the mere chance of war, *la fortune de la guerre*, as the French call it; that's all, madam.

*Em.* I'm upon the rack——Dear Sir, explain——

*Bel.* The Colonel, you know, madam, is a man of spirit—having exposed his person very gallantly in the several actions before the town of the Havannah, he received many wounds; one or two of which have been attended with other disagreeable circumstances.

*Em.* But is the Colonel well at present, Sir?

*Bel.* Extremely well, madam.

*Em.* Are not the consequences of his wounds likely to endanger his life?

*Bel.* Not in the least, madam.

*Em.* I am satisfied——Pray go on, Sir.

*Bel.* Do not be alarmed, madam.

*Em.* Keep me no longer in suspense, I beseech you, Sir!

*Bell.* What can all this mean?

*Bel.* The two principal wounds which the Colonel received, madam, were one a little above the knee, and another in his face. In consequence of the first, he was reduced to the necessity of saving his life by the loss of a leg; and the latter has deprived him of the sight of an eye.

*Em.*



*Em.* Oh, heavens!

[*Ready to faint*]

*Bell.* Poor Emily! How could you be so abrupt, Sir? The violent agitation of her mind is too much for her spirits.

*Bel.* Excuse me, madam.—I was afraid of making you uneasy; and yet it was necessary you should be acquainted with these circumstances, previous to your seeing the Colonel.

*Em.* [*Recovering.*] Lost a leg and an arm, did you say, Sir?

*Bel.* No, not an arm—an eye, madam.

*Em.* An eye! worse and worse—Poor Colonel!

*Bel.* Rather unfortunate, to be sure. But we should consider, madam, that we have saved his life; and that there were sacrifices necessary for its preservation.

*Em.* Very true. Ay—ay—so as he has but his life, I am happy. And I ought now to be attached to him, not only from tenderness, but compassion.

*Bel.* After all, madam, his appearance is much better than you may imagine. His face, by the help of a black ribband, is very little disfigured; and he has got a false leg, made so naturally, that except a small hitch in his gait there is no material alteration in his person and deportment.—Besides which, in point of health and spirits, he is particularly well.

*Em.* I am glad of it.—But, alas! he whose person was so charming!—And then his eyes, that were so brilliant!—so full of sensibility!

*Bel.* This accident, madam, on his own account gives him no uneasiness; to say the truth, he seems rather vain upon it: I could wish, therefore, when he comes, that you would not seem too deeply affected, but rather assume an air of cheerfulness, lest any visible uneasiness in you should shock the Colonel.

*Em.* Poor Colonel! I know his sensibility. Let me endeavour, therefore, to convince him that he is as dear to me as ever! Oh yes, *cost me what it will*, I must shew him that the preservation of his life is an entire consolation to me.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Colonel Tamper, madam.

*Em.* Eh! what?

[*Disordered*]

*Bell.* Desire the Colonel to walk up—Compose yourself, my dear!—Poor Emily! I am in pain for her.

[*Aside*]

*Enter Colonel Tamper—Runs up to Emily.*

*Tam.* My dearest Emily!—how happy am I to see you

again! I have brought back the honest heart and which I devoted to you: As to the rest of my body, I see I did not care sixpence what became of it. Miss Bell, I rejoice to see you so well—Major, I am your's—  
 to my Emily—

Em. Oh, Colonel!

[*Bursts into tears, and leans upon Bell.*]

Tam. How's this? Tears!

Bell. You should not have followed the Major so soon, Colonel; she had scarce recovered the first shock from his intelligence.

Tam. My impatience would suffer me to delay no longer—Why do you weep so, Emily?—Are you sorry to see me again?

Em. Sorry to see you unfortunate.

[*Weeping.*]

Tam. Unfortunate! call me rather fortunate: I am come back alive; alive and merry, Emily.

Em. I am glad you have saved your life.

[*Weeping.*]

Tam. I dare say you are. Look on me then. What, at one glance! Won't you deign to look on your poor aim'd soldier? [*Pausing.*—Is it possible, then, that any little alteration of my person can occasion a change in your sentiments?

Em. Never, Colonel, never: It is surely no mark of want of affection to be so much hurt at your misfortunes.

Tam. Misfortunes! no misfortunes at all—none at all to a soldier—nothing but the ordinary incidents and common casualties of his life—marks of honour—and tokens of valour—I declare I bear them about with me as the most honourable badges of my profession—I am proud of them—I could not part with this wooden leg for the best flesh and blood in Christendom.

Em. And can you really be so unconcerned at this accident?

Tam. Really; and you shall be unconcerned too, Emily. You shall find more in me still, than in half the battered rakes and fops about town. It injures me no more than does a fine tree, to lop my branches. My trunk is heart of oak, and I shall thrive the better for it.

Em. But is there no hope of recovering your eye again? Oh, we must have the best advice—Is the sight quite lost?

Tam. Quite—Blind as a mill-horse—blind as a cattle, Emily—But what does that signify? Love is blind, you

you know; and if I have lost one eye, why, they shall see the clearer with the other.

*Em.* I cannot look at him without shuddering.

[Retires and sits down]

*Bell.* What action was it you suffered in, Colonel?

*Tam.* Before the Moro castle, ma'am, before the Moro castle—Hot work, hissing hot, by sea and land, I assure you, ma'am. Ah, the Moro, the Moro!—But if men run their heads against stone walls, they must expect to have a sponce or two broken before they make their way through them—Eh, Major!

*Bell.* Major Belford was with you?

*Tam.* All the while. The Major and I fought side by side, cheek by jowl, till I fell, ma'am! We paid the debt—didn't we, Major?—But Velasco, poor Velasco! fine, brave Don, must be owned—I had rather have been like Velasco, than have lived to be generalissimo.

*Bell.* [To Emily.] How are you, sister?

*Tam.* Nay, prithee, Emily, be comforted! more than all this might have happened to me at home. I might have thrown away my life in a duel, or broke my neck in a fox-chace: A fit of the gout, or an apoplexy, might have maimed me ten times worse for ever; or a palsy, perhaps have killed one half of me at a single stroke—You must not take on thus—If you do, I shall be extremely uneasy.

*Em.* Excuse me, I cannot help it—but be assured, I esteem you as much as ever, Sir.

*Tam.* *Eftem* and *Sir*!—This is cold language—I have not been used to hear you talk in that style, Emily.

*Em.* I don't know what I say—I am not well—let me retire.

*Tam.* When shall we name the happy day? I shall make shift to dance on that occasion—though as Witherington fought—on my stumps, Emily. Tell me, when shall we be happy?

*Em.* I grow more and more faint—Lead me to my chamber, Bell.

*Bell.* She is very ill—don't tease her now, Colonel; let us try to procure her some repose.

*Tam.* Ay, ay, a short sleep, and a little reflection, and she will be well, I dare say—I will be here again soon, and administer consolation, I warrant you. Adieu, my dear Emily.

*Em.* Adieu.—Oh, Bell!

[Exit in tears with Bell]

*Manent Major Belford and Col. Tamper.*

*am.* [*assuming his natural air and manner.*] Ha, ha, ha! Well, Belford, what is your opinion now? Will she stand fast or no?

*L.* If she does, it is more than you deserve. I could have wished she would give you up with all my heart, if I did not see you would run stark mad with vexation.

*am.* Why so?

*L.* Because, as I have often told you before, this is a absurd and ridiculous scheme, a mere trick to impose on yourself, and most probably end in losing the affections of a lovely and amiable lady.

*am.* You know, Belford, there is an excess of sensibility in my temper.

*L.* That will always make you unhappy.

*am.* Rather say, it will ensure the future happiness of my life. Before I bind myself to abide by a woman at all times and in all circumstances, I must be assured that she will at all events and in all circumstances retain her affection for me.

*L.* 'Sdeath, I have no patience to hear you. Have you not all the reason in the world to rest assured, that she only entertains a most sincere passion for you?

*am.* Perhaps so; but then I am not equally assured of the basis on which that passion is founded.

*L.* Her folly, I am afraid——

*am.* Nay, but I am serious, Major.

*L.* You are very ridiculous, Colonel.

*am.* Well, well; it does not signify talking: I must be convinced that she loves me for my own sake—for my own sake; and that, were I divested of every desirable gift of fortune and of nature, and she was to be addressed by others who possessed them all in the most eminent degree, she would continue to prefer me to the rest of mankind.

*Bel.* Most precious refinement, truly! This is the most high-flown metaphysics in sentiment I ever heard in my ears—picked up in one of your expeditions to the coast of France, I suppose—No plain Englishman ever dreamed of such a whim—Love you for *yourself*! for *your own sake*!—that she truly.

*Tam.* How, then?

*Bel.* Why, for her *own*, to be sure—and so would any body else. I am your friend, and love you as a friend: and why?—because I am to have commerce with a man



‘ of talents, honour, and honesty. Let me once see you  
 ‘ behave like a poltroon, or a villain, and you know I would  
 ‘ cut your throat, Colonel.

‘ *Tam.* I don’t doubt you, Major ; but if she don’t love  
 ‘ me for my *own* sake, for *myself*, as I said, how can I ever  
 ‘ be certain that she will not transfer that love to another?

*Bel.* ‘ For your *own* sake ! for *yourself* again !’—What  
 what in the name of common sense, is this *self* of yours  
 that you make such a rout about ? Your birth, your for-  
 tune, your character, your talents, and perhaps, sweet Col-  
 onel, that sweet person of your’s—all these may have taken  
 her—and habitude, and continual intercourse, must increase  
 her partiality for them in you, more than in any other per-  
 son. But, after all, ‘ none of these things are *yourself*. You  
 ‘ are but the ground ; and these qualities are woven into  
 ‘ your frame. Yet it is not the stuff, but the richness of  
 ‘ the work, that stamps a value on the piece.

‘ *Tam.* Why, this is downright sermonizing, Major.—  
 ‘ Give you pudding sleeves, and a grizzle wig, you might  
 ‘ chaplain to the regiment. Yet matrimony is a leap into  
 ‘ dark indeed, if we cannot beforehand make ourselves ac-  
 ‘ certain of the fidelity and affection of our wives.

‘ *Bel.* Marriage is precarious, I grant you, and must be  
 ‘ You may play like a wary gamester, ’tis true.—  
 ‘ would not marry a notorious profligate, nor a woman of  
 ‘ consumption ; but’ there is no more answering for the con-  
 tinuance of her good disposition, than that of her good health.

*Tam.* Fine maxims ! make use of them yourself ; they  
 won’t serve me. A fine time, indeed, to experience a  
 man’s fidelity—after marriage ; a time when every thing  
 conspires to render it her interest to deceive you ! No,  
 no fool’s paradise for me, Belford !

*Bel.* A fool’s paradise is better than a wiseacre’s purgatory.

*Tam.* ’Sdeath, Belford, who comes here ?—I shall be dis-  
 covered.

[*Resuming his counterfeit manner.*]

*Enter Prattle.*

*Prat.* Gentlemen, your most obedient ; mighty for-  
 extremely concerned, to hear the lady’s taken ill—I was  
 sent for in a violent hurry—had forty patients to visit—  
 solved to see her, however—Major Belford, I rejoice to  
 see you in good health—Have I the honour of knowing you,  
 gentleman ?

[*Pointing to Tamper, and going up to him.*]

*Tam.* Hum, hum.

[*Limps.*]

*Limping away from Prattle, and putting his handkerchief to his face.*

*Bel.* An acquaintance of mine, Mr Prattle.—You don't know him, I believe.—A little hurt in the service—that's

*Prat.* Accidents, accidents will happen.—No less than ten brought into our infirmary yesterday, and ten into the hospital.—Did you hear, Major Belford, that poor young Di. Racket broke her arm last night by an overturn, when her horses taking fright among the vast crowd of coaches getting in at lady Thunder's rout: And yesterday morning, Sir Helter Skelter, who is so remarkably fond of driving, put out his collar-bone by a fall from his own coach-box.

*Tam.* Pox on his chattering! I wish he'd be gone.

*[Apart to Belford.]*

*Bel.* But your fair patient, Mr Prattle—I am afraid to detain you.

*Prat.* Not at all;—I'll attend her immediately.—*[Going, returns.]*—You have not heard of the change in the ministry?

*Tam.* Psha!

*Bel.* I have.

*Prat.* Well, well—*[Going, returns.]*—Lady Sarah Melville brought to bed within these two hours—a boy—gentlemen, your servant.

*[Exit.]*

*Tam.* Chattering jackanapes!

*Bel.* So, the apothecary's come already—we shall have a consultation of physicians, the knocker tied up, and straw laid in the street shortly.—But are not you ashamed, Tamper, to give her all this uneasiness?

*Tam.* No matter.—I'll make her ample amends at last.—What could possess them to fend for this blockhead? He'll make her worse and worse. He will absolutely talk her to death.

*Bel.* Oh, the puppy's in fashion, you know.

*Tam.* It is lucky enough the fellow did not know me. He's a down-right he-gossip! and any thing he knows might as well be published in the Daily Advertiser. But come, for fear of discovery, we had better decamp for the present. March!

*Bel.* You'll expose yourself confoundedly, Tamper.

*Tam.* Say no more. I am resolved to put her affection to

to the trial. If she's thorough proof, I'm made for ever.  
Come along.

*Bel.* Tamper!

*Tam.* Oh, I am lame; I forget.

*Bel.* Lord, lord! what a fool self-love makes of a man.

[Exit]

## ACT II.

SCENE, Emily's Dressing Room.

Emily, Bell, Prattle, *sitting on a sofa.*

*Bel.* I Think you seem to be a good deal recovered  
Emily.

*Em.* I am much better than I was, I thank you—Heigh  
ho!

*Prat.* Ay, ay, I knew we should be better bye-and-bye—  
—These little nervous disorders are very common all  
over the town—merely owing to the damp weather, which  
relaxes the tone of the whole system.—The poor duchess  
of Porcelain has had a fever on her spirits these three weeks.  
Lady Teaser's case is absolutely hysterical; and lady Betty  
Dawdle is almost half mad with lowness of spirits, head  
aches, tremblings, vain fears, and wanderings of the mind.

*Em.* Pray, Mr Prattle, how does poor Miss Crompton  
do?

*Prat.* Never better, ma'am. Somebody has removed  
her disorder, by prescribing very effectually to the Marquis  
of Cranford. His intended match with Miss Richman  
the hundred thousand pound fortune, is quite off; and  
ma'am, Miss Crompton is perfectly well again—By the  
bye too, she has another reason to rejoice; for her cousin  
Miss Dorothy, who lives with her, and began, you know,  
to grow rather old-maidish, as we say, ma'am, made a sudden  
conquest of Mr Bumper, a Lancashire gentleman of a great  
estate, who came up to town for the Christmas; and they  
were married at Miss Crompton's yesterday evening.

*Bel.* Is it true, Mr Prattle, that Sir John Medley is go-  
ing to the south of France for the recovery of his health?

*Prat.* Very true, ma'am, very true, that he's going,  
promise you; but not for the recovery of his health. Sir  
John

n's well enough himself; but his affairs are in a galloping consumption, I assure you.—No less than two executions in his house. I heard it for fact at lady Modish's gentleman, I have known his chariot stand at Arthur's eight o'clock in the morning. He has had a sad run at time, but that last affair at Newmarket totally undid it.—Pray, ladies, have you heard the story of alderman Manchester's lady?

*Bell.* Oh no. Pray, what is it?

*Prat.* A terrible story indeed——Eloped from her husband, and went off with lord John Sprightly. Their intention, it seems, was to go over to Holland; but the alderman pursued them to Harwich, and caught them just as they were going to embark. He threatened lord John with a prosecution: But lord John, who knew the alderman's turn, came down with a thousand pounds; and so the alderman received his wife, and all is well again.

*Bell.* I vow, Mr Prattle, you are extremely amusing. I know the chit-chat of the whole town.

*Prat.* Can't avoid picking up a few slight anecdotes, to assure, ma'am—Go into the best houses in town—attend the first families in the kingdom—nobody better received—nobody takes more care—nobody tries to give more satisfaction.

*Bell.* Is there any public news of any kind, Mr Prattle?

*Prat.* None at all, ma'am—except that the officers are all of them return'd from the Havannah.

*Em.* So we hear, Sir.

*Prat.* I saw Colonel Tamper yesterday. O, ay! and Mr Belford, and another gentleman, as I came in here this morning.

*Bell.* That was Colonel Tamper, Sir.

*Prat.* That gentleman, Colonel Tamper, ma'am!

*Bell.* Yes, Sir.

*Prat.* Pardon me, ma'am! I know Colonel Tamper very well.—That poor gentleman was somewhat disabled—had lost a little in the wars—Colonel Tamper is not so unfortunate.

*Em.* O yes, that horrid accident!

*Prat.* What accident?

*Bell.* His wounds—his wounds—Don't you know, Sir?

*Prat.* Wounds, ma'am!—Upon my word, I never heard of him receiving any.

*Bell.* No! Why he lost a leg and an eye at the siege of the Havannah.

*Prat.*



*Prat.* Did he? Why then, ma'am, I'll be bold to say, is the luckiest man in the world.

*Bell.* Why so, Sir?

*Prat.* Because, ma'am, if he lost a leg and an eye at the Havannah, they must be grown again, or he has somehow procured others that do the business every whit as well.

*Em.* Impossible!

*Prat.* I wish I may die, ma'am, if the Colonel had not yesterday two as good legs and fine eyes as any man in the world. If he lost one of each at the Havannah, no practitioners in physic should be much obliged to him to communicate his receipt for the benefit of Greenwich and Chelsea hospitals.

*Em.* Are you sure that the Colonel has had no such loss, Sir?

*Prat.* As sure as that I am here, ma'am! I saw him going into the what-d'ye-call-him ambassador's, just over against my house, yesterday; and the last place I was at this morning was Mrs Daylight's, where I heard the Colonel was at her rout last night, and that every body thought he was rather improved than injured by his late expedition. But, odso! Lack-a-day, lack-a-day, lack-a-day!—now recollect—ha, ha, ha!

[*Laughing very heartily*]

*Bell.* What's the matter, Mr Prattle?

*Prat.* Excuse me, ladies: I can't forbear laughing—ha, ha, ha!—The gentleman in t'other room, Colonel Tamper, ha, ha, ha!—I find the Colonel had a mind to pay a visit in masquerade, this morning—I spoke to Major Bedford—I thought I knew his friend too—but he limped away, and hid his face, and would not speak to me.—Upon my word, he did it very well! I could have sworn there had been an amputation.—He would make a figure at a masked ball—ha, ha, ha!

*Em. Bell.* Ha, ha ha!

[*Looking at each other, and affecting to laugh*]

*Prat.* Ha, ha, ha! very comical! Ha, ha, ha!

*Bell.* A frolic, Mr Prattle, a frolic: I think, however, you had better not take any notice of it abroad.

*Prat.* Me! I shall never breathe it, ma'am: I am clad as oak—an absolute free-mason for secrecy.—But, ma'am (*rising*), I must bid you good morning—I have several patients to visit before dinner.—Mrs Tremor, I know will be dying with the vapours till she sees me; and I am to meet Dr Valerian at lord Hectic's in less than half an hour.

*Em.* Ring the bell, my dear—Mr Prattle, your servant.  
*Prat.* Ladies, your very humble servant.—I shall send you  
 a cordial mixture, ma'am, to be taken in any particular  
 weakness, or lowness of spirits; and some draughts for  
 evening and evening. Have a care of catching cold, be  
 cautious in your diet, and I make no doubt but in a few  
 days we shall be perfectly recovered.—Ladies, your servant:  
 your most obedient, very humble servant. *[Exit.*

*[The ladies sit for some time silent.]*

*Bell.* *[After a pause.]* Sister Emily!

*Em.* Sister Bell!

*Bell.* What d'ye think of Colonel Tamper now, sister?

*Em.* Why, I am so provoked, and so pleased; so angry,  
 so diverted, that I do not know whether I should be in,  
 out of humour, at this discovery.

*Bell.* No!—Is it possible you can have so little spirits?—  
 Is that tattling apothecary will tell this fine story at every  
 time he goes into—it will be town-talk—If a lover of mine  
 attempted to put such an impudent deceit upon me, I  
 should never see his face again.

*Em.* If you had a lover that you liked, Bell, you would  
 be quite so violent.

*Bell.* Indeed, but I should. What! to come here with a  
 Canterbury tale of a leg and an eye, and heaven knows what,  
 merely to try the extent of his power over you.—'To gra-  
 tify his inordinate vanity, in case you should retain your  
 affection for him; or to reproach you for your weakness  
 and infidelity, if you could not reconcile yourself to him  
 on that supposition.'

*Em.* It is abominably provoking, I own; and yet, Bell,  
 it is not a quarter of an hour ago, but I would have parted  
 with half my fortune to have made it certain that there was  
 a trick in the story.

*Bell.* Well, I never knew one of these men of extraordi-  
 nary sense, as they are called, that was not in some instances a  
 greater fool than the rest of mankind.

*Em.* After all, Bell, I must confess that this stratagem  
 has convinced me of the infirmity of my temper. This sup-  
 posed accident began to make strange work with me.

*Bell.* I saw that plain enough. I told you what your  
 pure and disinterested passion, sister, would come to, long  
 ago.—Yet this is so flagrant an affront, I would make him  
 smart for it some way or other; I would not marry him these  
 seven years.

*Em.* That, perhaps, might be punishing myself, sister.

*Bell.* We must plague him, and heartily too. Oh, for a bright thought now, some charming invention to torment him.

*Em.* Oh, as to that matter, I should be glad to have some comical revenge on him with all my heart.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Captain Johnson, ma'am.

*Em.* Desire him to walk up.—[*Exit servant.*]—I am not fit to see any company now.—This discovery will do me more good, I believe, than all Mr. Prattle's cordial mixtures, as he calls them.

*Bell.* Oh, you're in charming spirits, sister.—But Captain Johnson!—you abound in the military;—captains, colonels, and majors, by wholesale: Who is Captain Johnson, pray?

*Em.* Only the name that Mademoiselle Florival, the Belleisle lady you saw this morning, goes by.

*Bell.* Oh, sister, the luckiest thought in the world—such an use to make of this lady!

*Em.* What d'ye mean?

*Bell.* Captain Johnson shall be Colonel Tamper's rival sister!

*Em.* Hush! here she is.

*Enter Mademoiselle Florival.*

*Em.* Give me leave, madam, to introduce you to my sister.

*Bell.* I have heard your story, madam, and take part in your misfortunes.

*Flo.* I am infinitely obliged both to you and to that lady, madam.

*Em.* Oh, madam! I have been extremely ill since you was here this morning, and terrified almost beyond imagination.

*Flo.* I am very sorry to hear it; may I ask what has alarmed you?

*Em.* It is so ridiculous, I scarce know how to tell you.

*Bell.* Then I will. You must know, ma'am, that my sister was engaged to an officer, who went out on a late military expedition. He is just returned, but is come home with the strangest conceit that ever filled the brain of a lover. He took it into his head to try my sister's faith by pretending to be maimed and wounded, and has actually visited her this morning in a counterfeit character. We have just now detected the imposition, and want your assistance to be pleasantly revenged on him.

*Flo.*

*Flo.* I cannot bring myself to be an advocate for the lady's elty——But you may both command me in any thing.  
*Em.* There is no cruelty in the case ; I fear I am gone far for that. As you are, in appearance, such a smart young gentleman, my sister has waggishly proposed to make the instrument of exciting Colonel Tamper's jealousy, your personating the character of a supposed rival.—Was that your device, sister?

*Bell.* It was ; and if this lady will come into it, and you your part well, we'll tease the wise Colonel, and make sick of his rogueries, I warrant you.

*Flo.* I have been a mad girl in my time, I confess, and remember when I should have joined in such a frolic with pleasure. At present, I fear I am scarce mistress enough of my temper, to maintain my character with any tolerable humour. However, I will summon up all my spirits, and do my best to oblige you.

*Bell.* Oh, you will have but little to do——The business will lie chiefly on your hands, Emily——You must be most tolerably provoking.—If you do but irritate him sufficiently, we shall have charming sport with him.

*Em.* Never fear me, Bell ; Mr Prattle's intelligence has given me spirits equal to any thing——Now I know it is but sick, I shall scarce be able to see him limping about without laughing.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Colonel Tamper, madam.

*Em.* Shew him in.—[*Exit servant.*]——Now, ladies!

*Bell.* Now, sister!—Work him heartily ; cut him to the bone, I charge you.—If you shew him the least mercy, you are no woman.

*Enter Colonel Tamper.*

*Tam.* This it is to have new servants ! not at home, indeed !——A pack of blockheads, to think of denying my Emily to me. I knew the poor dear soul was a little out of order indeed—but——[*Seeing Florival.*]——I beg pardon, madam ! I did not know you had company.

*Bell.* Oh, this gentleman is a particular friend of my sister's—he's let in at any time.

*Tam.* Hum !

[*Disordered.*]

*Em.* I did not expect to see you return so soon, Sir !

*Tam.* No ; I believe I am come somewhat unexpectedly indeed, madam !

*Exit.*



*Em.* If your return had not been so extremely precipitate, Sir, I should have sent you a message on purpose to prevent your giving yourself that trouble.

*Tam.* Madam!—a message!—for what reason?

*Em.* Because I am otherwise engaged.

[*With indifference*]

*Tam.* Engaged? I don't apprehend you, madam!

*Em.* No?—You are extremely dull then:—Don't you see I have company?—Was you at the opera last night with Captain Johnstone?

[*Coquetting with Florence*]

*Tam.* I am thunderstruck—Madam!—Miss Emily!—Madam!

*Em.* Sir!—Colonel Tamper!—Sir!

*Tam.* I say, madam!—

*Em.* Sir!

*Tam.* 'Sdeath! I have not power to speak to her. This strange and sudden alteration in your behaviour, madam—

*Em.* Alteration! none at all, Sir; the change is on your side, not mine. I'll be judged by this gentleman. Captain Johnson, here's a miniature of the Colonel, which he had for just before he went abroad—done by a good hand, and reckoned a striking likeness. Did you ever see a poor creature so altered?

[*Giving a bracelet*]

*Flo.* Why, really, madam, there is, I must own, a very visible difference at present. That black ribband [looking by turns on the picture and Col. Tamper] makes a total eclipse of the brilliancy of this right eye; and then, the irregular motion of the leg gives such a twist to the rest of the body, that—

*Tam.* Sir!—But it is to you I address myself at present, madam. I was once fond and foolish enough to imagine that you had a heart truly generous and sensible; and flattered myself, that it was above being shaken by absence, or affected by events. How have I been deceived!—I find that—

*Em.* Pardon me, Sir, I never deceived you;—nay, you see that I disdained the thought of deceiving you even for a day.—Out of respect to our late mutual attachment, I am resolved to deal openly with you.—In a word, then, every thing between us must now be at end.

*Tam.* Confusion!—Every thing at an end!—And can you, Emily, have the courage to tell me so?

*Em.* Why not?—Come, come, Colonel Tamper; vanity is your blind side.

*Tam.*

*am.* Zounds, madam!—

*n.* Don't be in a passion. Do but consider the matter  
ly; and, though it may rather be displeasing, yet, when  
have duly weighed all circumstances, I'm sure you must  
be the justice to acknowledge my sincerity.

*am.* I shall run mad. Is it possible, Emily!—Sinceri-  
to you call this?—Disimulation—damned dissimula-

*m.* Have patience, Sir!—The loss of your whole for-  
would have been trifling to me. But how can I re-  
myself to this mangling of your figure? Let me turn  
tables on you for a moment—Suppose now, Colonel,  
I had been so unfortunate as to have lost a leg and an  
should you, d'ye think, have retained your affection  
plorable for me?

*am.* False, false woman!—Have a care, Emily! Have  
care, I say, or you will destroy your fame and happiness  
ever. Consider what you are doing, here you make a  
resolution. You'll repent your inconstancy, I tell you  
prehand—upon my soul, you will. You'll have more  
son to repent it than you can possibly imagine.

*Em.* Why will you oblige me now to say shocking things  
you?—It goes against me to tell you so, but I can't even  
you now without horror;—nay, was I, even from a  
point of honour, to adhere to my engagements with  
a, I could never conquer my disgust. It would be a most  
natural connection,—would it not, Captain Johnson?

*Tam.* Hell! 'Death! confusion! How steadily she per-  
s in her perfidy?—Madam, madam!—I shall choke with  
te.—But one word, and I am gone for ever—for ever—  
ever, madam!

*Em.* What would you say, Sir?

*Tam.* Tell me, then—and tell me truly—Have not you  
ceived the addresses of that gentleman?

*Em.* He has honoured me with them, I confess, Sir;  
and every circumstance is so much in his favour, that I could  
ve no manner of objection to him, but my unfortunate  
gements to you. But, since your ill fortune has in-  
cidentally divorced us from each other, I think I am at liber-  
to listen to him.

*Tam.* Matchless confidence!—Mighty well, madam!—  
is not then the misfortunes that have befallen me, but the  
arms you have found in that gentleman, which have alter-  
ed your inclination.

*Fin.*

*Flo.* Well, Sir! and what then, Sir? The lady, I presume, is not included, like an old mansion-house, in the rent-roll of your estate, or the inventory of your goods and chattels. Her hand, I hope, is still her own property, and she may bestow it on you, or me, or any body else, just as she pleases.

*Tam.* You are a villain, Sir!—Withdraw!

*Bell.* Oh, heavens! here will be murder—Don't stir, beg you, Sir.

*Flo.* O never fear me, madam; I am not such a poltroon as to contend with that gentleman. Do you think I would set my strength and skill against a poor blind man and cripple?

*Tam.* Follow me, Sir; I'll soon teach you to use your own legs.

*Flo.* Oh, the sturdy beggar!—Stir your stumps, and be gone—Here's nothing for you, fellow!

*Tam.* Villain!

*Flo.* Poor man!

*Tam.* Scoundrel!

*Flo.* Prithee man, don't expose yourself.

*Tam.* Puppy!

*Flo.* Poor wretch!

*Em.* What, quarrel before ladies?—Oh, for shame, Colonel!

*Tam.* This is beyond all sufferance. I can contain no longer.—Know, then, madam, [to Emily] to your utter confusion, I am not that mangled thing which you imagine me. You may see, madam—

[Resuming his natural manner]

*Em. Bell, Flo.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! [Laughing violently]

*Em.* A wonderful cure of lameness and blindness!—Your case is truly curious, Sir; and attested by three credible witnesses. Will you give us leave to print it in the public papers?

*Tam.* Madam! madam—

*Flo.* I think the story would make a figure in the Philosophical Transactions.

*Tam.* Sir!

*Bell.* A pretty leg, indeed!—Will you dance a minuet with me, Colonel?

*Em.* Your wounds are not mortal, I hope, Colonel?

*Tam.* No, madam! my person, I thank heaven, is still unhurt. I have my legs—both legs, madam; and I will use

them to transport me as far as possible from so false a man. I have my eyes too—my eyes, madam; but they never look on you again, but as the most faithless and hateful of your sex.

*m.* If I'm not surpris'd how he could act it so well!—let us see you do it over again, Colonel. How was it? [*Mimicking.*] Hip-hop, hip-hop, like prince Vol—I think.

*am.* I took that method, madam, to try your truth, candour, and affection. I have found you void of all these qualities, and shall have reason to rejoice at the effect of my experiment as long as I live.

*m.* If you meant to separate yourself from me, you have indeed taken an excellent method; and a mighty proof have given of your own affection, truly! Instead of rejecting, after an anxious absence, with joy into my presence—to come home with a low and mean suspicion, with a narrow jealousy of mind, when the frankness and generosity of my behaviour ought to have engaged you to repose in most unlimited confidence in me.

*am.* The event, madam, has but too well warranted my experiment.

*m.* And shall justify it, Sir, still more; for here, before your face, I give my hand to this gentleman; solemnly declaring, that it shall never be in your power to dissolve the connection formed between us.

*am.* As to you, madam, your infidelity be your punishment. But that gentleman shall hear from me.

*lo.* I defy you, Sir!

*am.* Nothing farther remains between us—leave me,

*am.* I am gone, madam!—And so help me, heaven, never to return—  
[*Going.*]

*Enter Major Belford.*

*Bel.* How! going in a passion?—Hold, Tamper—All confusion!—I thought so—and came to set matters to rights again.

*Flo.* What do I see! Major Belford!—Major Belford!  
!—  
[*Faints.*]

*Bel.* Ha, my name, and fainting! What can this mean?  
[*Runs and takes her in his arms.*] By heavens, a woman!—I hope that—H'd, she recovers—It is, it is she—my Florival herself! and we shall still be happy.

*Tam.*



*Tam.* Belford's Belleisle lady, as I live!—My rival woman!—I begin to feel myself very ridiculous.

*Bel.* What wonder, my love, has brought you hither and in this habit?

*Flo.* Oh, Sir, I have a long story to relate. At present let it suffice to say, that that lady's brother has been the blest of friends to me, and she herself this morning generously vouchsafed to take me under her protection.

*Bel.* I am bound to them for ever. At my return I found letters from your father, who, supposing you was in England with me, wrote to acquaint me that he was consolable for your loss, and that he would consent to a union, if I would but assure him that you was safe and well.—The next post shall acquaint him of our good fortune. Well, Tamper, am not I a lucky fellow?

*Tam.* Oh, Belford!—I am the most miserable dog in the world.

*Bel.* What, you have dropp'd your mask, I see—you are on your own legs again. I met Prattle in the street: he stopt his chariot to speak to me about you, and I found that he had blown you up, and discovered to the lady that you was returned quite unhurt from the Havannah.

*Tam.* Did that coxcomb betray me? That accounts for all Emily's behaviour—Oh, Major, I am ruined past redemption—I have behaved most extravagantly, both to your lady and Emily. I shall never be able to look them in the face again.

*Bel.* Ay, ay, I foresaw this. Did not I tell you that you would expose yourself confoundedly? However, I'll be an advocate for you—my Florival shall be an advocate for you, and I make no doubt but you will be taken into favour again.

*Em.* Does he deserve it, Major?

*Bel.* Why, madam, I can't say much for him—or myself either, I faith—We must rely entirely on your goodness.

*Flo.* He's a true penitent, I see, madam; and I'll answer for it, he loves you to excess.—Nay, look on him.

*Em.* Was it well done, Colonel, to cherish a mean distrust of me? to trifle with the partiality I had shewn to you; and to endeavour to give me pain, merely to secure a poor triumph over my weakness to yourself?

*Tam.* I am ashamed to answer you.

*Bel.* Ashamed! and so you well may indeed.

*Tam.* I see my absurdity—all I wish is to be laughed at and forgiven.

*Bel.* A very reasonable request—Come, madam, pity the  
or fellow, and admit him to your good graces again.

*Flo.* Let us prevail on you, dear madam.

*Em.* Well—now I see he is most heartily mortified, I am  
inclined to pity him.

*Tam.* Generous Emily!

*Bell.* Go, you provoking wretch! 'tis more than you  
serve. [To Tamper.

*Tam.* It shall be the future study of my life to deserve  
s pardon—[*Kissing her hand.*—Belford, I give you joy.  
Madam, [*to Florival*—I have behaved so ill to you, I  
ce know how to give you joy as I ought.

*Bel.* Come, come, no more of this at present—Now we  
ve on all sides ratified the preliminaries, let us settle the  
nitive treaty as soon as we can—We have been two  
ky fellows, Tamper—I have been fortunate in finding  
y mistress, and you as fortunate in not losing your's.

*Tam.* So we have, Belford: And I wish every brave  
icer in his Majesty's service had secured to himself such  
mfortable winter-quarters as we have, after a glorious  
mpaign.

# Three Weeks after Marriage

O R,

## What we must all come to

IN TWO ACTS.

By ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

#### M E N.

*Sir Charles Racket*  
*Drugget*  
*Lovelace*  
*Woodley*

— — — —  
— — — —  
— — — —  
— — — —

*Covent-Garden.*

Mr Lewis.  
Mr Quick.  
Mr Booth.  
Mr Young.

#### W O M E N.

*Lady Racket*  
*Mrs Drugget*  
*Nancy*  
*Dimity*

— — — —  
— — — —  
— — — —  
— — — —

Mrs Mattocks.  
Mrs Pitt.  
Miss Davis.  
Mrs Green.

*A Servant, &c.*

### A C T I.

*Enter Woodley and Dimity.*

DIMITY.

**P**O! po!—no such thing. I tell you, Mr Woodley, you are a mere novice in these affairs.

*Wood* Nay, but listen to reason, Mrs Dimity: Has not your master, Mr Drugget, invited me down to his country

entry-seat, in order to give me his daughter Nancy in marriage; and with what pretence can he now break off?  
*Dim.* What pretence!—you put a body out of all patience. But go on your own way, Sir;—my advice is all upon you.

*Wood.* You do me injustice, Mrs Dimity; your advice governed my whole conduct: Have not I fixed an interest in the young lady's heart?

*Dim.* An interest in a fiddlestick!—you ought to have the love to the father and mother. What, do you think the way to get a wife, at this time of day, is by speaking fine things to the lady you have a fancy for? That was the practice, indeed; but things are altered now—You must address the old people, Sir, and never trouble yourself about your mistress—None of your letters, and verses, and soft looks, and fine speeches—“Have compassion, thou angelic creature, on a poor dying”—Psha! stuff! nonsense! all out of fashion—Go your ways to the old curate—humour his whims—“I shall esteem it an honour, Sir, to be allied to a gentleman of your rank and taste.” “Upon my word, he's a pretty young gentleman.”—Then wheel about to the mother: “Your daughter, ma'am, is the very model of you, and I shall adore her for your sake.” Here, come hither, Nancy, take this gentleman for better for worse.” “La, mamma, I can never consent.”—“I should not have thought of your consent; the consent of your relations is enough: Why, how now, huffy!” So away you go to church, the knot is tied, an agreeable honey-moon follows, the arm is then dissolved; you go to all the clubs in St James's street; your lady goes to the Coterie; and in a little time you both go to Doctors' Commons; and, if faults on both sides prevent a divorce, you'll quarrel like contrary elements all the rest of your lives: That's the way of the world now.

*Wood.* But you know, my dear Dimity, the old couple have received every mark of attention from me.

*Dim.* Attention! to be sure you did not fall asleep in their company; but what then?—you should have entered into their characters, played with their humours, and sacrificed to their absurdities.

*Wood.* But if my temper is too frank—

*Dim.* Frank, indeed—yes, you have been frank enough to ruin yourself: Have not you to do with a rich old



shop-keeper, retired from business with an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, to enjoy the dust of the London road, which he calls living in the country; and yet you must find fault with his situation—What if he has made a ridiculous gimcrack of his house and gardens, you know his heart is set upon it; and could not you have commended his taste? But you must be too frank! “Those walks and alleys are too regular—those evergreens should not be cut into such fantastic shapes.”—And thus you advise a poor old mechanic, who delights in every thing that’s monstrous, to follow nature—Oh, you’re likely to be a successful lover!

*Wood.* But why should I not save a father-in-law from being a laughing stock?

*Dim.* Make him your father-in-law first.

*Wood.* Why, he can’t open his windows for the dust—he stands all day looking through a pane of glass at the carts and stage-coaches as they pass by; and he calls that living in the fresh air, and enjoying his own thoughts.

*Dim.* And could not you let him go on his own way? You have ruined yourself by talking sense to him; and all your nonsense to the daughter won’t make amends for it—And then the mother; how have you played your cards in that quarter?—She wants a tinsel man of fashion for her second daughter. “Don’t you see (says she) how my happy eldest girl is made by marrying Sir Charles Racket? She has been married three entire weeks, and not so much as one angry word has passed between them.” Nancy shall have a man of quality too.

*Wood.* And yet I know Sir Charles Racket perfectly well.

*Dim.* Yes, so do I; and I know he’ll make his lady wretched at last. But what then? you should have humoured the old folks;—you should have been a talking empty sop to the good old lady, and to the old gentleman, an admirer of his taste in gardening. But you have lost him—he is grown fond of this beau Lovelace, who is here in the house with him; the coxcomb ingratiates himself by flattery, and you’re undone by frankness.

*Wood.* And yet, Dimity, I won’t despair.

*Dim.* And yet you have reason to despair; a million of reasons—To-morrow is fix’d for the wedding-day; Sir Charles and his lady are to be here this very night—they are engaged, indeed, at a great rout in town; but they take a bed here, notwithstanding.—The family is sitting up for them.

in; Mr Drugget will keep you all up in the next room till they arrive—and to-morrow the business is over—yet you don't despair!—Hush!—hold your tongue; he comes Lovelace.—Step in, and I'll devise something, warrant you. [*Exit Woodley.*]—The old folks shall not do their own way—'tis enough to vex a body, to see an father and mother marrying their daughter as they please, in spite of all I can do. ' [*Exit.*

*Enter 'Drugget and' Lovelace.*

*Drug.* And so you like my house and gardens, Mr Lovelace.

*Love.* Oh, perfectly, Sir; they gratify my taste of all things. One sees villas where nature reigns in a wild kind of simplicity; but then they have no appearance of art, no art at all.

*Drug.* Very true, rightly distinguish'd: Now mine is all art; no wild nature here; I did it all myself.

*Love.* What! had you none of the great proficients in gardening to assist you?

*Drug.* Lack-a-day! no—ha! ha!—I understand these things—I love my garden. The front of my house, Mr Lovelace, is not that very pretty?

*Love.* Elegant to a degree!

*Drug.* Don't you like the sun-dial placed just by my dining-room windows?

*Love.* A perfect beauty!

*Drug.* I knew you'd like it—and the motto is so well adapted—*Tempus edax et index rerum.* And I know the meaning of it—Time eateth and discovereth all things—ha! ha!—pretty, Mr Lovelace!—I have seen people so stare at it as they pass by—ha, ha!

*Love.* Why now, I don't believe there's a nobleman in the kingdom has such a thing.

*Drug.* Oh no—they have got into a false taste. I bought that bit of ground the other side of the road—and it looks very pretty—I made a duck-pond there, for the sake of the prospect.

*Love.* Charmingly imagined!

*Drug.* My leaden images are well—

*Love.* They exceed ancient statuary.

*Drug.* I love to be surpris'd at the turning of a walk with an inanimate figure, that looks you full in the face, and can say nothing to you, while one is enjoying one's own thoughts—ha, ha!—Mr Lovelace, I'll point

‘out a beauty to you—Just by the ha-ha at the end of ground, there is a fine Dutch figure, with a scythe in hand and a pipe in his mouth—that’s a jewel, Mr Lovelace.

‘*Love.* That escaped me: A thousand thanks for pointing it out—I observe you have two very fine yew-trees before the house.

*Drug.* Lack-a-day, Sir! they look uncouth—I have a design about them—I intend—ha, ha!—it will be very pretty. Mr Lovelace—I intend to have them cut into the shape of the two giants at Guildhall—ha, ha!

‘*Love.* Exquisite!—why then they won’t look like trees.

‘*Drug.* Oh, no, no—not at all—I won’t have anything in my garden that looks like what it is—ha, ha!

‘*Love.* Nobody understands these things like you, Mr Drugget.

‘*Drug.* Lack-a-day! ’tis all my delight now—this is what I have been working for. I have a great improvement to make still—I propose to have my evergreens cut into fortifications; and then I shall have the Moro-castle and the Havannah; and then near it shall be ships of war, sailing upon seas of box to attack the town: Won’t that make my place look very rural, Mr Lovelace?

‘*Love.* Why, you have the most fertile invention, Mr Drugget.

‘*Drug.* Ha, ha! this is what I have been working for—I love my garden—But I must beg your pardon for a few moments—I must step and speak with a famous nurseryman, who is come to offer me some choice things.—Do go and join the company, Mr Lovelace—my daughter Racket and Sir Charles will be here presently—I shan’t go to bed till I see them—ha, ha!—my place is prettily variegated—this is what I have been working for—I fined for sheriff to enjoy these things—ha, ha!

‘*Love.* Poor Mr Drugget! Mynheer Van Thundertrent, in his little box at the side of a dike, has as much taste and elegance—However, if I can but carry off his daughter, if I can but rob his garden of that flower—why then I shall say, “This is what I have been working for.”

‘*Enter Dimity.*’

*Dim.* Do lend us your assistance, Mr Lovelace—you’re a sweet gentleman, and love a good-natured action.

*Love.*

*ove.* Why how now, what's the matter?

*im.* My master is going to cut the two yew-trees into shape of two devils, I believe; and my poor mistress is taking her heart for it.—Do run and advise him against the's your friend; you know she is, Sir.

*ove.* Oh, if that's all—I'll make the matter easy direct-

*im.* My mistress will be for ever obliged to you; and will marry her daughter in the morning.

*ove.* Oh, my rhetoric shall dissuade him.

*im.* And, Sir, put him against dealing with that nurman; Mrs Drugget hates him.

*ove.* Does she?

*im.* Mortally.

*ove.* Say no more, the business is done. [Exit.

*im.* If he says one word, old Drugget will never forgive—My brain was at its last shift; but if this plot takes so, here comes our Nancy.

*Enter Nancy.*

*Nan.* Well, Dimity, what's to become of me?

*Dim.* My stars! what makes you up, Miss?—I thought you were gone to bed.

*Nan.* What should I go to bed for? only to tumble and fret, and be uneasy—they are going to marry me, I am frightened out of my wits.

*Dim.* Why then, you're the only young lady within fifty miles round that would be frightened at such a thing.

*Nan.* Ah! if they would let me choose for myself.

*Dim.* Don't you like Mr Lovelace?

*Nan.* My mama does, but I don't; I don't mind his being a man of fashion, not I.

*Dim.* And pray, can you do better than follow the fashion?

*Nan.* Ah! I know there's a fashion for new bonnets, and a fashion for dressing the hair—but I never heard of a fashion for the heart.

*Dim.* Why then, my dear, the heart mostly follows the fashion now.

*Nan.* Does it?—pray, who sets the fashion of the heart?

*Dim.* All the fine ladies in London, o'my conscience.

*Nan.* And what's the last new fashion, pray?

*Dim.* Why, to marry any fop that has a few deceitful agreeable



greeable appearances about him; something of a pert phre  
a good operator for the teeth, and tolerable taylor.

*Nan.* And do they marry without loving?

*Dim.* Oh! marrying for love has been a great while  
of fashion.

*Nan.* Why, then, I'll wait till that fashion comes up  
gain.

*Dim.* And then, Mr Lovelace, I reckon—

*Nan.* Psha! I don't like him; he talks to me as if  
was the most miserable man in the world, and the confid  
thing looks so pleased with himself all the while—I wa  
to marry for love, and not for card-playing—I shou  
not be able to bear the life my sister leads with Sir Cha  
Racket—and I'll forfeit my new cap if they don't quar  
soon.

*Dim.* Oh fie! no! they won't quarrel yet a while.—  
quarrel in three weeks after marriage, would be somewh  
of the quickest—Bye-and-bye, we shall hear of their whi  
and their humours—Well, but if you don't like Mr Lov  
lace, what say you to Mr Woodley?

*Nan.* Ah!—I don't know what to say—but I do lov  
him dearly, Dimity.

#### ‘ S O N G .

- ‘ When first the dear youth passing by,
- ‘ Disceos'd his fair form to my sight,
- ‘ I gaz'd, but I could not tell why,
- ‘ My heart it went throb with delight.
- ‘ As nearer he drew, those sweet eyes,
- ‘ Were with their dear meaning so bright,
- ‘ I trembled, and, lost in surprise,
- ‘ My heart it went throb with delight.
- ‘ When his lips their dear accents did try,
- ‘ The return of my love to excite,
- ‘ I feign'd, yet began to guess why,
- ‘ My heart it went throb with delight.
- ‘ We chang'd the stol'n glance, the fond smile,
- ‘ Which lovers alone read aright;
- ‘ We look'd, and we sigh'd, yet the while,
- ‘ Our hearts they went throb with delight.
- ‘ Consent I soon blush'd, with a sigh,
- ‘ My promise I ventur'd to plight;
- ‘ Come, Hymen, we then shall know why,
- ‘ Our hearts they go throb with delight.’

*Enter Woodley.*

*Wood.* My sweetest angel! I have heard all, and my heart overflows with love and gratitude.

*Nancy.* Ah! but I did not know you was listening. You should not have betray'd me so, Dimity: I shall be angry with you.

*Dim.* Well, I'll take my chance for that.—Run both to my room, and say all your pretty things to one another; for here comes the old gentleman—make haste,  
[*Exeunt Woodley and Nancy.*]

*Enter Drugget.*

*Drug.* A forward presuming coxcomb!—Dimity, do step to Mrs Drugget, and send her hither.

*Dim.* Yes, Sir.—It works upon him I see. [*Exit.*]

*Drug.* The yew-trees ought not to be cut, because they'll help to keep off the dust, and I am too near the road already.—A sorry ignorant fop!—when I am in so fine a situation, and can see every carriage that goes by.—And then abuse the nurseryman's rarities!—A finer sucking pig in the garden, with sage growing in his belly, was never seen!—And yet he wants me not to have it.—But have it I will.—There's a fine tree of knowledge, too, with Adam and Eve in juniper; Eve's nose not quite grown, but 'tis thought in the spring will be very forward—I'll have that; with the serpent in ground-ivy—two poets in wormwood—I'll have them both. Ay; and there's a lord-mayor's seat in honeysuckle; and the whole court of aldermen in bean-beam; and three modern beaux in jessamine, somewhat tainted: They all shall be in my garden, with the Dragon Wantley in box—all—all—I'll have 'em all, let my wife and Mr Lovelace say what they will—

*Enter Mrs Drugget.*

*Mrs Drug.* Did you send for me, lovely?

*Drug.* The yew-trees shall be cut into the giants of Guildhall, whether you will or not.

*Mrs Drug.* Sure my own dear will do as he pleases.

*Drug.* And the pond, tho' you praise the green banks, shall be walled round, and I shall have a little fat boy in marble, spouting up water in the middle.

*Mrs Drug.* My sweet, who hinders you?

*Drug.* Yes, and I'll buy the nurseryman's whole catalogue—Do you think, after retiring to live all the way here, almost

almost four miles from London, that I won't do as I please in my own garden?

*Mrs Drug.* My dear, but why are you in such a passion?

*Drug.* I'll have the lavender-pig, and the Adam and Eve, and the Dragon of Wantley, and all of 'em—and the house shall be a more romantic spot on the London road than mine.

*Mrs Drug.* I'm sure 'tis as pretty as hands can make it.

*Drug.* I did it all myself, and I'll do more—And Lovelace shan't have my daughter.

*Mrs Drug.* No! what's the matter now, Mr Drug?

*Drug.* He shall learn better manners than to abuse my house and gardens.—You put him in the head of it; but I'll disappoint ye both—And so you may go and tell Lovelace that the match is quite off.

*Mrs Drug.* I can't comprehend all this, not I;—but I'll tell him so, if you please, my dear—I am willing to give myself pain, if it will give you pleasure:—Must I give myself pain?—Don't ask me, pray don't;—I don't like pain.

*Drug.* I am resolved, and it shall be so.

*Mrs Drug.* Let it be so then —[Cries.]—Oh! oh! cry my dear man! I shall break my heart if the match is broke off—it is not concluded to-morrow, send for an undertaker, and bury me the next day.

*Drug.* How! I don't want that neither—

*Mrs Drug.* Oh! oh!

*Drug.* I am your lord and master, my dear, but not your executioner—Before George, it must never be said that my wife died of too much compliance—Cheer up, my love—and this affair shall be settled as soon as Sir Charles and my lady Racket arrive.

*Mrs Drug.* You bring me to life again—You know, my dear, what an happy couple Sir Charles and his lady are—Why should not we make our Nancy as happy?

*Enter Dimity.*

*Dim.* Sir Charles and his lady, ma'am.

*Mrs Drug.* Oh! charming! I'm transported with joy!—Where are they? I long to see 'em.

*Dim.* Well, Sir; the happy couple are arrived.

*Drug.* Yes, they do live happy indeed.

*Dim.* But how long will it last?

*Drug.* How long! don't forbode any ill, you jade—don't I say—It will last during their lives, I hope.

*im.* Well, mark the end of it—Sir Charles, I know, and good-humoured—but he can't bear the least contention, no, not in the merest trifle.

*rug.* Hold your tongue—hold your tongue.

*im.* Yes, Sir, I have done:—And yet there is in the disposition of Sir Charles a certain humour, which like the gout, gives no disturbance to the family till it settles in the head—When once it fixes there, mercy on every body but him! but here he comes. [Exit.

*Enter Sir Charles.*

*r Cha.* My dear Sir, I kiss your hand—but why stand ceremony? To find you up this late, mortifies me beyond expression.

*rug.* 'Tis but once in a way, Sir Charles.

*r Cha.* My obligations to you are inexpressible; you have given me the most amiable of girls; our tempers agree like unisons in music.

*rug.* Ah! that's what makes me happy in my old days; children and my garden are all my care.

*r Cha.* And my friend Lovelace—he is to have our sister Lucy, I find.

*rug.* Why, my wife is so minded.

*r Cha.* Oh, by all means, let her be made happy—A pretty fellow Lovelace—And as to that Mr—Woodstock I think you call him—he is but a plain, underbred, ill-tempered sort of a—nobody knows him; he is not one of us. By all means, marry him to one of us.

*rug.* I believe it must be so—Would you take any recommendation?

*r Cha.* Nothing in nature—it is time to retire.

*rug.* Well, well! good-night then, Sir Charles—Ha! here comes my daughter—Good night, Sir Charles.

*r Cha.* *Bon repos.*

*rug.* [Going out.]—My lady Racket, I'm glad to hear you are happy you are, I won't detain you now—There's your husband waiting for you—Good night, my girl. [Exit.

*r Cha.* I must humour this old putt, in order to be remembered in his will.

*Enter Lady Racket.*

*L. Rac.* O la!—I'm quite fatigued—!—I can hardly move—Why don't you help me, you barbarous man?

*r Cha.* There; take my arm—"Was ever thing so easily made to walk!"

*L. Rac.*



*L. Rac.* But I won't be laughed at—I don't love you.  
*Sir Cha.* Don't you?

*L. Rac.* No. Dear me! this glove! Why don't you  
 me off with my glove? pshaw!—You aukward thing, be  
 alone; you an't fit to be about me; I might as well not  
 married; for any use you are of—reach me a chair—you  
 no compassion for me—I am so glad to sit down—  
 do you drag me to routs—You know I hate 'em.

*Sir Cha.* Oh, there's no existing, no breathing, unless  
 does as other people of fashion do.

*L. Rac.* But I'm out of humour—I lost all my money.

*Sir Cha.* How much?

*L. Rac.* Three hundred.

*Sir Cha.* Never fret for that—I don't value three hun-  
 pounds to contribute to your happiness.

*L. Rac.* Don't you?—Not value three hundred pounds  
 to please me!

*Sir Cha.* You know I don't.

*L. Rac.* Ah, you fond fool!—But I hate gaming—I  
 most metamorphoses a woman into a fury—Do you know  
 that I was frighted at myself several times to-night—I  
 an huge oath on the very tip of my tongue.

*Sir Cha.* Had you?

*Lady Rac.* I caught myself at it—and so I bit my lip.  
 And then I was crammed up in a corner of the room  
 such a strange party at a whist-table, looking at black  
 red spots—did you mind 'em?

*Sir Cha.* You know I was busy elsewhere.

*L. Rac.* There was that strange unaccountable woman  
 Mrs Nightshade—She behaved so strangely to her husband  
 poor, inoffensive, good-natured, good sort of a good-  
 nothing kind of man.—But she so teased him—“  
 could you play that card?—Ah, you have a head, and fold  
 a pin—You're a numbskull, you know you are—Ma'am,  
 has the poorest head in the world, he does not know what  
 is about; you know you don't—Ah fie! I'm ashamed of you.”

*Sir Cha.* She has served to divert you I see.

*L. Rac.* And then, to crown all—there was my  
 Clackit, who runs on with an eternal volubility of nothing  
 out of all season, time, and place—In the very midst of  
 game she begins,—“Lard, ma'am, I was apprehensive  
 should not be able to wait on your ladyship—my poor  
 dog, Pompey—the sweetest thing in the world—a spade  
 —there's the knave.—I was fetching a walk, me'm,

er morning in the Park—a fine frosty morning it was—  
 ve frosty weather of all things—let me look at the last  
 k—and so, m'em, little Pompey—and if your la'ship was  
 ee the dear creature pinched with the frost, and mincing  
 steps along the Mall, with his pretty little innocent face  
 vow I don't know what to play—And so, m'em, while  
 as talking to captain Flimsey—your la'ship knows captain  
 msey—Nothing but rubbish in my hand—I can't help it  
 And so, m'em, five odious frights of dogs beset my poor  
 le Pompey—the dear creature has the heart of a lion, but  
 o can resist five at once?—And so Pompey barked for  
 stance—the hurt he received was upon his chest—the  
 tor would not advise him to venture out till the wound is  
 d, for fear of an inflammation—Pray, what's trumps?"

*Sir Cha.* My dear, you'd make a most excellent actress.

*L. Rac.* Well, now, let's go to rest—but Sir Charles,  
 y shockingly you play'd that last rubber, when I stood  
 king over you!

*Sir Cha.* My love, I play'd the truth of the game.

*L. Rac.* No, indeed, my dear, you play'd it wrong.

*Sir Cha.* Po! nonsense! you don't understand it.

*L. Rac.* I beg your pardon, I'm allowed to play better  
 n you.

*Sir Cha.* All conceit, my dear; I was perfectly right.

*L. Rac.* No such thing, Sir Charles, the diamond was  
 play.

*Sir Cha.* Po! po! ridiculous! the club was the card a-  
 st the world.

*L. Rac.* Oh! no, no, no; I say it was the diamond.

*Sir Cha.* Zounds! madam, I say it was the club.

*L. Rac.* What do you fly into such a passion for?

*Sir Cha.* 'Sdeath and fury! do you think I don't know  
 t I'm about? I tell you once more, the club was the  
 gment of it.

*L. Rac.* May be so—have it your own way.

[Walks about and sings.

*Sir Cha.* Vexation! you're the strangest woman that ever  
 d; there's no conversing with you—Look ye here now,  
 lady Racket—'tis the clearest case in the world, I'll make  
 ain in a moment.

*L. Rac.* Well, Sir! ha, ha, ha! [With a sneering laugh.

*Sir Cha.* I had four cards left—a trump was led—they  
 e fix—no, no, no, they were seven, and we nine—  
 you know—the beauty of the play was to—

P

*L. Rac.*

*L. Rac.* Well, now, 'tis amazing to me, that you can't see it—Give me leave, Sir Charles—your left-hand adversary had led his last trump—and he had before finess'd the club and rough'd the diamond—now if you had put on your diamond——

*Sir Cha.* Zounds! madam, but we play'd for the odd trick.

*L. Rac.* And sure the play for the odd trick——

*Sir Cha.* Death and fury! can't you hear me?

*L. Rac.* Go on, Sir.

*Sir Cha.* Zounds! hear me, I say. Will you hear me?

*L. Rac.* I never heard the like in my life.

*[Hums a tune and walks about fretfully.]*

*Sir Cha.* Why then you are enough to provoke the patience of a Stoick.—*[Looks at her, and she walks about and laughs uneasily.]* Very well, madam!—You know no more of the game than your father's leaden Hercules on the top of the house—You know no more of whist than he does of gardening.

*L. Rac.* Ha, ha, ha! *[Takes out a glass and settles her hair.]*

*Sir Cha.* You're a vile woman, and I'll not sleep another night under one roof with you.

*L. Rac.* As you please, Sir.

*Sir Cha.* Madam, it shall be as I please—I'll order my chariot this moment—*[Going.]* I know how the cards should be play'd as well as any man in England, that let me tell you *[Going.]*—And when your family were standing behind counters, measuring out tape, and bartering for White-chapel needles, my ancestors, my ancestors, madam, were squandering away whole estates at cards; whole estates, my lady Racket.—*[She hums a tune, and he looks at her.]*—Why then, by all that's dear to me, I'll never exchange another word with you, good, bad, or indifferent—Look ye, my lady Racket—thus it stood—the trump being led, it was then my business——

*L. Rac.* To play the diamond, to be sure.

*Sir Cha.* Damn it, I have done with you for ever; and so you may tell your father. *[Exit.]*

*L. Rac.* What a passion the gentleman's in!—ha, ha! *[laughs in a peevish manner.]* I promise him, I'll not give up my judgment.

*Enter Sir Charles.*

*Sir Cha.* My lady Racket, look ye, ma'am—once more out of pure good nature——

*L. Rac.*

*L. Rac.* Sir, I am convinced of your good nature.

*Sir Cha.* That, and that only, prevails with me to tell you, the club was the play.

*L. Rac.* Well, be it so—I have no objection.

*Sir Cha.* 'Tis the clearest point in the world—we were nine, and——

*L. Rac.* And for that very reason—you know the club was the best in the house.

*Sir Cha.* There's no such thing as talking to you—You're a base woman—I'll part from you for ever; you may live here with your father, and admire his fantastical ever-greens till you grow as fantastical yourself—I'll set out for London this instant—*[Stops at the door.]* The club was not the best in the house.

*L. Rac.* How calm you are!—Well!—I'll go to bed; will you come?—You had better—Come then—you shall come to bed—Not come to bed when I ask you? Poor Sir Charles!

*[Looks and laughs, then exit.]*

*Sir Cha.* That ease is provoking. *[Crosses to the opposite door where she went out.]*—I tell you the diamond was not the play; and I here take my final leave of you—*[Walks back as fast as he can.]* I am resolv'd upon it; and I know the club was not the best in the house. *[Exit.]*

## ACT II.

*Enter DIMITY.*

DIMITY.

**H**A, ha, ha! Oh, Heavens! I shall expire in a fit of laughing—This is the modish couple that were so happy!—such a quarrel as they have had—the whole house is in uproar—ha, ha! a rare proof of the happiness they enjoy in high life. I shall never hear people of fashion mentioned again, but I shall be ready to die in a fit of laughter—Ho! ho! ho! this is three weeks after marriage, I think.

*Enter Drugget.*

*Drug.* Hey! how? what's the matter, Dimity?—What am I call'd down stairs for?

*Dim.* Why, there's two people of fashion——

*[Stifles a laugh.]*

*Drug.* Why, you saucy minx!——Explain this moment.



*Dim.* The fond couple have been together by the ears this half hour—are you satisfied now?

*Drug.* Ay!—What, have they quarrell'd?—what was it about?

*Dim.* Something above my comprehension, and your's too, I believe—People in high life understand their own forms best—And here comes one that can unriddle the whole affair.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Sir Charles.*

*Sir Cha.* [*To the people within.*] I say, let the horses be put to this moment—So, Mr Drugget.

*Drug.* Sir Charles, here's a terrible bustle—I did not expect this—what can be the matter?

*Sir Cha.* I have been used by your daughter in so base, so contemptuous a manner, that I am determined not to stay in this house to-night.

*Drug.* This is a thunderbolt to me! after seeing how elegantly and fashionably you lived together, to find now all fun-shine vanish'd—Do, Sir Charles, let me heal this breach, if possible.

*Sir Cha.* Sir, 'tis impossible—I'll not live with her a day longer.

*Drug.* Nay, nay, don't be over hasty—let me intreat you, go to bed and sleep upon it—in the morning, when you're cool——

*Sir Cha.* Oh, Sir I am very cool, I assure——ha!—ha!—it is not in her power, Sir, to—a—a—to disturb the serenity of my temper—Don't imagine that I'm in a passion—I'm not so easily ruffled as you may imagine—But quietly and deliberately I can repay the injuries done me by a false, ungrateful, deceitful wife.

*Drug.* The injuries done you by a false, ungrateful wife! My daughter, I hope—

*Sir Cha.* Her character is now fully known to me—she's a vile woman! That's all I have to say, Sir.

*Drug.* Hey! how?—a vile woman!—What has she done—I hope she is not capable——

*Sir Cha.* I shall enter into no detail; Mr Drugget; the time and circumstances won't allow it at present—But depend upon it, I have done with her—a low, unpolish'd, uneducated, false, imposing—See if the horses are put to.

*Drug.* Mercy on me, in my old days, to hear this!

*Enter Mrs Drugget.*

*Mrs Drug.* Deliver me! I am all over in such a trem-  
ble—

ble—Sir Charles, I shall break my heart if there's any thing amiss.

*Sir Cha.* Madam, I am very sorry, for your sake—but there is no possibility of living with her.

*Mrs. Drug.* My poor dear girl! what can she have done?

*Sir Cha.* What all her sex can do, the very spirit of them all.

*Drug.* Ay, ay, ay!—She's bringing foul disgrace upon us—This comes of marrying a man of fashion.

*Sir Cha.* Fashion, Sir!—that should have instructed her better—she might have been sensible of her happiness—Whatever you may think of the fortune you gave her, my rank in life claims respect—claims obedience, attention, truth, and love, from one raised in the world, as she has been, by an alliance with me.

*Drug.* And let me tell you, however you may estimate your quality, my daughter is dear to me.

*Sir Cha.* And, Sir, my character is dear to me.

*Drug.* Yet you must give me leave to tell you—

*Sir Cha.* I won't hear a word.

*Drug.* Not in behalf of my own daughter?

*Sir Cha.* Nothing can excuse her—'tis to no purpose—she has married above her; and if that circumstance makes the lady forget herself, she at least shall see that I can and will support my own dignity.

*Drug.* But, Sir, I have a right to ask—

*Mrs Drug.* Patience, my dear; be a little calm.

*Drug.* Mrs Drugget, do you have patience; I must and will enquire.

*Mrs Drug.* Don't be so hasty, my love; have some respect for Sir Charles's rank; don't be violent with a man of his fashion.

*Drug.* Hold your tongue, woman, I say—you're not a person of fashion at least—My daughter was ever a good girl.

*Sir Cha.* I have found her out.

*Drug.* Oh, then it is all over—and it does not signify arguing about it.

*Mrs Drug.* That ever I should live to see this hour! how the unfortunate girl could take such wickedness in her head, I can't imagine—I'll go and speak to the unhappy creature this moment. [Exit.

*Sir Cha.* She stands detected now—detected in her truest colours.

*Drug.* Well, grievous as it may be, let me hear the circumstances of this unhappy business.

*Sir Cha.* Mr Drugget, I have not leisure now—but her behaviour has been so exasperating, that I shall make the best of my way to town—My mind is fixed—She sees me no more; and so, your servant, Sir. [Exit.]

*Drug.* What a calamity has here befallen us! a good girl, and so well disposed, till the evil communication of high life, and fashionable vices, turn'd her to folly.

*Enter Lovelace.*

*Love.* Joy! joy! Mr Drugget, I give you joy.

*Drug.* Don't insult me, Sir!—I desire you won't.

*Love.* Insult you, Sir!—is there any thing insulting, my dear Sir, if I take the liberty to congratulate you on—

*Drug.* There! there!—the manners of high life for you—he thinks there's nothing in all this—the ill behaviour of a wife he thinks an ornament to her character—Mr Lovelace, you shall have no daughter of mine.

*Love.* My dear Sir, never bear malice—I have reconsidered the thing; and curse catch me, if I don't think your notion of the Guildhall giants and the court of aldermen in hornbeam—

*Drug.* Well, well, well! there may be people at the court-end of the town in hornbeam too.

*Love.* Yes, faith, so there may—and I believe I could recommend you to a tolerable collection—however, with your daughter I am ready to venture.

*Drug.* But I am not ready—I'll not venture my girl with you—no more daughters of mine shall have their minds depraved by polite vices.

*Enter Woodley.*

*Mr Woodley*—you shall have Nancy to your wife, as I promised you—take her to-morrow morning.

*Wood.* Sir, I have not words to express—

*Love.* What the devil is the matter with the old haberdasher now?

*Drug.* And hark ye, Mr Woodley—I'll make you a present for your garden of a coronation-dinner in greens, with the champion riding on horseback, and the sword will be full-grown before April next.

*Wood.* I shall receive it, Sir, as your favour.

*Drug.* Ay, ay! I see my error in wanting an alliance with great folks—I had rather have you, Mr Woodley,

for

‘ for my son-in-law, than any courtly fop of ’em all. Is this man gone?—Is Sir Charles Racket gone?

‘ *Wood.* Not yet;—he makes a bawling yonder for his horses—I’ll step and call to him. [*Exit.*

‘ *Drug.* I am out of all patience—I am out of my senses—  
‘ —I must see him once more’—Mr Lovelace, neither you nor any person of fashion shall ruin another daughter of mine.

[*Exit.*

*Love.* Droll this!—damn’d droll! and every syllable of it Arabic to me——The queer old putt is as whimsical in his notions of life as of gardening. If this be the case—I’ll brush, and leave him to his exotics. [*Exit.*

*Enter Lady Racket, Mrs Drugget, and Dimity.*

*L. Rac.* A cruel, barbarous man! to quarrel in this unaccountable manner; to alarm the whole house, and expose me and himself too.

*Mrs Drug.* Oh, child! I never thought it would have come to this—Your shame won’t end here! it will be all over St James’s parish by to-morrow morning.

*L. Rac.* Well, if it must be so, there’s one comfort, the story will tell more to his disgrace than mine.

*Dim.* As I’m a sinner, and so it will, madam. He deserves what he has met with, I think.

*Mrs Drug.* Dimity, don’t you encourage her—you shock me to hear you speak so—I did not think you had been so hardened.

*L. Rac.* Hardened do you call it?—I have lived in the world to very little purpose, if such trifles as these are to disturb my rest.

*Mrs Drug.* You wicked girl!—Do you call it a trifle to be guilty of falsehood to your husband’s bed?

*L. Rac.* How?— [*Turns short and stares at her.*

‘ *Dim.* That! that’s a mere trifle indeed—I have been in as good places as any body, and not a creature minds it now, I’m sure.

‘ *Mrs Drug.* My lady Racket, my lady Racket, I never could think to see you come to this deplorable shame.

‘ *L. Rac.* Surely the base man has not been capable of laying any thing of that sort to my charge—[*Aside.*]—All this is unaccountable to me—ha, ha!—’tis ridiculous beyond measure.

‘ *Dim.* That’s right, madam—laugh at it—you served him right.

‘ *Mrs*



*Mrs Drug.* Charlotte! Charlotte! I'm astonished at your wickedness.

*L. Rac.* Well, I protest and vow I don't comprehend all this.—Has Sir Charles accused me of any impropriety in my conduct?

*Mrs Drug.* Oh! too true, he has—He has found you out; and you have behaved basely, he says.

*L. Rac.* Madam!

*Mrs Drug.* You have fallen into frailty, like many others of your sex, he says; and he is resolved to come to a separation directly.

*L. Rac.* Why then, if he is so base a wretch as to dishonour me in that manner, his heart shall ache before I live with him again.

*Dim.* Hold to that, ma'am; and let his head ache into the bargain.

*Mrs Drug.* Your poor father heard it as well as me.

*L. Rac.* Then let your doors be opened for him this very moment—let him return to London—If he does not, I'll lock myself up; and the false one shan't approach me, tho' he beg on his knees at my very door—a base injurious man! [Exit]

*Mrs Drug.* Dimity, do let us follow, and hear what she has to say for herself. [Exit]

*Dim.* She has excuse enough, I warrant her—What a noise is here indeed!—I have lived in polite families, where there was no such bustle made about nothing. [Exit]

*Enter Sir Charles and Drugget.*

*Sir Cha.* 'Tis in vain, Sir; my resolution is taken—

*Drug.* Well, but consider, I am her father—indulge me only till we hear what the girl has to say in her defence.

*Sir Cha.* She can have nothing to say—no excuse can palliate such behaviour.

*Drug.* Don't be too positive—there may be some mistake.

*Sir Cha.* No mistake—did not I see her, hear her myself?

*Drug.* Lack-a-day! then I am an unfortunate man!

*Sir Cha.* She will be unfortunate too—with all my heart—she may thank herself—she might have been happy, had she been so disposed.

*Drug.* Why, truly, I think she might.

*Enter Mrs Drugget.*

*Mrs Drug.* I wish you'd moderate your anger a little—and

and let us talk over this affair with temper——my daughter denies every tittle of your charge.

*Sir Cha.* Denies it! denies it!

*Mrs Drug.* She does indeed.

*Sir Cha.* And that aggravates her fault.

*Mrs Drug.* She vows you never found her out in any thing that was wrong.

*Sir Cha.* So! she does not allow it to be wrong then?----

Madam, I tell you again, I know her thoroughly; I say, I have found her out, and I am now acquainted with her character.

*Mrs Drug.* Then you are in opposite stories—she swears, my dear Mr Drugget, the poor girl swears, she never was guilty of the smallest infidelity to her husband in her born days.

*Sir Cha.* And what then?—what if she does say so?

*Mrs Drug.* And if she says truly, it is hard her character should be blown upon without just cause.

*Sir Cha.* And is she therefore to behave ill in other respects? I never charged her with infidelity to me, madam.

—There I allow her innocent.

*Drug.* And did not you charge her then?

*Sir Cha.* No, Sir, I never dreamt of such a thing.

*Drug.* Why then, if she's innocent, let me tell you, you're a scandalous person.

*Mrs Drug.* Prithee, my dear——

*Drug.* Be quiet---tho' he is a man of quality, I will tell him of it——did not I fine for sheriff?---Yes, you are a scandalous person, to defame an honest man's daughter.

*Sir Cha.* What have you taken into your head now?

*Drug.* You charged her with falsehood to your bed.

*Sir Cha.* No——never——never.

*Drug.* But I say you did——You called yourself a cuckold---did not he, wife?

*Mrs Drug.* Yes, lovely, I'm witness.

*Sir Cha.* Absurd! I said no such thing.

*Drug.* But I aver you did.

*Mrs Drug.* You did, indeed, Sir.

*Sir Cha.* But I tell you no---positively no.

*Drug.* and *Mrs Drug.* And I say yes, positively yes——

*Sir Cha.* 'Sdeath! this is all madness.

*Drug.* You said she follow'd the ways of most of her sex.

*Sir Cha.* I said so——and what then?

*Drug.* There, he owns it——owns that he call'd himself

self a cuckold—and without rhyme or reason into the bargain.

*Sir Cha.* I never own'd any such thing.

*Drug.* You own'd it even now—now—now.

*Enter Dimity in a fit of laughing.*

*Dim.* What do you think it was all about? ha, ha! the whole secret is come out, ha, ha!—It was all about a game of cards—ha, ha!

*Drug.* A game of cards!

*Dim.* [*laughing.*] It was all about a club and a diamond.  
[*Runs out laughing.*]

*Drug.* And was that all, Sir Charles?

*Sir Cha.* And enough too, Sir—

*Drug.* And was that what you found her out in?

*Sir Cha.* I can't bear to be contradicted when I'm clear that I'm in the right.

*Drug.* I never heard such a heap of nonsense in all my life—Woodley shall marry Nancy.

*Mrs Drug.* Don't be in a hurry, my love, this will all be made up.

*Drug.* Why does not he go and beg her pardon, then?

*Sir Cha.* I beg her pardon! I won't debase myself to any of you—I shan't forgive her, you may rest assured. [*Exit.*]

*Drug.* Now there—there's a pretty fellow for you!

*Mrs Drug.* I'll step and prevail on my lady Racket to speak to him—then all will be well. [*Exit.*]

*Drug.* A ridiculous fop! I'm glad 'tis no worse, however.

*Enter Nancy.*

So Nancy—you seem in confusion, my girl!

*Nan.* How can one help it?—With all this noise in the house, and you're going to marry me as ill as my sister. I hate Mr Lovelace.

*Drug.* Why so, child?

*Nan.* I know these people of quality despise us all out of pride, and would be glad to marry us out of avarice.

*Drug.* The girl's right.

*Nan.* They marry one woman, live with another, and love only themselves.

*Drug.* And then quarrel about a card.

*Nan.* I don't want to be a gay lady—I want to be happy.

*Drug.* And so you shall; don't fright yourself, child—  
step

step to your sister, bid her make herself easy; go and comfort her, go.

Nan. Yes, Sir.

[Exit.

Drug. I'll step and settle the matter with Mr Woodley this moment.

[Exit.

*Enter Sir Charles, with a pack of cards in his hand.*

Sir Cha. Never was any thing like her behaviour. I can pick out the very cards I had in my hand; and then 'tis as plain as the sun—there now, there—no, damn it, no, there it was—Now let's see—they had four by honours, and we play'd for the odd trick—damnation! honours were divided; ay, honours were divided; and then a trump was led: And the other side had the—confusion! this preposterous woman has put it all out of my head. [Puts the cards into his pocket.] Mighty well, madam; I have done with you.

*Enter Mrs Drugget.*

Mrs Drug. Come, Sir Charles, let me prevail—Come with me and speak to her.

Sir Cha. I don't desire to see her face.

Mrs Drug. If you were to see her all bathed in tears, I am sure it would melt your very heart.

Sir Cha. Madam, it shall be my fault if ever I am treated so again—I'll have nothing to say to her—[Going, stops.] Does she give up the point?

Mrs Drug. She does—she agrees to any thing.

Sir Cha. Does she allow that the club was the play?

Mrs Drug. Just as you please—she's all submission.

Sir Cha. Does she own that the club was not the best in the house?

Mrs Drug. She does—she does.

Sir Cha. Then I'll step and speak to her—I never was clearer in any thing in my life. But, Mrs Drugget, give me leave to ask you—You are a very sensible woman now—I'll show you—Here are the very cards—

Mrs Drug. Lord Sir, I understand nothing at all about cards.

Sir Cha. Damn me, if ever I saw such an obstinate family all my life.

[Exit.

Mrs Drug. Lord love 'em, they'll make it up now, and then they'll be as happy as ever.

[Exit.

*Enter Nancy.*

Nan. Well, they may talk what they will of taste, and genteel



genteel life—I don't think 'tis natural—Give me Mr Woodley—La! there's that odious thing coming this way.

*Enter Lovelace.*

*Love.* My charming little innocent, I have not seen you these three hours.

*Nan.* I have been very happy these three hours.

*Love.* My sweet angel, you seem disconcerted—And you neglect your pretty figure---No matter for the present; in a little time I shall make you appear as graceful and genteel as your sister.

*Nan.* That is not what employs my thoughts, Sir.

*Love.* Ay, but my pretty little dear, that should engage your attention---to set off and adorn the charms that nature has given you, should be the business of your life.

*Nan.* Ah, but I have learned a new song that contradicts what you say; and tho' I am not in a very good humour for singing, yet you shall hear it.

*Love.* By all means——don't check your fancy, I'll all attention.

*Nan.* It expresses my sentiments; and when you have heard them, you won't tease me any more.

S O N G.

- ' To dance, and to dress, and to flaunt it about;
- ' To run to park, play, to assembly and rout;
- ' To wander for ever in whim's giddy maze,
- ' And one poor hair torture a million of ways;
- ' To put, at the glass, every feature to school,
- ' And practise their art on each fop and each fool;
- ' Of one thing to think, and another to tell:
- ' These, these are the manners of each giddy belle.
- ' To smile and to simper, white teeth to display;
- ' The time in gay follies to trifle away;
- ' Against every virtue the bosom to steel,
- ' And only of dress the anxieties feel;
- ' To be at Eve's ear the insidious decoy;
- ' The pleasure ne'er taste, yet the mischief enjoy;
- ' To boast of soft raptures they never can know:
- ' These, these are the manners of each giddy beau. [*Exit.*]

*Nan.* May be so, Sir; but I'm not at leisure to receive your instructions, and so your servant, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Love.* I must have her notwithstanding this; for tho' I'm not in love, yet I'm in debt.

*Enter*

*Enter Drugget.*

*Drug.* So, Mr Lovelace! Any news from above stairs? Is this absurd quarrel at an end? Have they made it up?

*Love.* Oh! a mere bagatelle, Sir; these little fracas among the better sort of people never last long. Elegant trifles cause elegant disputes; and we come together elegantly again—as you see; for here they come, in perfect good humour.

*Enter Sir Charles and Lady Racket.*

*Sir Cha.* Mr Drugget, I embrace you; Sir, you see me now in the most perfect harmony of spirits.

*Drug.* What, all reconciled again?

*L. Rac.* All made up, Sir—I knew how to bring him to my lure.—This is the first difference, I think, we ever had, Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* And I'll be sworn it shall be the last.

*Drug.* I am happy at last—Sir Charles, I can spare you an image to put on the top of your house in London.

*Sir Cha.* Infinitely obliged to you.

*Drug.* Well, well—'Tis time to retire now—I am glad to see you reconciled; and now I'll wish you a good night, Sir Charles; Mr Lovelace, this is your way—fare ye well both—I am glad your quarrels are at an end—This way, Mr Lovelace. [*Exeunt Lovelace and Drugget.*]

*L. Rac.* Ah! you're a sad man, Sir Charles, to behave to me as you have done.

*Sir Cha.* My dear, I grant it, and such an absurd quarrel too—ha, ha!

*L. Rac.* Yes—ha, ha!—about such a trifle!

*Sir Cha.* 'Tis pleasant how we could both fall into such an error—ha, ha!

*L. Rac.* Ridiculous beyond expression—ha, ha!

*Sir Cha.* And then the mistake your father and mother fell into—ha, ha!

*L. Rac.* That too is a diverting part of the story—ha, ha! But Sir Charles, must I stay and live with my father till I grow as fantastical as his own evergreens?

*Sir Cha.* No, no, prithee—don't remind me of my folly.

*L. Rac.* Ah! my relations were all standing behind counters, selling Whitechapel needles, while your family were spending great estates.

*Sir Cha.* Nay, nay—spare my blushes.

*L. Rac.* How could you say so harsh a thing?—I don't love you.

Q

Sir

*Sir Cha.* It was indelicate, I grant it.

*L. Rac.* Am I a vile woman?

*Sir Cha.* How can you, my angel?

*L. Rac.* I shan't forgive you—I'll have you on your knees for this. [*Sings and plays with him.*]—"Go, naughty man!"—Ah! Sir Charles!

*Sir Cha.* The rest of my life shall aim at convincing you how sincerely I love—

*L. Rac.* [*Sings.*] "Go, naughty man; I can't abide you."—Well! come let us go to rest. [*Going.*] Ah! Sir Charles!—now it is all over, the diamond was the play.

*Sir Cha.* Oh, no, no, no,—my dear! ha, ha!—it was the club, indeed!

*L. Rac.* Indeed, my love, you're mistaken.

*Sir Cha.* Oh, no, no, no.

*L. Rac.* But I say yes, yes, yes— [*Both laughing.*]

*Sir Cha.* Psha! no such thing—ha, ha!

*L. Rac.* 'Tis so indeed—ha, ha!

*Sir Cha.* No, no, no—you'll make me die with laughing.

*L. Rac.* Ay, and you make me laugh too—ha, ha!

[*Toying with him.*]

*Enter Footman.*

*Foot.* Your honour's cap and slippers.

*Sir Cha.* Ay, lay down my night-cap—and here, take these shoes off. [*He takes them off, and leaves them at a distance.*] Indeed, my lady Racket, you make me ready to expire with laughing—ha, ha!

*L. Rac.* You may laugh—but I'm right, notwithstanding.

*Sir Cha.* How can you say so?

*L. Rac.* How can you say otherwise?

*Sir Cha.* Well, now mind me, my lady Racket—We can talk of this matter in good humour; we can discuss it coolly.

*L. Rac.* So we can—and 'tis for that reason I venture to speak to you—Are these the ruffles I bought for you?

*Sir Cha.* They are, my dear.

*L. Rac.* They are very pretty—But indeed you played the card wrong.

*Sir Cha.* Po, there is nothing so clear—if you will but hear me—only hear me.

*L. Rac.* Ah! but do you hear me—the thing was thus—The adversary's club being the best in the house—

*Sir Cha.* How can you talk so!— [*Somewhat peevish.*]

*L. Rac.* See there now.

*Sir Cha.* Listen to me—This was the affair—

*Rac.*

*L. Rac.* Psha! fiddlestick! hear me first.

*Sir Cha.* Po——no——damn it, let me speak.

*L. Rac.* Well, to be sure you are a strange man.

*Sir Cha.* Plague and torture! there is no such thing as conversing with you.

*L. Rac.* Very well, Sir! fly out again.

*Sir Cha.* Look here now——here's a pack of cards; now you shall be convinced.'

*L. Rac.* You may talk till to-morrow; I know I'm right. *[Walks about.]*

*Sir Cha.* Why then, by all that's perverse, you are the most headstrong——Can't you look here now?——here are the very cards.

*L. Rac.* Go on; you'll find it out at last.

*Sir Cha.* Damn it! will you let a man show you?——Po! this all nonsense—I'll talk no more about it. *[Puts up the cards.]*——Come, we'll go to bed. *[Going.]*——Now, only stay a moment. *[Takes out the cards.]*——Now, mind me—see here.

*L. Rac.* No, it does not signify, your head will be clearer in the morning—I'll go to bed.

*Sir Cha.* Stay a moment, can't ye?

*L. Rac.* No—my head begins to ache. *[Affectedly.]*

*Sir Cha.* Why then, damn the cards—there—there—*[Throwing the cards about.]* And there, and there—You may go to bed, by yourself; and confusion seize me, if I live a moment longer with you— *[Putting on his shoes again.]*

*Enter Dimity.*

*Dim.* Did you call, Sir?

*Sir Cha.* No, never, madam!

*Dim.* *[In a fit of laughing.]*—What, at it again?

*L. Rac.* Take your own way, Sir.

*Sir Cha.* Now then, I tell you once more, you are a vile woman.

*Dim.* La, Sir! This is charming—I'll run and tell the old couple. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Cha.* *[Still putting on his shoes.]*—You are the most perverse, obstinate, nonsensical——

*L. Rac.* Ha, ha! don't make me laugh again, Sir Charles.

*Sir Cha.* Hell and the devil—Will you sit down quietly, and let me convince you?

*L. Rac.* I don't choose to hear any more about it.

*Sir Cha.* Why then I believe you are possessed—it is in vain to talk sense and reason to you.



*L. Rac.* Thank you for your compliment, Sir—such a man [*With a sneering laugh.*]—I never knew the like—

*Sir Cha.* I promise you, you shall repent of this usage, before you have a moment of my company again—it shan't be in a hurry, you may depend, madam—Now see here—I can prove it to a demonstration—[*Sits down by her, she gets up.*]—Look ye there again now—you have the most perverse and peevish temper—I wish I had never seen your face—I wish I was a thousand miles off from you—Sit down but one moment.

*L. Rac.* I'm disposed to walk about, Sir.

*Sir Cha.* Why then, may I perish if ever—a blockhead—an idiot I was, to marry—[*Walks about.*]—such a provoking—impertinent—[*She sits down.*]—Damnation!—I am so clear in the thing—she is not worth my notice—[*Sits down, turns about his back, and looks uneasy.*]—I'll take no more pains about it—[*Pauses for some time, then looks at her.*]—Is not it very strange that you won't hear me?

*L. Rac.* Sir, I am very ready to hear you.

*Sir Cha.* Very well then—very well—my dear—you remember how the game stood.

*L. Rac.* I wish you'd untie my necklace, it hurts me.

*Sir Cha.* Why can't you listen?

*L. Rac.* I tell you it hurts me terribly.

*Sir Cha.* Death and confusion! there is no bearing this—you may be as wrong as you please; and may I never hold four by honours, if I ever endeavour to set you right again. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Mr and Mrs Drugget, Woodley, Lowelace, and Nancy.*

*Drug.* What's here to do now?

*L. Rac.* Never was such a man born—I did not say a word to the gentleman—and yet he has been raving about the room like a madman.

*Drug.* And about a club again, I suppose—Come hither, Nancy; Mr Woodley, she is your's for life.

*Mrs Drug.* My dear, how can you be so?—

*Drug.* It shall be so—take her for life, Mr Woodley.

*Wood.* My whole life shall be devoted to her happiness.

*Love.* The devil! and so I am to be left in the lurch in this manner, am I?

*L. Rac.* Oh! this is only one of those polite disputes which people

people of quality, who have nothing else to differ about, must always be liable to—I this will all be made up.

*Drug.* Never tell me—'tis too late now—Mr Woodley, I recommend my girl to your care—I shall have nothing now to think of, but my greens, and my images, and my shrubbery—though, mercy on all married folks, say I! for these wranglings are, I am afraid, *What we must all come to.*

*Lady Racket coming forward.*

*What we must all come to.*—What?—Come to what?

Must broils and quarrels be the marriage-lot?

If that's the wise, deep meaning of our poet,

The man's a fool! a blockhead! and I'll show it.

- ' What could induce him, in an age so nice,
  - ' So fam'd for virtue, so refin'd from vice,
  - ' To form a plan so trivial, false, and low?
  - ' As if a belle could quarrel with a beau:
  - ' As if there were, in these thrice happy days,
  - ' One who from nature or from reason strays!
  - ' There's no cross husband now, no wrangling wife;
  - ' The man is downright ignorant of life.
  - ' 'Tis the millenium this—devoid of guile.
  - ' Fair gentle truth and white-robed candour smile.
  - ' From every breast the sordid love of gold
  - ' Is banish'd quite—no boroughs now are sold:
  - ' Pray, tell me, Sirs—(for I don't know, I vow)
  - ' Pray—is there such a thing as gaming now?
  - ' Do peers make laws against that giant vice?
  - ' And then at Arthur's break them in a trice?
  - ' No—no—our lives are virtuous all, austere and hard;
  - ' Pray, ladies—do you ever see a card?
  - ' Those empty boxes show you don't love plays;
  - ' The managers, poor souls! get nothing now-a-days.
  - ' If here you come—by chance but once a-week,
  - ' The pit can witness that you never speak:
  - ' Pensive attention sits with decent mien;
  - ' No paint, no naked shoulders to be seen!
- And yet this grave, this moral, pious age,  
May learn one useful lesson from the stage.  
Shun strife, ye fair; and, once a contest o'er,  
Wake to a blaze the dying flame no more—  
From fierce debate fly all the tender loves;  
And Venus cries, "Coachman, put to my doves!"  
The genial bed no blooming Grace prepares,  
"And every day becomes a day of cares."

# T H E D E S E R T E R.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY C. D I B D I N.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.					<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Henry</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Vernon.
<i>Russet</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Bannister.
<i>Simkin</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Dibdin.
<i>Skirmish</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Parsons.
<i>Flint</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Wright.
<i>First Soldier</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Carpenter.
<i>Second Soldier</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Fawcett.
<i>Third Soldier</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Kear.
<i>Fourth Soldier</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Blanchard.
W O M E N.					
<i>Louisa</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs Smith.
<i>Jenny</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs Wrighten.
<i>Margaret</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs Love.

## A C T I.

*SCENE, A Cottage, with a view of the French Camp at distance.*

*MARGARET knitting, and JENNY spinning, at the door of the cottage: SIMKIN and other Villagers come on with baskets of fruit.*

## A I R I.

SIMKIN.

**I**CAN'T for my life guess the cause of this fuss.  
 Why, there's pipers and fiddlers; while Robin and Harry,  
 And Clodpole and Roger, and ten more of us,  
 Have pull'd as much fruit as we are able to carry.

MAR.

MARGARET.

Why, numbskull, that's nothing; her ladyship's wine,  
 All over the village, runs just like a fountain;  
 And I heard the folks say, every dish, when they dine,  
 Will be swimming in claret, madeira, and mountain.

JENNY.

Then for poultry, and such like—good Lord, what a store!  
 I saw Goodman Gander fix baskets full cramming;  
 Then such comfits and jellies! why one such feast more  
 Would certainly breed in the village a famine.

CHORUS.

What the meaning can be  
 We shall presently see,  
 For yonder's old Russet, who certainly knows;  
 Be what it will,  
 Our wish shall be still,  
 Joy and health to the Duchefs, wherever she goes!

*Sim.* What can all this feasting be for?

*Jen.* I'll give you while I wind up this bottom and another, and you shan't find it out.

*Sim.* Why then, if you know so well, why don't you tell us what it is?

*Jen.* Ah, I thought you would none of you guess it: this grand feasting at the Duchefs's is because the king's coming to the camp.

*Marg.* Who told you so?

*Jen.* I had it from Gaffer Russet himself.

*Sim.* Does the king come to the camp to-day?

*Marg.* Why, yes; I knew that.

*Sim.* Then as sure as can be, I know what will happen.

*Jen.* Why, what will happen?

*Sim.* There will be two weddings in the village before to-morrow night.

*Marg.* How so?

*Sim.* Why, is not Henry, the young foldier, to marry Louisa, Gaffer Russet's daughter, as soon as the review's over?

*Jen.* Not if I can prevent it.

*Marg.* Well, that's but one wedding.

*Sim.* Yes, but Jenny can tell you whose wedding t'other's to be.

*Jen.* How should I know?

*Sim.* Ah, you won't say any thing before folks, because you're ashamed!

*Jen.*



*Jen.* What do you mean?

*Sim.* As if you did not know——

*Jen.* Not I, indeed.

*Sim.* Why did not you promise me, that when Henry married Louisa, you'd marry me?

*Jen.* Yes, yes, and I'll keep my word; whenever Henry marries Louisa, I'll marry you.

*Enter Ruflet and Louisa.*

A I R II.

*Lou.* Why must I appear so deceitful?

I cannot, dear father, comply:

Ah! could I think him so ungrateful,

With anguish I surely should die,

What so tender, at parting, he told me,

Which such joy to my bosom convey'd;

When next he was doom'd to behold me,

Could I think would be this way repaid?

*Ruf.* Well, well: But, child——

*Lou.* Indeed, father, 'tis impossible; I never can consent to such a thing.

*Ruf.* Odds heart, Louisa, here's no harm in it. Neighbours, come round here, I'll tell you the whole affair; you know what a dear good lady the Duchess is.

*Marg.* Ah, she's a dear good lady, indeed, and we all of us ought to do every thing she orders us.

*Ruf.* I and my family in particular ought, for many's the good thing she has given me and my old dame; then how kind she was to all my poor children! she stood god-mother to this, and had her christened after her own name.

*Sim.* Louisa.

*Ruf.* Well, now we come to the point: Henry, you know, who was bred up with my girl, and intended from his infancy for her husband, is a soldier.

*Sim.* So he is.

*Ruf.* And because she has a value for every thing that belongs to me, this good lady, about three weeks ago, sent to the Colonel for his discharge, that the young folks may live at home at their ease, and be as happy as the day is long.

*Marg.* That will be charming and comfortable for you, neighbour.

*Ruf.* Yes; but now comes the mischief of it; what has occasion'd it, I don't know; I never saw any harm of the  
lad,

ad, but there are always busy tongues in this village, doing people ill offices; and such reports, within these few days, have reached the Duchess's ears, that she is determined to see farther into this business, before she gives Louisa the portion she promised her.

*Jen.* You may thank me for that. [*Aside.*]

*Lou.* But he'll be here to-day; and so well I know his heart, that I'm sure he'll clear himself to their confusion who could so vilely traduce him.

*Jen.* Perhaps not. [*Aside.*]

*Ruf.* Well, child, I am sure you can't wish it more than I do; nothing has ever pleased me so much as the thought of your coming together: I wish to see you married with all my heart; for then I shall have nothing to do but to listen to the prattle of your children, and prepare myself to follow poor Dorothy.

### A I R III.

My life's a three parts diminish'd,  
And when the sum is finish'd,  
The parish-bell may toll,  
Gra' mercy on my soul!

Ding dong!

Swing swong!

Methinks my old companions say,  
That though his hairs are now grown grey,  
Old Russet once upon a day,  
When all was mirth and jollity,  
When sports went round, and bells did ring,  
Could briskly dance, and blythe could sing;  
And then upon the green to see  
His rustic feats—'twas who but he?  
I'd give this bauble, life, away,  
Without a sigh, could I but stay  
To see a little infant care,  
Like Henry brave, Louisa fair;  
Could I see this, I'd yield, content,  
A life, I hope, not badly spent.

But as I was telling you, the Duchess hearing of these reports, is determined that we shall make a trial of his affections.

*Lou.* Indeed, father, there's no necessity for it; he loves me most sincerely.

*Ruf.* Nay, nay, child, I really think your love carries you

you too much away in this affair ; it can do no harm ; 'tis only an innocent frolic : You are to make believe as if you were a bride ; and let me see who——oh, you shall be the bridegroom.

*Sim.* Shall I ? I'cod, I'm glad of that.

*Ruf.* But above all, I must instruct you, Jenny, in your part ; you are to sit here, and tell Henry, when he comes, that Louisa and Sinkin were married yesterday.

*Jen.* The very thing I wish'd. [*Aside.*

*Lou.* I am vex'd to death that this trick should be play'd him ; I can judge by myself what he'll feel ; if I was told such a thing of him, how miserable I should be !

*Ruf.* But he'll be so much the happier when he finds out the deceit, child.

#### A I R IV.

LOUISA.

Though prudence may press me,  
And duty distress me,  
Against inclination, O, what can they do !  
No longer a rover,  
His follies are over ;  
My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.  
The bee, thus, as changing,  
From sweet to sweet ranging,  
A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray ;  
With raptures possessing  
In one every blessing,  
'Till torn from her bosom, he flies far away.

*Ruf.* Well, well, don't make yourself uneasy ; I dare say he loves you as sincerely as you think he does ; if so, he'll soon be undeceived, and we shall finish the day as happily as we could wish : In the meantime, let us think of what we have to do ; we are to pretend we came from the church ; the fiddles and bagpipes are to go first, then the lads and lasses follow ; after which, mind this now—we are to go to the Duchess's mansion in grand procession, and there to be feasted like so many princes and princesses.

*Sim.* I'cod, that will suit me nicely—But, Gaffer Ruffet, Jenny says you told her the feasting was to be for the king.

*Ruf.* For us and the king ; yes, yes, the king, after he and his courtiers have had an entertainment at the Duchess's, goes to review the camp, where the soldiers are all to appear under arms—Ah, girls ! that's what none of you know

now any thing about; when the king goes to the camp,  
 then's the time—the drums beat—the fifes play—the co-  
 lours are flying—and—and——Lord——Lord! what a  
 charming thing war is!

*Sim.* It must be then when one comes home again, and it's  
 all over.

*Ruf.* There's no life like the life of a soldier; and then  
 for love! let the girls take care of their hearts; I remem-  
 ber I won my Dorothy just after I came from such a review  
 now as there may be to-day.

*Marg.* Ah, indeed, the soldiers make sad work with  
 young women's hearts, sure enough.

*Ruf.* And how can it be otherwise?

## A I R V.

One conduct's for  
 Both love and war,  
 The point's to gain possession:  
 For this we watch  
 The enemy's coast,  
 Till we sleeping catch  
 Them on their post:  
 Then good b'ye, form;  
 The fort we storm,  
 Make towns or hearts  
 Surrender at discretion.  
 In love the only battery,  
 Which with success we play  
 To conquer hearts, is flattery:  
 No fortrefs can its power withstand;  
 Neither cannons, mortars, sword in hand,  
 Can make such way.  
 As 'tis in love, so 'tis in war,  
 We make believe,  
 Mislead, deceive;  
 Pray, what serve drums and trumpets for,  
 Cannons, and all our force of arms,  
 But with their thund'ring alarms,  
 'To tell, not cover our designs?  
 Can these to trenches, breaches, mines,  
 Blockades, or ambuscades compare?  
 No, all agree  
 That policy  
 Is the true art militaire.

But



But come, come—we must go and prepare ourselves; you have not much time to spare, and see where he comes hurrying along there; there, now he clambers up yonder hill—well done, faith! Ah, your lovers have no gout to stop them. Come, child,—neighbours, come along.

*Enter Henry.*

*Afterwards, in the wedding procession, Ruffet, Simkin, Louisa, Margaret, Jenny, and villagers.*

A I R VI.

HENRY.

The nymph who in my bosom reigns,  
With such full force my heart enchains,  
That nothing ever can impair  
The empire she possesses there.  
Who digs for stones of radiant ray,  
Finds baser matter in his way:  
The worthless load he may contemn,  
But prizes still and seeks the gem.

But I hear music! What can this be? All the villagers are coming this way: It seems like a wedding—I'll retire.—How I envy this couple!

*Ruf.* Charming! He has hid himself—pretend not to see him—don't turn your head that way—he's looking at you now!

*Lou.* How cruel, not to let me have one look!

*Sim.* No, you must look at nobody but me now: I am the bridegroom, you know.

*Ruf.* Jenny, be sure you play your part well.

*Jen.* Never fear me—My part's a much more difficult one than they imagine. [Aside.]

*Jenny, who sits down to spinning, and Henry, who comes forward during her song.*

A I R VII.

JENNY.

Somehow my spindle I mislaid,  
And lost it underneath the grass:  
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,  
And said. What seek you, pretty lass?  
A little love, but urg'd with care,  
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.  
'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,  
That I my spindle lost just now:

His knife then kindly Damon took,  
And from the tree he cut a bough.

A little love, &c. &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,  
While me he tenderly beheld:  
He talk'd of love; I leap'd for joy;  
For, ah! my heart did fondly yield.

A little love, &c. &c.

*Hen.* Good-day, young woman.

*Jen.* [*Sings.*] 'Twas passing nigh, &c.

*Hen.* Young woman!

*Jen.* [*Sings.*] 'Twas passing nigh, &c.

*Hen.* Pray tell me what wedding that is?

*Jen.* What, that wedding?

*Hen.* Yes.

*Jen.* Do you want to know whose wedding it is?

*Hen.* Ay, ay.

*Jen.* What, that wedding that went past?

*Hen.* Yes, yes.

*Jen.* Why, 'tis a wedding in the village here.

*Hen.* But whose, I ask you?

*Jen.* [*Sings.*]

*Hen.* Are you making a jest of me? answer me, I beg of you?

*Jen.* Why, I do answer you, don't I? [*Sings.*]

*Hen.* What again! Whose is this wedding? Whose is it? Speak, or I'll—did not I see amongst them?—distractio<sup>n</sup>!—will you answer, you?

*Jen.* Lord, you are so impatient! why then the wedding is Louisa's, old Ruffet's daughter, the invalid soldier.

*Hen.* Louisa's wedding!

*Jen.* Yes, she was married yesterday.

*Hen.* Married! good heavens! Are you sure of what you say? Do you know Ruffet?

*Jen.* Do I know him? to be sure, I do; why he is bailiff to the Duche<sup>s</sup>. What makes you so uneasy? you seem as if you had an interest in it.

*Hen.* An interest in it! Oh!

*Jen.* Dear me, if I remember right, you are the young man that every body thought she'd be married to. O la! what wickedness there is in the world! I am sure I very sincerely pity you.

*Hen.* I am obliged to you for your concern.

R

*Jen.*

*Jen.* Nay, it is not more on your account than my own that I am uneasy.

*Hen.* How so?

*Jen.* Why, she was not content with making you miserable, but she must make me so too: The vile wretch she's married to has perjured himself; for he has sworn a thousand and a thousand times to marry me.

*Hen.* What falsehood and treachery!

*Jen.* If I was you, I would not bear it quietly; not but she'd brazen it all out, for I tax'd her with it myself; and she only laugh'd in my face, and told me that you and I might go mourn together, like two turtles, the loss of our mates.

*Hen.* Insulting creature!

*Jen.* Yes, and for my part I said to myself, says I, 'Twould be a good joke to take her at her word: But then again I thought, that though revenge is sweet, yet people have their likings and their dislikings; and as for me, to be sure, I can't pretend to such a good young man as you.

*Hen.* [*Not regarding her.*] Infamous wretch! well might she keep her eyes fix'd upon the ground; but I'll see her, upbraid her with her infidelity, and leave her to the gully reproaches of her own ungrateful heart.

*Jen.* Young man——

*Hen.* [*Returning.*] Well, what do you say?

*Jen.* I believe you did not rightly hear what I said.

*Hen.* Oh, I have no time for trifling.

*Jen.* Poor soul, how he takes it to heart! But I must follow him; for if I lose this opportunity, I may not find it easy to get another. But stay, upon the second thoughts, if I can make but a tool of Simkin, and by that means alarm Louisa, I shall every way gain my ends; for if she once believes him capable of slighting her, I am sure she has too much spirit ever to see him again.

*Enter Simkin.*

*Sim.* Oh, Jenny, I am glad I have found you; what do you think brought me away from Louisa and them?

*Jen.* I neither know nor care.

*Sim.* Why, I was afraid you'd be jealous.

*Jen.* I jealous!

*Sim.* Why yes, you know, because I pretended to be Louisa's husband.

*Jen.* No, I'd have you to know I am not jealous; I am

only vex'd to think I have been such a fool to listen to you so long, you base creature you!

*Sim.* If I did not think there was something the matter, by your looking so cross.

*Jen.* And enough to make one; you know I can't help loving you, and this is the way you return my affection.

*Sim.* Why, you know 'twas only in play.

*Jen.* In play! I could see plain enough, how your eyes sparkled upon the bare mention of being the bridegroom.

*Sim.* Now, Jenny, if you would but hear me speak——

*Jen.* Speak! get out of my sight, you perjured wretch! I was fool enough not to credit what I heard of you; but I dare say 'tis all true.

*Sim.* Why, what did you hear of me?

*Jen.* That it was you who invented all the reports about Henry.

*Sim.* Me! as I am a living Christian, Jenny——

*Jen.* Don't say a word to me; you have made me miserable, and now you want to insult me.

*Sim.* Indeed I don't; you can't think now how happy I could make you, if you would only hear me three words.

*Jen.* Don't talk to me of happiness, for I never shall be happy as long as I live.

*Sim.* How dearly she loves me! What a pity it is she won't let me clear up this affair.

[To himself.]

*Jen.* And then, that demure little minx; oh, I could tear her eyes out! I was always afraid of it; and now I'm convinced, that her pretended love for Henry was nothing but a contrivance to blind me the easier.

*Sim.* Dear, dear——

*Jen.* But, however, you have both miss'd your aim; for Henry behaves as he ought to do, and holds her arts in contempt; nay, he told me himself, he had fix'd his affections on a more worthy object.

*Sim.* He did!

*Jen.* Yes, he did, and you may go and tell her so; and as for me——

#### A · I · R    VIII.

Mr Simkin, I'd have you to know,

That for all your fine airs,

I'm not at my last pray'rs;

Not put to it so,

That of course I must take up with you:

For I really, Sir, think, that though husbands are few,



I need not go far off to seek  
 For a better than you any day of the week.  
 To be sure, I must own, I was foolish enough  
 To believe all the tenderness, nonsense, and stuff,  
 Which for ever you dinn'd in my ears ;  
 And when for a while you've been out of my sight,  
 The day has been comfortless, dreary at night,  
 And my only companions my tears :  
 But now that's all o'er,  
 I hate you, despise you, will see you no more.

*Exit Jenny.*

*Sim.* Why, what the deuce has got hold of her? for my share, I believe all the folks in the village are gone mad—mad! P'cod, I'll be hang'd if any bedlamites are half so mad as folks in love.

‘ A I R IX.

- ‘ The whims of folks in love to know,
- ‘ I believe would fairly pose Old Nick ;
- ‘ This moment fast—next moment slow ;
- ‘ Now consenting,
- ‘ Now repenting,
- ‘ Nor at this or that will stick ;
- ‘ But changing still,
- ‘ They won't—they will ;
- ‘ When they mean Yes, they'll answer No ;
- ‘ And rume and fret,
- ‘ This hour get
- ‘ What they dislike an hour ago.
- ‘ If you expect to find them here,
- ‘ To t'other side they quickly veer :
- ‘ The wind and tide
- ‘ In the same mood will longer bide,
- ‘ Like two fond turtles, side by side ;
- ‘ This hour they woo,
- ‘ And bill and coo ;
- ‘ Then, bye-and-bye,
- ‘ No reason why,
- ‘ They make the devil and all to do.’

[*Exit.*]

SCENE changes.

*Enter a party of Soldiers, afterwards Henry.*

1 *Sold.* I'll tell you, my boys, how the matter stands; if we can but catch hold of him, the *summum bonum* of the thing is this, he'll be first tried, and then shot.

2 *Sold.* Yes, but suppose we don't catch hold of him?

3 *Sold.*

3 *Sold.* Why then he'll neither be tried nor shot.

4 *Sold.* No more he won't.

2 *Sold.* But I have been thinking how we shall do to know him.

1 *Sold.* Ay, you're a fool in these matters; I'll tell you how you'll know him; here, here! I've got his name and his marks. [*Reading.*] Hannibald Fireband, six foot and an inch high, of an orange tawny complexion, a Roman nose, and the letters R. T. burnt in the palm of his hand; the devil's in it if we can miss him.

3 *Sold.* Well, but you need not have taken all this pains, for you know he was your pot-companion.

1 *Sold.* Faith, I forgot that.

2 *Sold.* And would you go to lift your hand against your friend?

1 *Sold.* Against my friend! aye, against my father, if he was to desert: But stay, stand by, perhaps this is he!

[*They draw back.*]

*Hen.* Where shall I fly? the unhappy have no friends; all I meet make a scoff of my sufferings.

2 *Sold.* It must be him.

1 *Sold.* Keep back.

*Hen.* Are the inhabitants of this place turned brutes? have they no compassion?

1 *Sold.* There, you see how it is, none of the people will rescue him; they are honest, and refuse to do it; I'll take care the king shall know what subjects he has.

*Hen.* At my home, where I expected to receive so kind a welcome, I am surrounded with enemies.

1 *Sold.* There, there! he say he expected to receive a kind welcome from the enemy.

2 *Sold.* So he does.

*Hen.* To desert one so kind!

1 *Sold.* Ah, 'twas an infamous thing of you, sure enough.

*Hen.* Life is not worth keeping upon such terms, and this instant could I lay it down with pleasure.

1 *Sold.* Mark that!

*Hen.* I'll go directly, and—

1 *Sold.* [*Stopping him.*] Not so fast, if you please: Hey! why, this is not the deserter that's my friend. But no matter, one deserter's as good as another.

*Hen.* Do you suspect me for a deserter?

1 *Sold.* No, we don't suspect you, we know you for one.

*Hen.* Me!

*1 Sold.* Me! yes, you. How strange you make of this matter! Why, did we not hear you confess that you expected a kind welcome from the enemy? I'll tell you what I am not fond of making people uneasy, but every word you have uttered will be a bullet in your guts.

*Hen.* What if I favour this, and so get rid of all my woes at once—Oh, Louisa, you have broke my heart!

*1 Sold.* What are you talking to yourself about?—Come, come, you're a deserter, and must go with us.

*Hen.* Shall I or not?—by heav'n, I will!—I own it, I am a deserter—lead me where you please.

*1 Sold.* There, he confesses it, and we shall have the reward.

## A I R X.

HENRY.

I'll fly these groves, this hated shade;  
 Each sound I hear, each thing I see,  
 Reminds me, thou perfidious maid!  
 Of vows so often made by thee.  
 Blush! blush, Louisa! and look there;  
 Where's now thy truth? oh, tell me where?  
 Thy constancy's no more;  
 And like a wretch, by tempest tost,  
 My peace is gone, nay, hope is lost,  
 I sink in sight of shore!

*First and Second Soldier.*

Come, brother, come.

*Third and Fourth Soldier.*

We must be gone.

HENRY.

Yes, yes, I'll fly to death—lead on.

*First, Second, Third, and Fourth Soldier.*

Come then.

HENRY.

And yet, O cruel fate!

*First, Second, Third, and Fourth Soldier.*

He's dev'lish loth.

HENRY.

A minute stay,

One instant, 'ere I'm dragg'd away.

*First, Second, Third, and Fourth Soldier.*

You have confess'd—'tis now too late.

ACT

## ACT II.

SCENE, *A prison, a table, and some old chairs*; FLINT, *while he speaks puts the stage in order*; HENRY *walks about disturbed*.

FLINT.

THERE's some water for you to drink; a table and a chair, and yonder's your bed; but if you go on at the rate you have begun, there will be no great trouble in making it. I *am* a deserter, I *have* deserted; I believe you'll find you had better not have confess'd quite so soon: Why, what a devil of a fellow you must be! But, come, as I said before, there's some water for you; and if you choose to have any thing better—money, d'ye see—you understand me right—for money—and, faith, if you have any, you have no great reason to be sparing of it; for I believe your business will soon be settled—Do you choose any wine?

Hen. No, no.

Flint. Well, very well; if you won't have wine, you must drink water.

Hen. False, false Louisa!—Oh heaven!

Flint. But you seem a little down in the mouth about this business; never mind it, 'twill soon be over; you are to suffer at five: In the mean time I'll send a lodger of mine to you; he'll put you in spirits by that you have drank a glass together; his name is Skirmish; he's a devilish hearty fellow. [Exit.]

[SKIRMISH comes on as FLINT goes off the stage.]

Hen. That a few hours should sink me from the expectation of so much happiness to this abyss of misery! Perfidious woman!

Skir. Here, my boy; who wants me? who calls for Skirmish? Comrade, did you want me?

Hen. Me! no.

Skir. Why, yes, you did. Ho, ho, house! here, house! we'll have a glass together; as we never saw one another before, we'll now begin to renew our acquaintance.

Hen. Can you tell me if I could get a sheet of writing paper?

Skir. Yes, surely, you shall have that: Here, house! house, I say! where the devil are you all? But hark'ee, friend! what a confounded mistake you have made here!—a mistake! damme, you have made two mistakes! I can prove it: In the first place, to desert at all, was a mistake; then



then to confess it, oh, damn it, that was a mistake, indeed; I am but a silly ignorant fellow; but had I been in your place, had he been my serjeant, my general, nay, my corporal, I would have said, No, I am no deserter. No, my lad, Skirmish scorns to desert.

## A I R XI.

Though to have a bout at drinking,  
When I hear the glasses chinking,  
There's nothing but I'd do or say;  
Yet Skirmish ne'er shall run away.

For here is his motto, and so there's an end:

He's none of your flatt'ers, who fawn and are civil;  
But for country, his bottle, his king, and his friend,  
Little Skirmish would go half way to the devil.

Soldiers often fickle prove;

Who can know his mind for ever?

We forgive you false in love,

But deserters, never, never.

*Enter Flint with wine.*

*Flint.* There's a young woman without, asking for a soldier. [*To Skirmish.*—I suppose it must be you she wants.

*Skir.* Yes, yes, 'tis me, I warrant you; let her come in. But give me the wine—— [*Exit Flint.*

*Enter Louisa.*

Ah, ah, a smart wench, faith!—

[*Sets the bottle down on seeing her.*

*Hen.* Good heavens! what do I see? You here!

*Lou.* Me, Henry.

*Hen.* Is it possible?

*Skir.* Oh ho, I smoke this business; comrade, I'm off, I'm off; she's your sister, I suppose, or your cousin; but that's no business of mine. Madam, no offence, I hope; my name is Skirmish, I understand what good-breeding is; I'm officer brother foldier; faith, she's a fine girl! I'll go and walk a little in the court-yard; d'ye mind me? I'm off—mum.

*Hen.* This insult, Louisa, is beyond enduring! Is it not enough?—But I will not upbraid you.

*Lou.* Hear me but a moment!

*Hen.* Away! don't I know you false?—barbarous, faithless wretch!

*Skir.* [*Coming on.*] Don't mind me; don't let me disturb you; I only come to fetch the wine, for I believe you don't care

to drink; will you take a sup? No—well, your servant  
I'm off again.

Hen. It is not from your hands, but from your father's,  
at I shall expect—

Lou. 'Tis true, my father—

Hen. That infamous old man! but go—I have no more  
say. Oh, Louisa! I doat upon you still! Is it possible  
you can have entirely forgot me?

Lou. Believe me, Henry!

Hen. But with what assurance—what composure!

Lou. I should not be compos'd, if I was really to blame.

Hen. O thou perfidious woman!

Lou. Enjoy your error.

Hen. My error!

Lou. With one word I could convince you.

Hen. With one word! speak it then, if you dare.

Lou. I am not married, then.

Hen. Not married!

'Lou. 'Twas entirely my father's doings; his scheme too.

'Hen. O cruel! 'Tis to no purpose whether 'twas you or  
him.

'Lou. The Duchess—

'Hen. Don't name her; you dare not show yourself to her.

'Lou. 'Twas her who ordered the whole affair.

'Hen. How?

Lou. What I tell you is true; some reports to your dis-  
advantage having reached the Duchess, which I then knew,  
and we have since found to be false, she ordered this mock-  
wedding, for such only it was, to prove your affections; so  
that every thing you saw and heard was contrived on purpose  
to deceive you, and the whole affair was but a joke.

Hen. [*Sitting down in the chair, rests his hand on the table.*]  
Was but a joke!

# ' A I R XII.

' LOUISA.

Ah! cease this affliction, your troubles are past;

Of care and disquiet, that sigh was your last:

' How could you once harbour a doubt of my love?

The girl you convers'd with, the feast, and the rest,

The music and dancing, was all but a jest;

' A frolic, design'd your affections to prove.

Believe me, Louisa reluctant comply'd,

' Her father commanded—intreaty was vain;

' Or I swear by this hand, I would rather have dy'd,

' Than have given my Henry a moment of pain.'

Hen.

*Hen.* O heavens! my heart will burst.

*Lou.* What means this grief, my love? do you still doubt the truth of what I say?

*Hen.* No, Louisa; 'tis because I believe you.

*Lou.* Here's my father. Oh, Sir! I am glad you are come. Ask him what's the matter; make him tell the cause of his distress.

*Enter Russet.*

*Rus.* Henry, my dear boy, good day to you; I am overjoyed to see you; well, all matters are cleared up, and you may take Louisa for your pains; whenever you will, I give her to you.

*Hen.* I beseech you, desire your daughter to step into the court-yard for a minute or two.

*Rus.* Why so?

*Hen.* Oblige me only; desire she will.

*Rus.* Louisa, we have something to say to each other; step out for a minute or two, I'll call you back presently.

*Hen.* [*Taking her hand as she goes out.*]—Louisa, 'tis many a day since I saw you last.

*Lou.* And yet you send me away from you already.

*Hen.* You shall come back again immediately.

*Rus.* I was surprised to hear you was put in prison, they tell me 'tis but for a trifle. I am overjoyed to see you; the Duchess will soon get you released, and then—but you seem thoughtful.

*Hen.* Will you promise me to do whatever I request?

*Rus.* That I will, provided it is in my power.

*Hen.* I beg of you to take your daughter away with you; we must take leave of one another.

*Rus.* Why, I know that, don't I? you must go back to your regiment.

*Hen.* Well, return hither two days hence, and ask for a dragoon named Skirmish, he will deliver you a letter—and for me—

*Rus.* O, I know well enough what you mean; you'll be at the camp; the king's to be there.

*Hen.* Have you command enough of yourself not to betray any thing to your daughter of what I am going to tell you?

*Rus.* To be sure, I have.

*Hen.* I am afraid she'll return before——

*Rus.* [*Looking out.*]—No, no, we are very safe.

*Hen.* This wedding-trick——

*Rus.* Yes, 'twas I managed it.

*Hen.* It threw me into despair——

*Ruf.* Good, very good! I knew it would.

*Hen.* And in my fury——

*Ruf.* Ha, ha, ha! what, was you furious then? delightful!

*Lou.* [*Running in.*]—O cruel father! O unfortunate accident! this wedding has undone us all; he has confessed himself a deserter, and is condemned to suffer death.

*Ruf.* What's this I hear?

*Hen.* She knows it all—O torture!

*Ruf.* A deserter! condemned! Henry, can this be as she says?

*Hen.* 'Tis but too true.

*Ruf.* Good heavens!

*Enter Flint.*

*Flint.* You are wanted without.

*Hen.* Me?

*Flint.* You—you must go directly.

*Hen.* Adieu, Louisa!

### A I R XIII.

HENRY.

Adieu! adieu! my heart will break,  
This torment's beyond bearing.

LOUISA.

Adieu! ah why, my love? oh speak,  
And banish this despairing:  
Give thy Louisa's pangs relief——

HENRY.

I cannot speak, oh love! oh grief!

HENRY, LOUISA, and RUSSET.

Ye pitying powers! some comfort send:  
When will our sorrows have an end?

*Lou.* For heaven's sake, Sir, where is he gone? who wants him?

*Flint.* Only some friends.

*Lou.* Surely, it can't be to——

*Flint.* Oh, no! it is not for that yet—'tis too soon yet while; about five or six—perhaps it may be seven first.

*Lou.* Oh, support me, Sir!

*Ruf.* No, child, we may yet prevent it. I'll go to the Duchess, and tell her the whole affair.

*Lou.* She has brought me into this trouble.

*Ruf.* I'll seek her this instant; do you follow me. [*Exit.*]

*Lou.* Oh, Sir! on my knees I beseech you.

*Flint.*



*Flint.* There's no occasion for kneeling to me; would you have?

*Lou.* Is not the king to be at the camp to-day?

*Flint.* Yes, and what then?

*Lou.* Tell me, Sir; in such a case, 'tis an act of justice the king surely will do justice.

*Flint.* Certainly; he never does otherwise.

*Lou.* Alas, Sir! I am poor, so very poor——

*Flint.* That won't hinder it a bit; the king's too good to despise folks because they are poor.

*Lou.* But 'tis for you, I mean.

*Flint.* For me?

*Lou.* To thank you with; to intreat you; here is a small ornament, of no great value indeed; I give you this, Sir; wish I had more to give; 'tis silver; delay it but till to-morrow.

*Flint.* Do what? delay it!—[*Looking at the trinket*] hey, it seems to me to be hollow; are you sure 'tis silver?

*Lou.* This suspense is dreadful.

*Flint.* Why, I'll tell you; I can't absolutely delay his execution, but I'll let him have as much wine as ever he can drink—What, gone!—Gad, this girl has a generous spirit.

*Enter Skirmish, who holds a bottle and glass in one hand, a sheet of paper under his arm, and with the other drags Simkin.*

*Skir.* Come along, what the devil are you afraid of? Here's a young man who wants to see this foldier, and the girl that was here: Where are they? [To *Flint*]

*Flint.* She's gone away.

*Skir.* But where's he?

*Flint.* He was sent for to some friends; he'll be here again.

*Sim.* If you please, Sir, I'll follow the gentleman.

*Skir.* You and I must take a glass—So this foldier is your cousin, is he?

*Sim.* Yes, Sir.

*Skir.* Sit yourself down then—And he was sent here yesterday?

*Sim.* Yes, Sir.

*Skir.* Well then, sit down, I tell you.

*Sim.* But, Sir——

*Skir.* Sit down, I say: Sit down there;—hell and fury will you sit down when I bid you? there!—now we'll take a glass together; he'll soon be here; come, fill.

*Sim.* Sir, I thank you, but I am not dry; besides, I don't care much for drinking, without knowing my company.

*Skir.* Without knowing your company! why, you little starved, sniveling—an't you in company with a gentleman? But drink this minute, or I'll——

*Sim.* I will, Sir, if you won't be angry.

*Skir.* Not I; I won't be angry. So you say that—

*Sim.* I, Sir? I did not say any thing.

*Skir.* Well, then, if you did not say any thing, sing;—sing me a song.

*Sim.* I am not in spirits for singing.

*Skir.* Spirits! why, a song will raise your spirits; come, sing away.

*Sim.* But, Sir, I can't sing.

*Skir.* Ever while you live, sing.

*Sim.* Indeed, Sir, I can't.

*Skir.* You can't?—why, then I will.

*Sim.* Well, but Sir—

*Skir.* Sit still, I tell you.

*Sim.* But—I wish you, cousin—

*Skir.* He can't be long now; hear my song.

## A I R XIV.

Women and wine compare so well,  
 They run in a perfect parallel;  
 For women bewitch us when they will;  
     And so does wine:  
 They make the statesman lose his skill,  
     The foldier, lawyer, and divine;  
 They put strange whims in the grave'st skull.  
 And send their wits to gather wool:  
 Then since the world thus runs away,  
     And women and wine  
     Are alike divine;  
 Let's love all night, and drink all day.

There's something like a song for you! now we'll sing together.

*Sim.* Together?

*Skir.* Ay, both together.

*Sim.* But, Sir, I don't know your song.

*Skir.* Why, who the devil wants you to sing my song?

*Sim.* I never saw such a man in my life; how shall I get away from him?—Sir!

*Skir.* Well, what d'ye say?

S

*Sim*

*Sim.* I believe there's somebody looking for you yonder.  
*Skir.* Is there?

[*While Skirmish looks round, Simkin takes an opportunity of running off.*]

*Skir.* O, you young dog! I'll be after you; but stay, here comes the poor unfortunate young man his cousin.

*Enter Henry.*

*Skir.* How are your spirits? take a sup of this: Oh! here's your writing-paper.

*Hen.* Thank you, friend: Oh, my heart! I wish I could have seen Louisa once more. [*Sits down to write.*]

*Skir.* Ah, you're a happy man, you can write! [*Loud.*]  
 Oh, my cursed stars, what a wretched fellow I am!

*Hen.* Why, what's the matter? [*Looking round.*]

*Skir.* The matter?—Confusion!—I blush to say it; but since it must out, what will you say to such a poor, miserable—and, but for this one misfortune, fit to be a general: If I had known how to write, I might have had a regiment five years ago; but company is the ruin of us all; drinking with one, and drinking with another: Why, now here, I was in hopes *here* I should be able to study a little; but the devil a bit; no such thing as getting the bottle out of one's hand: Ah, if I could hold the pen as I have held the bottle, what a charming hand I should have wrote by this time!

*Hen.* Skirmish, do me one favour.

*Skir.* What is it?

*Hen.* May I depend upon you?

*Skir.* To the last drop of my blood.

*Hen.* Promise me to deliver this letter.

*Skir.* I'll go directly.

*Hen.* You can't go with it now; you are a prisoner, you know.

*Skir.* Damn it, so I am; I forgot that: Well, but to-morrow I shall have my liberty; and then—

*Hen.* A person, whose name is Ruffet, will be here to enquire after me; deliver it to him.

*Skir.* May I perish if I fail!

*Hen.* Let me speak to you.

[*They talk apart.*]

*Enter Margaret, Jenny, and Simkin.*

*Marg.* Yes, yes, you vile huffy, 'twas all your fault.

*Jen.* Well, have I not confes'd it?

*Marg.*

*Marg.* Confess'd it indeed ! is not the poor young man going to lose his life, and all upon your account ?

*Gen.* I own it, I own it ; I never shall joy myself again as long as I live ; I shall see his ghost every night.

*Sim.* And it serves you right ; and I'll tell you more news for your comfort ; I would not marry you, now you have been so wicked, if you was worth your weight in gold.

*Marg.* Ah, you need not talk ; for you know well enough you was told to run after him to call him back, and you never once offer'd to move.

*Sim.* Why, how could I ? I was the bridegroom, you know.

*Gen.* See ! there he is !

*Marg.* Bless us, how alter'd he looks !

*Hen.* Good day, aunt ; good day [*To the others.*]—Give us leave, brother soldier.

*Skir.* Yes, yes, I'll go ! I won't disturb you ; I'll go and see what they are doing ; I'm afraid no good, for the time draws near.

*Marg.* Ah, my poor boy ! can you forgive us ? 'twas all our doing.

*Gen.* No 'twas my doing.

*Hen.* Let us say no more about it ; 'twas an unfortunate affair : Where's Louisa and her father ?

*Marg.* Ah, poor man ! her father came running into the village like one distracted ; flung himself on the ground ; tore his hair. We could not get him to speak to us.

*Hen.* And Louisa, who has seen her ?

*Sim.* We none of us can tell where she is.

*Hen.* How ! no one know where she is gone ! some accident, sure, has happened to her !

*Marg.* Don't afflict yourself so.

*Hen.* Aunt, if she is found, I must rely on you to comfort her ! don't suffer her out of your sight ; this is now all the service you can do me ; your nephew must die ; for my sake, therefore, look upon her as your niece ; she should have been so in reality.

*Marg.* I promise you.

*Hen.* I could wish to see her again.

*Enter Flint and Skirmish.*

*Flint.* Comrade, I am sorry to bring you bad news, but you must now behave yourself like a man ; the hell-hounds are coming for you.



*Hen.* Already?

*Skir.* They are indeed; here, here, you've occasion enough for it; drink some of this.

*Hen.* I am obliged to you,—none. Aunt, adieu! tell my Louisa, I thought on her to my last moment; and—oh, my heart! bear up a little, and I shall be rid of this insupportable misery.

A I R XV.

To die, is nothing; it is our end, we know;  
But 'tis a sure release from all our woe:  
'Tis from the mind to set the body free,  
And rid the world of wretched things like me.  
A thousand ways our troubles here increase;  
While care succeeding care destroys our peace:  
Why fly we then? what can such comfort give?  
We cease to suffer when we cease to live.

[*During the song, a messenger comes on, and talks with Flint.*]

' *Marg.* Oh Lord, what shall we do? I'd give all I have in the world to prevent it.

' *Sim.* And for me, I'd part with the very cloaths off my back.

' *Jen.* If you could but see Louisa!

' *Marg.* Ay, if you could but see Louisa!

' *Jen.* We'll give you, Sir, all the money we have, if you'll only stay till we fetch the young woman that was here just now.

' *Flint.* Well, I'm sure nobody can say, but as how I am always ready to serve every body I can:—What have you got?

' *Marg.* Why, here's a little piece of gold, and some silver.

' *Jen.* And here's my little stock; I'm sure, every far-thing.

' *Sim.* And there's all mine.

' *Flint.* Well, good-nature is my pride and pleasure; are you sure you have given me all?

' *Marg.* I am sure I have.

' *Sim.* And I too indeed.

' *Flint.* Why then, what signifies hiding good news? The young man's reprieved.

' *Hen.* How!

' *Flint.* Here's a messenger from the camp.

' *Hen.* Let me sit down.

' *Marg.*

*Marg.* I shall die with pleasure.

*Sim.* Lord, lord, I shall leap out of my skin.

*Enter Ruffet.*

*Ruf.* Where is he? where's my boy, my son? Louisa, Henry, has done it all! Louisa has saved your life!

*Hen.* Charming angel! tell me how, dear Sir?

*Ruf.* As the army were returning to the camp, assisted in her resolution by her love for you, to the astonishment of all who saw her, she rush'd like lightning thro' the ranks, made her way to the king himself, fell at his feet—and, after modestly relating the circumstances of thy innocence and her own distress, vow'd never to rise till she obtained the life of her lover. The king having heard her story with that clemency which always accompanies a noble mind, granted thy life to her intercession; and the pomp passed on amidst the acclamations of the people.

*Hen.* Charming, generous creature!

*Skir.* Death and damnation!

*Flint.* Why, what ails you, Skirmish?

*Skir.* The king at the camp, and I not there!

*Sim.* I shall love my cousin Louisa for it as long as I live.

*Ruf.* The king wept, and the nobles fill'd her lap with money; which she threw to the ground, lest it should retard her in the way to you.

*Hen.* How can I reward such tenderness?

*Ruf.* See, see!—here she comes.

*Enter Louisa.*

*Lou.* My Henry!

*[Falling into his arms.]*

*Hen.* My Louisa!

## A I R XVI.

HENRY.

My kind preserver! fain I'd speak,  
Fain would I what I feel express;  
But language is too poor, too weak,  
To thank this goodness to excess.  
Brothers, companions, age and youth,  
Oh, tell to all the world her fame!  
And when they ask for faith and truth,  
Repeat my dear Louisa's name.

LOUISA.

And have I sav'd my Henry's life?

Dear father, in my joy take part;

I now indeed shall be a wife,  
 Wife to the idol of my heart.  
 Thus when the storm, dispersing flies,  
 Through which the sailor's forced to steer;  
 No more he dreads inclement skies,  
 But with the tempest leaves his fear.

RUSSET.

Why, why, I pray you, this delay?  
 Children, your hands in wedlock join,  
 That I may pass my hours away  
 In ease and peace through life's decline.  
 This joy's too great; my pride, my boast!  
 Both, both in my affection share:  
 May who delights the other most,  
 Henceforward be your only care!

SKIRMISH.

I wish your joy may hold you long;  
 But yet I am not such a sot,  
 As not to see you all are wrong;  
 Why is the king to be forgot?  
 You had been wretched but for him:  
 Then follow Skirmish, dance and sing,  
 Raise ev'ry voice, strain ev'ry limb,  
 Huzza! and cry, Long live the king!

# T H E L Y I N G V A L E T.

I N T W O A C T S.

B Y D A V I D G A R R I C K, E S Q.

## D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.				<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Sharp, the Lying Valet</i>	—	—	—	Mr Garrick.
<i>Gayless</i>	—	—	—	Mr Blakes.
<i>Justice Guttle</i>	—	—	—	Mr Taswell.
<i>Beau Trippet</i>	—	—	—	Mr Neal.
<i>Dick</i>	—	—	—	Mr Yates.
W O M E N.				
<i>Melissa</i>	—	—	—	Miss Bennet.
<i>Kitty Pry</i>	—	—	—	Mrs Clive.
<i>Mrs Gadabout</i>	—	—	—	Mrs Cross.
<i>Mrs Trippet.</i>	—	—	—	Mrs Ridout.

## A C T I.

S C E N E, *Gayless's Lodgings.*

*Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.*

S H A R P.

**H**OW, Sir, shall you be married to-morrow? Eh, I'm afraid you joke with your poor humble servant.

*Gay.* I tell thee, Sharp, last night Melissa consented, and fixed to-morrow for the happy day.

*Sharp.* 'Tis well she did, Sir, or it might have been a dreadful one for us in our present condition;—all your money spent; your moveables sold; your honour almost ruined; and your humble servant almost starved: We could not possibly have stood it two days longer——But if this young lady will marry you, and relieve us, o' my conscience



science I'll turn friend to the sex, rail no more at matrimony, but curse the whores, and think of a wife myself.

*Gay.* And yet, Sharp, when I think how I have imposed upon her, I am almost resolved to throw myself at her feet, tell her the real situation of my affairs, ask her pardon, and implore her pity.

*Sharp.* After marriage, with all my heart, Sir; but don't let your conscience and honour so far get the better of your poverty and good sense, as to rely on so great uncertainty as a fine lady's mercy and good nature.

*Gay.* I know her generous temper, and am almost persuaded to rely upon it. What, because I am poor, shall I abandon my honour?

*Sharp.* Yes, you must, Sir, or abandon me. So, pray, discharge one of us; for eat I must, and speedily too; and you know very well, that that honour of your's will neither introduce you to a great man's table, nor get me credit for a single beef-steak.

*Gay.* What can I do?

*Sharp.* Nothing, while honour flicks in your throat. Do, gulp, master, and down with it.

*Gay.* Prithee leave me to my thoughts.

*Sharp.* Leave you! No, not in such bad company, I'll assure you. Why, you must certainly be a very great philosopher, Sir, to moralize and declaim so charmingly as you do, about honour and conscience, when your doors are beset with bailiffs, and not one single guinea in your pocket to bribe the villains.

*Gay.* Don't be witty, and give your advice, firrah.

*Sharp.* Do you be wise, and take it, Sir. But to be serious, you certainly have spent your fortune, and out-lived your credit, as your pockets and my belly can testify.—Your father has disown'd you; all your friends forsook you, except myself, who am starving with you. Now, Sir, if you marry this young lady, who as yet, thank heaven, knows nothing of your misfortunes, and by that means procure a better fortune than that you squandered away, make a good husband, and turn economist, you still may be happy, may still be Sir William's heir, and the lady too no loser by the bargain. There's reason and argument, Sir.

*Gay.* 'Twas with that prospect I first made love to her; and though my fortune has been ill spent, I have at least purchased discretion with it.

*Sharp.*

## THE LYING VALET.

*Sharp.* Pray then convince me of that, Sir, and make no more objections to the marriage. You see I am reduced to my waistcoat already; and when necessity has undressed me from top to toe, she must begin with you, and then we shall be forced to keep house and die by inches. Look you, Sir, if you won't resolve to take my advice, while you have one coat to your back, I must e'en take to my heels while I have strength to run, and something to cover me. So, Sir, wishing you much comfort and consolation with your bare conscience, I am your most obedient and half-starved friend and servant. [Going.]

*Gay.* Hold, Sharp, you won't leave me?

*Sharp.* I must eat, Sir; by my honour and appetite I must.

*Gay.* Well, then, I am resolved to favour the cheat; and as I shall quite change my former course of life, happy may be the consequences; at least of this I am sure—

*Sharp.* That you can't be worse than you are at present.

*Gay.* [*A knocking without.*]*—Who's there?*

*Sharp.* Some of your former good friends, who favoured you with money at fifty per cent, and helped you to spend it, and are now become daily memento's to you of the folly of trusting rogues, following whores, and laughing at my advice.

*Gay.* Cease your impertinence! to the door! If they are gone, tell 'em my marriage is now certainly fixed, and persuade 'em still to forbear a few days longer, and keep my circumstances a secret, for their sakes as well as my own.

*Sharp.* O never fear it, Sir: They have still so much friendship for you, not to desire your ruin to their own disadvantage.

*Gay.* And do you hear, Sharp, if it should be any body from Melissa, say I am not at home; lest the bad appearance we make here should make 'em suspect something to our disadvantage.

*Sharp.* I'll obey you, Sir;—but I am afraid they will easily discover the consumptive situation of our affairs by my chop-fallen countenance. [Exit Sharp.]

*Gay.* These very rascals who are now continually dunning and persecuting me, were the very persons who led me to my ruin, partook of my prosperity, and professed the greatest friendship.

*Sharp.* [*Without.*]*—Upon my word, Mrs Kitty, my master's not at home.*

*Kit.* [*Without.*]*—Look ye, Sharp, I must and will see him.*

*Gay.*

*Gay.* Ha! what do I hear? Melissa's maid! What has brought her here? My poverty has made her my enemy too. She is certainly come with no good intent—No friendship there without fees—She's coming up stairs.—What must I do?—I'll get into this closet and listen. [*Exit Gayle*]

*Enter Sharp and Kitty.*

*Kit.* I must know where he is, and will know too, Mr Impertinence.

*Sharp.* Not of me you won't. [*Aside.*]—He's not within to tell you, Mrs Kitty; I don't know myself. Do you think I can conjure?

*Kit.* But I know you will lie abominably; therefore don't trifle with me. I come from my mistress Melissa; you know, I suppose, what's to be done to-morrow morning?

*Sharp.* Ay, and to-morrow night too, girl.

*Kit.* Not if I can help it. [*Aside.*]—But come, where is your master? for see him I must.

*Sharp.* Pray, Mrs Kitty, what's your opinion of this match between my master and your mistress?

*Kit.* Why, I have no opinion of it at all; and yet most of our wants will be relieved by it too: For instance now, your master will get a good fortune; that's what I'm afraid he wants: My mistress will get a husband; that's what she has wanted for some time: You will have the pleasure of my conversation, and I an opportunity of breaking your head for your impertinence.

*Sharp.* Madam, I'm your most humble servant. But I'll tell you what, Mrs Kitty, I am positively against the match; for was I a man of my master's fortune——

*Kit.* You'd marry if you could, and mend it—Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Sharp, where does your master's estate lie?

*Gay.* Oh the devil, what a question was there! [*Aside.*]

*Sharp.* Lie! lie! why it lies—faith, I can't name any particular place, it lies in so many. His effects are divided, some here, some there; his steward hardly knows himself.

*Kit.* Scattered, scattered, I suppose. But hark ye, Sharp, what's become of your furniture? You seem to be a little bare here at present.

*Gay.* What has she found out that too? [*Aside.*]

*Sharp.* Why, you must know, as soon as the wedding was fixed, my master ordered me to remove his goods into a friend's house, to make room for a ball which he designs to give here the day after the marriage.

*Kit.*

*Kit.* The luckiest thing in the world! for my mistress designs to have a ball and entertainment here to-night before the marriage; and that's my business with your master.

*Sharp.* The devil it is!

[*Aside.*

*Kit.* She'll not have it public; she designs to invite only eight or ten couple of friends.

*Sharp.* No more?

*Kit.* No more: And she ordered me to desire your master to make a great entertainment.

*Sharp.* Oh, never fear—

*Kit.* Ten or a dozen little nice things, with some fruit, I believe, will be enough in all conscience.

*Sharp.* Oh, curse your conscience!

[*Aside.*

*Kit.* And what do you think I have done of my own head?

*Sharp.* What?

*Kit.* I have invited all my lord Stately's servants to come and see you, and have a dance in the kitchen: Won't your master be surprised?

*Sharp.* Much so indeed!

*Kit.* Well, be quick and find out your master, and make what haste you can with your preparations; you have no time to lose.—Prithee, Sharp, what's the matter with you? I have not seen your face for some time, and you seem to look a little thin.

*Sharp.* Oh my unfortunate face! [*Aside.*—I'm in perfect health, thank you, Mrs Kitty; and I'll assure you I have a very good stomach, never better in all my life; and I am as full of vigour, hussy—

[*Offers to kiss her.*

*Kit.* What, with that face! Well, bye, bye, [*Going.*—Oh, Sharp, what ill-looking fellows are those were standing about your door when I came in? they want your master too, I suppose.

*Sharp.* Hum!—Yes, they are waiting for him.—They have sent some of his tenants out of the country, that want to pay him some money.

*Kit.* Tenants! What, do you let his tenants stand in the street?

*Sharp.* They choose it: As they seldom come to town, they are willing to see as much of it as they can when they do: they are raw, ignorant, honest people.

*Kit.* Well, I must run home: Farewel—But do you hear? I want something substantial for us in the kitchen—a ham, a turkey, or what you will—We'll be very merry; and be sure



sure to remove the tables and chairs away there too, that we may have room to dance: I can't bear to be confined in my French dances; tal, lal, lal! [*dancing.*]—Well, adieu! without any compliment, I shall die if I don't see you soon.

[*Exit Kitty*]

Sharp. And, without any compliment, I pray heaven you may.

*Enter Gayles.*

[*They look for some time sorrowful at each other.*]

Gay. Oh, Sharp!

Sharp. Oh, master!

Gay. We are certainly undone!

Sharp. That's no news to me!

Gay. Eight or ten couple of dancers. Ten or a dozen little nice dishes with some fruit—my lord Stately's servants—ham and turkey!

Sharp. Say no more; the very sound creates an appetite, and I am sure of late I have had no occasion for whetters and provocatives.

Gay. Cursed misfortune! What can we do?

Sharp. Hang ourselves; I see no other remedy, except you have a receipt to give a ball and a supper without meat or music.

Gay. Melissa has certainly heard of my bad circumstances, and has invented this scheme to distress me and break off the match.

Sharp. I don't believe it, Sir; begging your pardon.

Gay. No? why did her maid then make so strict an enquiry into my fortune and affairs?

Sharp. For two very substantial reasons: The first, to satisfy a curiosity natural to her as a woman; the second, to have the pleasure of my conversation, very natural to her as a woman of taste and understanding.

Gay. Prithee be more serious: Is not our all at stake?

Sharp. Yes, Sir; and yet that all of ours is of so little consequence, that a man, with a very small share of philosophy, may part from it without much pain or uneasiness. However, Sir, I'll convince you in half an hour, that Mrs Melissa knows nothing of your circumstances; and I'll tell you what too, Sir, she shan't be here to-night, and yet you shall marry her to-morrow morning.

Gay. How, how, dear Sharp?

Sharp. 'Tis here, here, Sir! Warm, warm; and delays

Will

will cool it: Therefore I'll away to her, and do you be as merry as love and poverty will permit you.

Would you succeed, a faithful friend depute,  
Whose head can plan, and front can execute.

I am the man; and I hope you neither dispute my friendship nor qualifications.

*Gay.* Indeed I don't. Prithee be gone.

*Sharp.* I fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Melissa's Lodgings.

*Enter Melissa and Kitty.*

*Mel.* You surprise me, Kitty! The master not at home—the man in confusion—no furniture in the house—and ill-looking fellows about the doors! 'Tis all a riddle.

*Kit.* But very easy to be explain'd.

*Mel.* Prithee explain it then, nor keep me longer in suspense.

*Kit.* The affair is this, madam: Mr Gayless is over head and ears in debt; you are over head and ears in love; you'll marry him to-morrow; the next day your whole fortune goes to his creditors, and you and your children are to live comfortably upon the remainder.

*Mel.* I cannot think him base.

*Kit.* But I know they are all base.—You are very young, and very ignorant of the sex; I am young too, but have more experience: You never was in love before; I have been in love with an hundred, and try'd 'em all; and now 'em to be a parcel of barbarous, perjured, deluding, bewitching devils.

*Mel.* The low wretches you have had to do with may answer the character you give 'em; but Mr Gayless——

*Kit.* Is a man, madam.

*Mel.* I hope so, Kitty, or I would have nothing to do with him.

*Kit.* With all my heart—I have given you my sentiments upon the occasion, and shall leave you to your own inclinations.

*Mel.* Oh, madam, I am much obliged to you for your great condescension, ha, ha, ha! However, I have so great regard for your opinion, that had I certain proofs of his villainy——

*Kit.* Of his poverty you may have a hundred: I am sure I have had none to the contrary.

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T

*Mel.*

*Mel.* Oh, there the shoe pinches.

*Kit.* Nay, so far from giving me the usual perquisites of my place, he has not so much as kept me in temper with little endearing civilities; and one might reasonably expect when a man is deficient in one way, that he should make it up in another. [*Aside*]

*Mel.* See who's at the door. [*Exit Kitty.*]—I must be cautious; how I hearken too much to this girl: Her bad opinion of Mr Gayless seems to arise from his disregard of her. [*Knocking without*]

*Enter Sharp and Kitty.*

—So, Sharp, have you found your master? Will things be ready for the ball and entertainment?

*Sharp.* To your wishes, madam. I have just now bespoken the music and supper, and wait now for your ladyship's farther commands.

*Mel.* My compliments to your master, and let him know, I and my company will be with him by six; we design to drink tea and play at cards before we dance.

*Kit.* So shall I and my company, Mr Sharp. [*Aside*]

*Sharp.* Mighty well, madam!

*Mel.* Prithee, Sharp, what makes you come without your coat? 'Tis too cool to go so airy, sure.

*Kit.* Mr Sharp, madam, is of a very hot constitution—ha, ha, ha!

*Sharp.* If it had been ever so cool, I have had enough to warm me since I came home, I'm sure; but no matter for that. [*Sighing*]

*Mel.* What d'ye mean?

*Sharp.* Pray, don't ask me, madam; I beseech you, don't. Let us change the subject.

*Kit.* Insist upon knowing it, madam—My curiosity must be satisfied, or I shall burst. [*Aside*]

*Mel.* I do insist upon knowing—On pain of my displeasure, tell me.

*Sharp.* If my master should know—I must not tell you, madam, indeed.

*Mel.* I promise you, upon my honour, he never shall.

*Sharp.* But can your ladyship insure secrecy from that quarter?

*Kit.* Yes, Mr Jackanapes, for any thing you can say.

*Mel.* I engage for her.

*Sharp.* Why then, in short, madam, I cannot tell you.

*Mel.* Don't trifle with me.

*Sharp*

*Sharp.* Then, since you will have it, madam, I lost my hat in defence of your reputation.

*Mel.* In defence of my reputation!

*Sharp.* I will assure you, madam, I've suffer'd very much in defence of it; which is more than I would have done for my own.

*Mel.* Prithee explain.

*Sharp.* In short, madam, you was seen about a month ago to make a visit to my master alone.

*Mel.* Alone! my servant was with me.

*Sharp.* What, Mrs Kitty? so much the worse; for she was looked upon as my property, and I was brought in guilty, as well as you and my master.

*Kit.* What, your property, jackanapes?

*Mel.* What is all this?

*Sharp.* Why, madam, as I came out but now, to make reparation for you and your company to-night, Mrs Prybout, the attorney's wife at next door, calls to me; Harkee, fellow, says she, do you and your modest master know, that my husband shall indict your house at the next parish-meeting, for a nuisance?

*Mel.* A nuisance!

*Sharp.* I said so—A nuisance! I believe, none in the neighbourhood live with more decency and regularity than I and my master—as is really the case—Decency and regularity! cries she, with a sneer—why, firrah, does not my window look into your master's bed-chamber? and did not he bring in a certain lady such a day? describing you, madam. And did not I see—

*Mel.* See! O scandalous! what?

*Sharp.* Modesty requires my silence.

*Mel.* Did not you contradict her?

*Sharp.* Contradict her! Why, I told her, I was sure she w'd; for, zounds! said I, (for I could not help swearing) I am so well convinced of the lady's and my master's prudence, that I am sure, had they a mind to amuse themselves, they would certainly have drawn the window-curtains.

*Mel.* What did you say nothing else? Did not you convince her of her error and impertinence?

*Sharp.* She swore to such things, that I could do nothing but swear and call names; upon which, outbolts her husband upon me, with a fine taper crab in his hand, and fell upon me with such violence, that, being half delirious, I made a full confession.



*Mel.* A full confession! What did you confess?

*Sharp.* That my master loved fornication; that you had no aversion to it; that Mrs Kitty was a bawd, and your humble servant a pimp.

*Kit.* A bawd! A bawd! Do I look like a bawd, madam?

*Sharp.* And so, madam, in the scuffle, my coat was torn to pieces as well as your reputation.

*Mel.* And so, you join'd to make me infamous!

*Sharp.* For heaven's sake, madam, what could I do? His proofs fell so thick upon me, as witness my head, [*showing his head plaster'd*] that I would have given up all the maidenheads in the kingdom, rather than have my brains beat to a jelly.

*Mel.* Very well!—but I'll be revenged—And did not you tell your master of this?

*Sharp.* Tell him! No, madam. Had I told him, his love is so violent for you, that he would certainly have murdered half the attornies in town by this time.

*Mel.* Very well!—But I'm resolved not to go to your master's to-night.

*Sharp.* Heavens and my impudence be praised! [*Aside.*]

*Kit.* Why not, madam? If you are not guilty, face your accusers.

*Sharp.* Oh the devil! ruin'd again! [*Aside.*—To be sure, face 'em by all means, madam—They can but be abusive, and break the windows a little—Besides, madam, I have thought of away to make this affair quite diverting to you—I have a fine blunderbuss, charg'd with half a hundred slugs, and my master has a delicate large Swifts broadsword; and between us, madam, we shall so pepper and slice 'em, that you will die with laughing.

*Mel.* What, at murder?

*Kit.* Don't fear, madam, there will be no murder if Sharp's concern'd.

*Sharp.* Murder, madam! 'Tis self-defence. Besides, in these sort of skirmishes, there are never more than two or three kill'd: For supposing they bring the whole body of militia upon us, down but with a brace of them, and away fly the rest of the covey.

*Mel.* Persuade me ever so much, I won't go; that's my resolution.

*Kit.* Why, then, I'll tell you what, madam; since you are resolved not to go to the supper, suppose the supper was

to come to you: 'Tis great pity such preparations as Mr Sharp has made should be thrown away.

*Sharp.* So it is, as you say, Mrs Kitty. But I can immediately run back, and unbespeak what I have order'd; 'tis soon done.

*Mel.* But then what excuse can I send to your master? We'll be very uneasy at my not coming.

*Sharp.* Oh terribly so!—but I have it—I'll tell him you are very much out of order—that you were suddenly taken with the vapours or qualms, or what you please, madam.

*Mel.* I'll leave it to you, Sharp, to make my apology; and there's half-a-guinea for you to help your invention.

*Sharp.* Half-a-guinea!—'Tis so long since I had any thing to do with money, that I scarcely know the current coin of my own country. Oh, Sharp, what talents hast thou! to secure thy master, deceive his mistress, outlie her chambermaid, and yet be paid for thy honesty! But my boy will discover me. [*Aside.*]—Madam, you have eternally fix'd Timothy Sharp your most obedient humble servant—Oh the delights of impudence and a good understanding!

[*Exit Sharp.*]

*Kit.* Ha, ha, ha! was there ever such a lying varlet! with his slugs and his broad swords, his attornies and broken heads, and nonsense! Well, madam, are you satisfied now? Do you want any more proofs?

*Mel.* Of your modesty I do: But I find you are resolved to give me none.

*Kit.* Madam!

*Mel.* I see through your little mean artifice: You are endeavouring to lessen Mr Gaylefs in my opinion, because he has not paid you for services he had no occasion for.

*Kit.* Pay me, madam! I am sure I have very little occasion to be angry with Mr Gaylefs for not paying me, when I believe 'tis his general practice.

*Mel.* 'Tis false! he's a gentleman and a man of honour, and you are—

*Kit.* Not in love, I thank heav'n!

[*Curtseying.*]

*Mel.* You are a fool.

*Kit.* I have been in love, but I am much wiser now.

*Mel.* Hold your tongue, impertinence!

*Kit.* That's the severest thing she has said yet. [*Aside.*]

*Mel.* Leave me.

*Kit.* Oh this love, this love, is the devil! [*Exit Kitty.*]

*Mel.* We discover our weakness to our servants, make them

them our confidants, put 'em upon an equality with us, and so they become our advisers—Sharp's behaviour, though I seem to disregard it, makes me tremble with apprehensions; and though I have pretended to be angry with Kitty for advice, I think it of too much consequence to be neglected.

*Enter Kitty.*

*Kit.* May I speak, madam?

*Mel.* Don't be a fool. What do you want?

*Kit.* There is a servant just come out of the country says he belongs to Sir William Gayles, and has got a letter for you from his master upon very urgent business.

*Mel.* Sir William Gayles! What can this mean? Where is the man?

*Kit.* In the little parlour, madam.

*Mel.* I'll go to him—My heart flutters strangely.

[*Exit Melissa.*]

*Kit.* Oh woman, woman, foolish woman! she'll certainly have this Gayles; nay, were she as well convinced of his poverty as I am, she'd have him.—A strong dose of love is worse than one of ratifia; when it once gets into our heads, it trips up our heels, and then good night to discretion. Here is she going to throw away fifteen thousand pounds; upon what? Faith, little better than nothing.—He's a man, and that's all—and, Heaven knows! mere man is but small consolation.

Be this advice pursued by each fond maid,  
Ne'er slight the substance for an empty shade:  
Rich weighty sparks alone should please and charm ye;  
For should spouse cool, his gold will always warm ye.

## ACT II.

*Enter Gayles and Sharp.*

*Gay.* **P**RITHEE be serious, Sharp. Hast thou really succeeded?

*Sharp.* To our wishes, Sir. In short, I have managed the business with such skill and dexterity, that neither your circumstances nor my veracity are suspected.

*Gay.* But how hast thou excused me from the ball and entertainment?

*Sharp.*

*Sharp.* Beyond expectation, Sir.—But in that particular, I was obliged to have recourse to truth, and declare the real situation of your affairs. I told her, we had so long abused ourselves to dressing either dinners or suppers, that I was afraid we should be but awkward in our preparations. In short, Sir, at that instant such a cursed knowing seized my stomach, that I could not help telling her, that both you and myself seldom make a good meal, now-a-days, once in a quarter of a year.

*Gay.* Hell and confusion! have you betray'd me, villain? Did you not tell me this moment, she did not in the least suspect my circumstances?

*Sharp.* No more she did, Sir, till I told her.

*Gay.* Very well; and was this your skill and dexterity?

*Sharp.* I was going to tell you; but you won't hear reason: My melancholy face and piteous narration had such an effect upon her generous bowels, that she freely forgives all that's past.

*Gay.* Does she, Sharp?

*Sharp.* Yes, and desires never to see your face again; and, as a farther consideration for so doing, she has sent you half-guinea.

[*Shows the money.*]

*Gay.* What do you mean?

*Sharp.* To spend it, spend it, and regale.

*Gay.* Villain, you have undone me!

*Sharp.* What, by bringing you money, when you are not worth a farthing in the whole world! Well, well, then, to make you happy again, I'll keep it myself; and wish somebody would take it in their head to load me with such misfortunes.

[*Puts up the money.*]

*Gay.* Do you laugh at me, rascal?

*Sharp.* Who deserves more to be laughed at? ha, ha, ha! Never for the future, Sir, dispute the success of my negotiations, when even you, who know me so well, can't help swallowing my hook. Why, Sir, I could have played with you backwards and forwards at the end of my line, till I had put your senses into such a fermentation, that you should not have known in an hour's time whether you were a fish or a man.

*Gay.* Why, what is all this you have been telling me?

*Sharp.* A downright lie from beginning to end.

*Gay.* And have you really excused me to her?

*Sharp.* No, Sir; but I have got this half-guinea to make her excuses to you; and instead of a confederacy between you



you and me to deceive her, she thinks she has brought me over to put the deceit upon you.

*Gay.* Thou excellent fellow!

*Sharp.* Don't lose time, but slip out of the house immediately; the back-way, I believe, will be the safest for you, and to her as fast as you can; pretend vast surprise and concern that her indisposition has debarred you the pleasure of her company here to-night: You need know no more away.

*Gay.* But what shall we do, Sharp? Here's her maid again.

*Sharp.* The devil she is—I wish I could poison her; for I'm sure, while she lives, I can never prosper.

*Enter Kitty.*

*Kit.* Your door was open; so I did not stand upon ceremony.

*Gay.* I am sorry to hear your mistress is taken so suddenly.

*Kit.* Vapours, vapours only, Sir; a few matrimonial omens, that's all; but I suppose Mr Sharp has made her excuses.

*Gay.* And tells me I can't have the pleasure of her company to-night. I had made a small preparation; but 'tis no matter: Sharp shall go to the rest of the company, and let them know, 'tis put off.

*Kit.* Not for the world, Sir: My mistress was sensible you must have provided for her and the rest of the company; so she is resolved, tho' she can't, the other ladies and gentlemen shall partake of your entertainment:—She's very good-natured.

*Sharp.* I had better run and let 'em know 'tis deferred.

[*Going.*]

*Kit.* [*Stopping him.*—I have been with them already, and told 'em my mistress insists upon their coming, and they have all promised to be here; so pray don't be under any apprehensions that your preparations will be thrown away.

*Gay.* But, as I can't have her company, Mrs Kitty, 'twill be a greater pleasure to me, and a greater compliment to her, to defer our mirth; besides, I can't enjoy any thing at present, and she not partake of it.

*Kit.* Oh, no, to be sure; but what can I do? My mistress will have it so, and Mrs Gadabout and the rest of the company will be here in a few minutes; there are two or three coachfuls of 'em.

*Sharp.* Then my master must be ruined, in spite of my parts.

[*Aside.*]

*Gay.*

Gay. [*Aside to Sharp.*]—'Tis all over, Sharp.

Sharp. I know it, Sir.

Gay. I shall go distracted; what shall I do?

Sharp. Why, Sir, as our rooms are a little out of furniture present, take 'em into the captain's that lodges here, and 'em down to cards: If he should come in the mean-time, I'll excuse you to him.

Kit. I have disconcerted their affairs, I find; I'll have me sport with 'em. Pray, Mr Gayless, don't order too many things: They only make you a friendly visit; the more ceremony, you know, the less welcome. Pray, Sir, let me intreat you not to be profuse. If I can be of service, pray command me; my mistress has sent me on purpose: While Mr Sharp is doing the business without doors, I may be employed within. If you'll lend me the keys of your table-board, [*to Sharp*]—I'll dispose of your plate to the best advantage.

Sharp. Thank you, Mrs Kitty; but it is disposed of already. [*Knocking at the door.*]

Kit. Bless me, the company's come! I'll go to the door and conduct 'em into your presence. [*Exit Kitty.*]

Sharp. If you'll conduct 'em into a horse-pond, and wait 'em there yourself, we should be more obliged to you.

Gay. I can never support this.

Sharp. Rouse your spirits, and put on an air of gaiety, and don't despair of bringing you off yet.

Gay. Your words have done it effectually.

Enter Mrs Gadabout, 'her Daughter and Niece,' Mr Guttle, Mr Trippet, and Mrs Trippet.

Gad. Ah, my dear Mr Gayless!

[*Kisses him.*]

Gay. My dear widow!

[*Kisses her.*]

Gad. We are come to give you joy, Mr Gayless.

Sharp. You never was more mistaken in your life. [*Aside.*]

Gad. I have brought some company here, I believe, is not well known to you; and I protest I have been all about the town to get the little I have——'Prissy, my dear—Mr Gayless, my daughter.

'Gay. And as handsome as her mother: You must have a husband shortly, my dear.

'Prissy. I'll assure you I don't despair, Sir.

'Gad. My niece too.

'Gay. I know by her eyes she belongs to you, widow.

'Gad.'

*Gad.* Mr Guttle, Sir, Mr Gaylefs;—Mr Gaylefs, Justice Guttle.

*Sharp.* Oh, destruction! one of the quorum.

*Gut.* Hem! Though I had not the honour of any personal knowledge of you, yet at the instigation of Mrs Gadabout, I have, without any previous acquaintance with you, thrown aside all ceremony, to let you know that I joy to hear the solemnization of your nuptials is so near at hand.

*Gay.* Sir, though I cannot answer you with the same elocution, however, Sir, I thank you with the same sincerity.

*Gad.* Mr and Mrs Trippet, Sir; the properest lady in the world for your purpose, for she'll dance for four and twenty hours together.

*Trip.* My dear Charles, I am very angry with you, faith; so near marriage, and not let me know, 'twas barbarous;—You thought, I suppose, I should rally you upon it; but dear Mrs Trippet here has long ago eradicated all my anti-matrimonial principles.

*Mrs Trip.* I eradicate! sic, Mr Trippet, don't be so obscene.

*Kit.* Pray, ladies, walk into the next room; Mr Sharp can't lay his cloth till you are set down to cards.

*Gad.* One thing I had quite forgot, Mr Gaylefs: My nephew, whom you never saw, will be in town from France presently; so I left word to send him here immediately to make one.

*Gay.* You do me honour, madam.

*Sharp.* Do the ladies choose cards or the supper first?

*Gay.* Supper!—What does the fellow mean?

*Gut.* Oh, the supper by all means; for I have eaten nothing to signify since dinner.

*Sharp.* Nor I since last Monday was a fortnight. [*Aside.*]

*Gay.* Pray, ladies, walk into the next room: Sharp, get things ready for supper, and call the music.

*Sharp.* Well said, master.

*Gad.* Without ceremony, ladies. [*Exeunt.*]

*Kit.* I'll to my mistress, and let her know every thing is ready for her appearance. [*Exit Kitty.*]

*Manent Guttle and Sharp.*

*Gut.* Pray, Mr what's your name, don't be long with supper: But harkee, what can I do in the mean-time? Suppose you get me a pipe and some good wine, I'll try to divert myself that way till supper's ready.

*Sharp.* Or suppose, Sir, you was to take a nap till then, there's a very easy couch in that closet. [*Gut.*]

*Gut.* The best thing in the world; I'll take your advice; but be sure you wake me when supper's ready. [*Exit Guttle.*]

*Sharp.* Pray heaven you may not wake till then—What fine situation my master is in at present! I have promised him my assistance; but his affairs are in so desperate a way, that I'm afraid 'tis out of my skill to recover him. Well, fools have fortune, says an old proverb, and a very true one it is; for my master and I are two of the most unfortunate mortals in the creation.

*Enter Gaylefs.*

*Gay.* Well, Sharp, I have set 'em down to cards; and now what have you to propose?

*Sharp.* I have one scheme left, which in all probability may succeed. The good citizen, overloaded with his last meal, is taking a nap in that closet, in order to get him an appetite for your's. Suppose, Sir, we should make him treat

*Gay.* I don't understand you.

*Sharp.* I'll pick his pocket, and provide us a supper with the booty.

*Gay.* Monstrous! for without considering the villainy of the danger of waking him makes it impracticable.

*Sharp.* If he wakes, I'll smother him, and lay his death on indigestion—a very common death among the justices.

*Gay.* Prithee be serious; we have no time to lose: Can you invent nothing to drive 'em out of the house?

*Sharp.* I can fire it.

*Gay.* Shame and confusion so perplex me, I cannot give myself a moment's thought.

*Sharp.* I have it; did not Mrs Gadabout say her nephew would be here?

*Gay.* She did.

*Sharp.* Say no more, but in to your company: If I don't send 'em out of the house for the night, I'll at least frighten their stomachs away; and if this stratagem fails, I'll relinquish politics, and think my understanding no better than my neighbours.

*Gay.* How shall I reward thee, Sharp?

*Sharp.* By your silence and obedience; away to your company, Sir. [*Exit Gaylefs.*—Now, dear Madam Fortune, for once open your eyes, and behold a poor unfortunate man of parts addressing you: Now is your time to convince your foes, you are not that blind whimsical whore they



they take you for ; but let 'em see, by your assisting me that men of sense, as well as fools, are sometimes intitled to your favour and protection.—So much for prayer now for a great noise and a lie. [*Goes aside and cries out* Help, help, master ! help, gentlemen, ladies ! Murder, fire, brimstone !—Help, help, help !

*Enter Gayless, Trippet, and the Ladies with cards in their hands ; and Sharp enters running, and meets them.*

Gay. What's the matter ?

Sharp. Matter, Sir ! if you don't run this minute with that gentleman, this lady's nephew will be murder'd : I am sure it was he ; he was set upon at the corner of the street by four ; he has kill'd two ; and if you don't make haste, he'll be either murdered or took to prison.

Gad. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, run to his assistance. How I tremble for Melissa ! This frolic of her's may be fatal. [*Aside*]

Gay. Draw, Sir, and follow me. [*Exit Gay. and Gad.*]

Trip. Not I ; I don't care to run myself into needless quarrels ; I have suffered too much formerly by flying into passions : Besides, I have pawn'd my honour to Mrs Trippet, never to draw my sword again ; and in her present condition, to break my word might have fatal consequences.

Sharp. Pray, Sir, don't excuse yourself ; the young gentleman may be murder'd by this time.

Trip. Then my assistance will be of no service to him. However—I'll go to oblige you, and look on at a distance.

Mrs Trip. I shall certainly faint, Mr Trippet, if you draw.

*Enter Guttle, disordered as from sleep.*

Gut. What noise and confusion is this ?

Sharp. Sir, there's a man murder'd in the street.

Gut. Is that all ?—Zounds, I was afraid you had thrown the supper down—A plague of your noise—I shan't recover my stomach this half hour.

*Enter Gayless and Gadabout, with Melissa in boy's clothes dressed in the French manner.*

Gad. Well, but my dear Jemmy, you are not hurt, sure ?

Mel. A little with riding post only.

Gad. Mr Sharp alarm'd us all with an account of your being set upon by four men ; that you had kill'd two, and

as attacking the other when he came away ; and when we  
 et you at the door, we were running to your rescue.

*Mel.* I had a small rencounter with half-a-dozen villains ;  
 ut finding me resolute, they were wise enough to take to  
 heir heels : I believe I scratch'd some of 'em.

[*Laying her hand to her sword.*

*Sharp.* His vanity has saved my credit. I have a thought  
 ome into my head may prove to our advantage, provided  
 Monsieur's ignorance bears any proportion to his impu-  
 ence.

[*Aside.*

*Gad.* Now my fright's over, let me introduce you, my  
 ear, to Mr Gayless. Sir, this is my nephew.

*Gay.* [*Saluting her.*] Sir, I shall be proud of your friend-  
 ship.

*Mel.* I don't doubt but we shall be better acquainted in  
 little time.

*Gut.* Pray, Sir, what news in France ?

*Mel.* Faith, Sir, very little that I know of in the poli-  
 cal way : I had no time to spend among the politicians.  
 was——

*Gay.* Among the ladies, I suppose.

*Mel.* Too much, indeed. Faith, I have not philosophy  
 ough to resist their solicitations ; you take me.

[*To Gayless aside.*

*Gay.* Yes, to be a most incorrigible fop : 'Sdeath, this  
 uppy's impertinence is an addition to my misery.

[*Aside to Sharp.*

*Mel.* Poor Gayless ! to what shifts is he reduced ! I can-  
 ot bear to see him much longer in this condition ; I shall  
 discover myself.

[*Aside to Gadabout.*

*Gad.* Not before the end of the play : Besides, the more  
 is pain now, the greater his pleasure when relieved from it.

*Trip.* Shall we return to our cards ? I have a *sans prendre*  
 ere, and must insist you play it out.

*Ladies.* With all my heart.

*Mel.* *Allons donc.*

[*As the company goes out, Sharp pulls Melissa by the sleeve.*

*Sharp.* Sir, Sir ! Shall I beg leave to speak with you ?  
 Pray, did you find a bank-note in your way hither ?

*Mel.* What, between here and Dover do you mean ?

*Sharp.* No, Sir, within twenty or thirty yards of this  
 ouse.

*Mel.* You are drunk, fellow.

*Sharp.* I am undone, Sir, but not drunk, I'll assure you.

*Mel.* What is all this?

*Sharp.* I'll tell you, Sir: A little while ago, my master sent me out to change a note of twenty pounds; but I unfortunately hearing a noise in the street, of—Damme, Sir, and clashing of swords, and Rascal, and Murder, I runs up to the place, and saw four men upon one; and having heard you was a mettlesome young gentleman, I immediately concluded it must be you; so ran back to call my master; and when I went to look for the note to change it, I found it gone, either stole or lost; and if I don't get the money immediately, I shall certainly be turned out of my place, and lose my character——

*Mel.* I shall laugh in his face. [*Aside.*]——Oh, I'll speak to your master about it, and he will forgive you at my intercession.

*Sharp.* Ah, Sir, you don't know my master.

*Mel.* I'm very little acquainted with him; but I have heard he's a very good-natured man.

*Sharp.* I have heard so too; but I have felt it otherwise: He has so much good-nature, that if I could compound for one broken head a day, I should think myself very well off.

*Mel.* Are you serious, friend?

*Sharp.* Look ye, Sir, I take you for a man of honour; there is something in your face that is generous, open, and masculine; you don't look like a foppish, effeminate tell-tale; so I'll venture to trust you——See here, Sir, [*shews his head*] these are the effects of my master's good-nature.

*Mel.* Matchless impudence! [*Aside.*]——Why do you live with him then, after such usage?

*Sharp.* He's worth a great deal of money; and when he's drunk, which is commonly once-a-day, he's very free, and will give me any thing; but I design to leave him when he's married for all that.

*Mel.* Is he going to be married then?

*Sharp.* To-morrow, Sir; and between you and I, he'll meet with his match, both for humour and something else too.

*Mel.* What, she drinks too?

*Sharp.* Damnably, Sir; but mum——You must know this entertainment was design'd for madam to-night; but she got so very gay after dinner, that she could not walk out of her own house; so her maid, who was half gone too, came

came here with an excuse, that Mrs Melissa had got the vapours; and so she had indeed violently, here, here, Sir.

[Pointing to his head.]

Mel. This is scarcely to be borne. [Aside.]—Melissa! I have heard of her; they say she's very whimsical.

Sharp. A very woman, an't please your honour; and, between you and I, none of the mildest and wisest of her sex—But to return, Sir, to the twenty pounds.

Mel. I am surprised, you who have got so much money in his service, should be at a loss for twenty pounds to save your bones at this juncture.

Sharp. I have put all my money out at interest; I never keep above five pounds by me; and if your honour would lend me the other fifteen, and take my note for it.

[Knocking.]

Mel. Somebody's at the door.

Sharp. I can give very good security.

[Knocking.]

Mel. Don't let the people wait, Mr—

Sharp. Ten pounds will do.

[Knocking.]

Mel. Allez vous en.

Sharp. Five, Sir.

[Knocking.]

Mel. Je ne puis pas.

Sharp. Je ne puis pas!—I find we shan't understand one another; I do but lose time; and if I had any thought, I might have known these young fops return from their travels generally with as little money as improvement.

[Exit Sharp.]

Mel. Ha, ha, ha! what lies does this fellow invent, and what rogueries does he commit, for his master's service! There never, sure, was a more faithful servant to his master, or a greater rogue to the rest of mankind. But here he comes again: The plot thickens; I'll in and observe Gay-  
lefs.

[Exit Melissa.]

Enter Sharp before several persons with dishes in their hands, and a Cook drunk.

Sharp. Fortune, I thank thee; the most lucky accident! [Aside.]—This way, gentlemen; this way.

Cook. I am afraid I have mistook the house. Is this Mr Treatwell's?

Sharp. The same, the same: What don't you know me?

Cook. Know you!—Are you sure there was a supper bespoke here?

Sharp. Yes, upon my honour, Mr Cook; the company is



in the next room, and must have gone without, had not you brought it. I'll draw a table. I see you have brought a cloth with you; but you need not have done that, for we have a very good stock of linen—at the pawnbroker's. [*Aside.*]  
 [*Exit, and returns immediately drawing in a table.*]

Come, come, my boys, be quick; the company began to be very uneasy; but I knew my old friend Lickspit here would not fail us.

*Cook.* Lickspit! I am no friend of your's; so I desire less familiarity: Lickspit too!

*Enter Gaylefs, and flares.*

*Gay.* What is all this?

*Sharp.* Sir, if the sight of the supper is offensive, I can easily have it removed. [*Aside to Gaylefs.*]

*Gay.* Prithee explain thyself, Sharp.

*Sharp.* Some of our neighbours, I suppose, have bespoke this supper; but the cook has drank away his memory, forgot the house, and brought it here: However, Sir, if you dislike it, I'll tell him of his mistake, and send him about his business.

*Gay.* Hold, hold; necessity obliges me, against my inclination, to favour the cheat, and feast at my neighbour's expense.

*Cook.* Hark you, friend, is that your master?

*Sharp.* Ay; and the best master in the world.

*Cook.* I'll speak to him then.—Sir, I have, according to your commands, dress'd as genteel a supper as my art and your price would admit of.

*Sharp.* Good again, Sir; 'tis paid for.

[*Aside to Gaylefs.*]

*Gay.* I don't in the least question your abilities, Mr Cook; and I'm obliged to you for your care.

*Cook.* Sir, you are a gentleman—And if you would look but over the bill and approve it, [*pulls out a bill*—you will over and above return the obligation.

*Sharp.* Oh the devil!

*Gay.* [*Looking on a bill.*]—Very well, I'll send my man to pay you to-morrow.

*Cook.* I'll spare him the trouble, and take it with me, Sir—I never work but for ready money.

*Gay.* Ha!

*Sharp.* Then you won't have our custom. [*Aside.*—My master is busy now, friend: Do you think he won't pay you?

*Cook.*

*Cook.* No matter what I think; either my meat or my money.

*Sharp.* 'Twill be very ill-convenient for him to pay you to-night.

*Cook.* Then I'm afraid it will be ill-convenient to pay me to-morrow; so, d'ye hear—

*Enter Melissa.*

*Gay.* Prithee be advis'd: S'death, I shall be discover'd.  
[*Takes the Cook aside.*]

*Mel.* [*To Sharp.*] What's the matter?

*Sharp.* The cook has not quite answer'd my master's expectations about the supper, Sir, and he's a little angry at him, that's all.

*Mel.* Come, come, Mr Gaylefs, don't be uneasy; a bachelor cannot be supposed to have things in the utmost regularity; we don't expect it.

*Cook.* But I do expect it, and will have it.

*Mel.* What does that drunken fool say?

*Cook.* That I will have my money, and I won't stay till to-morrow—and, and—

*Sharp.* [*Runs and stops his mouth.*]—Hold, hold! what are you doing? Are you mad?

*Mel.* What do you stop the man's breath for?

*Sharp.* Sir, he was going to call you names.—Don't be abusive, Cook; the gentleman is a man of honour, and said nothing to you; pray be pacify'd, you are in liquor.

*Cook.* I will have my—

*Sharp.* [*Holding still.*] Why, I tell you fool, you mistake the gentleman; he's a friend of my master's, and has not said a word to you.—Pray, good Sir, go into the next room; the fellow's drunk, and takes you for another.—You'll repent this when you are sober, friend.—Pray, Sir, don't stay to hear his impertinence.

*Gay.* Pray, Sir, walk in—He's below your anger.

*Mel.* Damn the rascal! what does he mean by affronting me?—Let the scoundrel go, I'll polish his brutality, I warrant you. Here's the best reformer of manners in the universe. [*Draws his sword.*]—Let him go, I say.

*Sharp.* So, so, you have done finely now—Get away as fast as you can; he's the most courageous mettlesome man in all England—Why, if his passion was up, he could eat you—Make your escape, you fool.

*Cook.* I won't—Eat me! he'll find me damn'd hard of digestion though.

*Sharp.* Prithce come here; let me speak with you.

[*They walk aside.*]

*Enter Kitty.*

*Kit.* Gad's me, is supper on the table already?—Sir, pray defer it for a few moments; my mistress is much better, and will be here immediately.

*Gay.* Will she, indeed? Bless me—I did not expect—but however—Sharp!

*Kit.* What success, madam? [*Aside to Melissa.*]

*Mel.* As we could wish, girl—but he is in such pain and perplexity, I can't hold it out much longer.

*Kit.* Ay, that holding out is the ruin of half our sex.

*Sharp.* I have pacify'd the cook; and if you can but borrow twenty pieces of that young prig, all may go well yet: you may succeed, though I could not. Remember what I told you—about it straight, Sir.

*Gay.* Sir, Sir! [*to Melissa*] I beg to speak a word with you: My servant, Sir, tells me he has had the misfortune, Sir, to lose a note of mine, of twenty pounds, which I sent him to receive—and the banker's shops being shut up, and having very little cash by me, I should be much obliged to you if you would favour me with twenty pieces till to-morrow.

*Mel.* Oh, Sir, with all my heart; [*taking out her purse*] and as I have a small favour to beg of you, Sir, the obligation will be mutual.

*Gay.* How may I oblige you, Sir?

*Mel.* You are to be married, I hear, to Melissa.

*Gay.* To-morrow, Sir.

*Mel.* Then you'll oblige me, Sir, by never seeing her again.

*Gay.* Do you call this a small favour, Sir?

*Mel.* A mere trifle, Sir—Breaking of contracts, suing for divorces, committing adultery, and such like, are all reckoned trifles now-a-days; and smart young fellows, like you and myself, should be never out of fashion.

*Gay.* But pray, Sir, how are you concerned in this affair?

*Mel.* Oh, Sir, you must know I have a very great regard for Melissa, and indeed she for me: And by the bye, I take have a most despicable opinion of you; for, *entre nous*, I take you to be a very great scoundrel.

*Gay.* Sir!

*Mel.* Nay, don't look fierce, Sir, and give yourself airs—Damme, Sir, I shall be through your body else in the snapping of a finger.

*Gay.*

Gay. I'll be as quick as you, villain!

[*Draws and makes at Melissa.*]

Kit. Hold, hold, murder! you'll kill my mistress—the young gentleman, I mean.

Gay. Ah, her mistress!

[*Drops his sword.*]

Sharp. How! Melissa!—nay then, drive away, cart—all's over now.

*Enter all the Company laughing.*

Gad. What, Mr Gayles, engaging with Melissa before your time? Ha, ha, ha!

Kit. Your humble servant, good Mr Politician [*to Sharp.*] This is, gentlemen and ladies, the most celebrated and ingenious Timothy Sharp, schemer-general and redoubted 'squire to the most renowned and fortunate adventurer Charles Gayles, knight of the Woful Countenance: Ha, ha, ha!—Oh that dismal face, and more dismal head of your's!—

[*Strikes Sharp upon the head.*]

Sharp. 'Tis cruel in you to disturb a man in his last agonies.

Mel. Now, Mr Gayles!—What, not a word? You are sensible I can be no stranger to your misfortunes; and I might reasonably expect an excuse for your ill treatment of me.

Gay. No, madam, silence is my only refuge; for to endeavour to vindicate my crimes, would shew a greater want of virtue than even the commission of them.

Mel. Oh, Gayles! 'twas poor to impose upon a woman, and one that loved you too!

Gay. Oh most unpardonable; but my necessities—

Sharp. And mine, madam, were not to be matched, I'm sure, o'this side starving.

Mel. His tears have softened me at once—Your necessities, Mr Gayles, with such real contrition, are too powerful motives not to affect the breast already prejudiced in your favour—You have suffered too much already for your extravagance; and as I take part in your sufferings, 'tis easing myself to relieve you: Know, therefore, all that's past I freely forgive.

Gay. You cannot mean it, sure? I am lost in wonder!

Mel. Prepare yourself for more wonder—You have another friend in masquerade here. Mr Cook, pray throw aside your drunkenness, and make your sober appearance—Don't you know that face, Sir?

Cook. Ay, master, what, have you forgot your friend Dick, as you used to call me?

Gay.



*Gay.* More wonder indeed! Don't you live with my father?

*Mel.* Just after your hopeful servant there had left me, comes this man from Sir William with a letter to me; 'upon which (being by that wholly convinced of your necessitous condition) I invented, by the help of Kitty and Mrs Gadabout, this little plot, in which your friend Dick there has acted miracles, resolving to teaze you a little, that you might have a greater relish for a happy turn in your affairs.' Now, Sir, read 'that letter,' and complete your joy.

*Gay.* [*Reads.*].—"Madam, I am father to the unfortunate young man, who, I hear by a friend of mine, (there by my desire has been a continual spy upon him) is making his addresses to you: If he is so happy as to make himself agreeable to you (whose character I am charmed with) I shall own him with joy for my son, and forget his former follies. I am, madam,

"Your most humble servant,

"WILLIAM GAYLESS."

"P. S. I will soon be in town myself, to congratulate his late reformation and marriage."—Oh, Melissa, this is too much: Thus let me shew my thanks and gratitude—  
[*Kneeling, she raises him*].—for here 'tis only due.

*Sharp.* A reprieve! a reprieve! a reprieve!

*Kit.* I have been, Sir, a most bitter enemy to you; but since you are likely to be a little more conversant with cash than you have been, I am now, with the greatest sincerity, your most obedient friend and humble servant: And I hope, Sir, all former enmity will be forgotten.

*Gay.* Oh, Mrs Pry, I have been too much indulged with forgiveness myself, not to forgive lesser offences in other people.

*Sharp.* Well, then, madam, since my master has vouchsafed pardon to your handmaid Kitty, I hope you'll not deny it to his footman Timothy.

*Mel.* Pardon! for what?

*Sharp.* Only for telling you about ten thousand lies, madam; and, among the rest, insinuating that your ladyship would—

*Mel.* I understand you; and can forgive any thing, Sharp, that was designed for the service of your master:—And if Pry and you will follow our example, I'll give her a small fortune as a reward for both your fidelities.

*Sharp.* I fancy, madam, 'twould be better to halve the small

all fortune between us, and keep us both single; for as we shall live in the same house, in all probability we may share the comforts of matrimony, and not be troubled with inconveniences. What say you, Kitty? —

*Kit.* Do you hear, Sharp; before you talk of the comforts of matrimony, taste the comforts of a good dinner, and recover your flesh a little; do, puppy.

*Sharp.* The devil backs her, that's certain; and I am no match for her at any weapon.

*Mel.* And now, Mr Gaylefs, to shew I have not provided for you by halves, let the music prepare themselves, and, with the approbation of the company, we'll have a dance.

*All.* By all means a dance.

*Gut.* By all means a dance—after supper tho'.

*Sharp.* Oh, pray, Sir, have supper first, or I'm sure I shan't be till the dance is finished.

*Gay.* Behold, Melissa, as sincere a convert as ever truth and beauty made. 'The wild impetuous fallies of my youth are now blown over, and a most pleasing calm of perfect happiness succeeds.

'Thus *Ætna's* flames the verdant earth consume,  
But milder heat makes drooping nature bloom:  
So virtuous love affords us springing joy,  
Whilst vicious passions, as they burn, destroy.

## E P I L O G U E.

*Spoken by Mr GARRICK.*

**T**HAT I'm a lying rogue, you all agree;  
And yet look round the world, and you will see  
How many more, my betters, lie as fast as me.  
Against this vice we all are ever railing,  
And yet so tempting is it, so prevailing,  
You'll find but few without this useful failing.  
Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,  
The lie goes round, and the ball's never still.  
My lies were harmless, told to shew my parts;  
And not like those, when tongues belie their hearts.  
In all professions you will find this flaw;  
And in the gravest too, in Physic and in Law.  
The gouty Serjeant cries, with formal pause,  
"Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the cause."  
But when my Lord decrees for t'other side,  
Your costs of suit convince you—that he ly'd.

}  
}  
}

A

A Doctor comes with formal wig and face,  
 First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your cast :  
 " Your fever's slight, not dang'rous, I assure you ;  
 " Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, Sir, will cure you."  
 Around the bed, next day, his friends are crying :  
 The patient dies ; the Doctor's paid for lying.  
 The Poet, willing to secure the Pit,  
 Gives out, his play has humour, taste, and wit :  
 The cause comes on ; and, while the judges try,  
 Each groan and catcall gives the bard the lie.  
 Now let us ask, pray, what the Ladies do :  
 They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.  
 " Lord !" says the Prude (her face behind her fan)  
 " How can our sex have any joy in man ?  
 " As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me ;  
 " And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve me :  
 " Their sight is odious ; but their touch——O Gad !  
 " The thought of that's enough to drive one mad."  
 Thus rails at man the squeamish Lady Dainty ;  
 Yet weds, at fifty-five, a rake of twenty.  
 In short, a Beau's intrigues, a Lover's sighs,  
 The Courtier's promise, the rich Widow's cries,  
 And Patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies.  
 Sometimes you'll see a man belie his nation,  
 Nor to his country shew the least relation.  
 For instance now——  
 A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,  
 A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,  
 An Englishman, a coward, or a slave.  
 Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art ;  
 I served my master, play'd a faithful part :  
 Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew ;  
 For though my tongue was false, my heart was true.

# F L O R A :

O R,

## H O B I N T H E W E L L.

I N T W O A C T S.

B Y C O L L E Y C I B B E R, E S Q.

---

### D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

#### M E N.

*Sir Thomas Testy.*

*Friendly*, a gentleman in love with *Flora*.

*Hob*, a simple country-fellow.

*Old Hob*, *Hob*'s father.

*Dick*, servant to *Friendly*.

*Roger*, servant to *Sir Thomas*.

#### W O M E N.

*Flora*, niece to *Sir Thomas*, in love with *Friendly*.

*Betty*, her maid.

*Hob*'s mother.

SCENE, in *Somersetshire*.

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### A C T I.

*After the Overture, Flora and Betty discovered.*

#### A I R I.

To the tune of, *At noon, one sultry summer's day.*

FLORA.

HOW wretched are we orphans made,  
By dying parents wills betray'd  
To guardians pow'rs, who oft invade  
Our freedom, to our cost!

Like



Like captives they their wards confine,  
 Pretending care, but with design  
 To prostitute 'em for their coin  
 To whoe'er bids the most.

Betty——

*Bet.* Madam.

*Flo.* 'Tis a sad life I lead here.

\* *Bet.* Life, indeed, madam, is a sad thing any where to  
 lovers that are uncoupled.

\* *Flo.* Wert thou ever in love, Betty?

\* *Bet.* O most cruelly, madam; but the man I loved  
 had another more darling mistress, called *claret*, for whole  
 sweet society I was forsaken.

\* **AIR II.** *Ye beaux of pleasure.*

\* The men of pleasure,

\* Who count the seizure

\* Of virgin-treasure

\* A pleasing task;

\* No sooner gain it,

\* But they refrain it,

\* Nay, oft disdain it,

\* For t'other flask.

\* *Flo.* And how do you find yourself now?

\* *Bet.* As most folks are after the loss of an old lover.

\* *Flo.* How's that?

\* *Bet.* Ready for a new one.

\* *Flo.* Wou'd I were of thy humour——But' my silly  
 heart's so set upon Mr Friendly, that all mankind beside are  
 no more than my own sex to me.

\* *Bet.* Then you must have him, madam, or you'll go  
 into a consumption.

\* *Flo.* Ay, but how shall I come at him, Betty?

\* *Bet.* Why, run a risk, madam.

\* *Flo.* What risk?

*Bet.* Run away with him.

*Flo.* Psha! How is that possible, 'when my uncle looks  
 me up as if I were his only bottle of brandy?

\* *Bet.* You know, madam, I have sometimes the keys of  
 both in my keeping—and if you please to uncork your  
 conscience, I'll undertake, in eight-and-forty hours, Mr  
 Friendly shall have at least half-a-dozen go-downs of you.

\* *Flo.* Ah, Betty! I'm afraid you flatter me.

\* *Bet.* Nay, madam, you are as good a judge of that as  
 I; for you must own, he has a very promising person.

*Flo.*

*Flo.* Psha! I don't think of his person.

*Bet.* If any other woman thought half so much of it, you wou'd pull her commode for her.

*Flo.* Pooh! But 'I mean' I am afraid you are not sincere in your advice, and that if I shou'd trust you with a design of that nature, you wou'd discover it to my uncle.

*Bet.* Ah! but if I were to live with you, and have my eyes raised, after you married—I know whose suspicion gives me a great deal of wrong.

*Flo.* Swear then to be true, and I will trust you. But, dear Betty, be out of the fashion for once, and keep your mouth; I'll tell you why I so earnestly intreat you.

AIR III. *I, who once was great, now little am grown.*

Custom prevailing so long 'mongst the great,  
Makes oaths easy potions to sleep on,  
Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,  
Without e'er designing to keep one.

For an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame;  
A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name;  
A lawyer to truth; a statesman from blame;  
Or a patriot-heart in a courtier.

*Bet.* Here then, I swear, by all my hopes and perquisites; by the sweet profits of my place in view, and double wages in reversion; by your laced shoes too big, and those too little; by the silk gown you'll give me at your wedding; by all 'your mantuas, heads, hoops, short hoods and cloaks, and as I hope your last blue atlas never will be worn again!' I swear——

*Flo.* That you will inviolably keep my secrets, and assist me to your utmost in running away with Mr Friendly.

*Bet.* I swear.

*Flo.* Then I will trust you; and when I'm married, Betty, every article of your oath shall be made good to you—Look here then, here's a letter I had just written to Mr Friendly, wherein I've promised, at twelve o'clock to-night, to be upon the mount in the garden; and if he will take care to meet me on t'other side, and set a ladder against the wall, I'll toss over my band-box, venture catching cold in the dew, and take my fortune with him.

*Bet.* There's metal in the proposal, madam—Let's see the letter; he shall have it in a quarter of an hour, tho' I carry it myself.

*Flo.* But I won't venture neither, unless his answer tell me he'll be ready—So, dear Betty, be careful; I have no mortal to trust but thee.

*Bet.* And no mortal fitter to be trusted.

*Flo.* So, now my heart's at ease—I find my resolution good at the bottom; and since I have set my head upon running away, 'tis not my old uncle nor the garden-wall shall stop me, tho' he were as wise as a bishop, and the wall as high as a church-steeple.

AIR IV. *Man in imagination.*

Tho' my uncle strives to immure me,  
My lover's voice will lure me  
To leap from the mount o'er the garden-wall,  
And fly this hated place.  
Oh, a tedious day to me 'tis;  
But when Sol's in the arms of his Thetis,  
Swift as the roe (at my hero's call)  
I'll elude my hunter's chace.

Ah!—

*Enter Sir Tho. Testy.*

*Sir Tho.* How now, Mrs Irreverence! Am I such a hobgoblin, that you start at the sight of me?

*Flo.* Sir, I did not think any harm; but when you come upon one unawares—

*Sir Tho.* Unawares! What! I surpris'd you then? Your head was full of other matters, which, I suppose, that close committee of the flesh and the devil have absolutely resolv'd to be the fundamentals of your constitution.

AIR V. *As I was walking thro' Hyde-Park.*

‘ When a girl fifteen years does attain,  
‘ Love's follies invading her brain,  
‘ Her virtue's held by a slight rein.  
‘ For equipage, hurry, and noise,  
‘ Gay cloathing, and such female toys,  
‘ She'll forego more substantial joys.  
‘ To a feather or powder'd toupee  
‘ Her heart soon a captive wou'd be.  
‘ To keep such a one chaste, we must lock her up fast  
‘ That maxim best pleases me.’

*Flo.* Lord, Sir, how strangely you talk to one!

*Sir Tho.* Talk! you malapert; why who shou'd talk to you but I? Who am I, hussy? who am I?

*Flo.* You are my uncle by relation, my guardian by my father's will, and my jailor against mine.

*Sir Tho.* Then, while you are my prisoner, hussy, how can you take such liberty?

*Flo.* Because liberty, Sir, is the sweetest thing a prisoner can take.

*Sir Tho.* Don't you think in your conscience now, mistress, you deserve to be lock'd up?

*Flo.* I think in my conscience, you ought to let me marry, since I've a mind to't.

*Sir Tho.* Provoking! Dare you own this to my face?

*Flo.* Why, Sir, is't a fault? You have kept me in prison for these ten months, and I did not know but my confinement might deserve a little of your mercy.

*Sir Tho.* Astonishing! The devil has harden'd you, hussy! You are a sight! Go, go to your chamber; people will stare at you; I would not have you seen abroad in this condition for—O Lord! your brain's turn'd! You shall be fed, mistress; I'll have your room darken'd: Water-gruel, discipline and water-gruel! ye gods!

*Flo.* Look ye, uncle, I find you have a mind to drive me to a hard bargain; therefore, to let you see that I am no beggar, I'll make you an offer which shall fairly come up to the most you can make of me—as thus—

*Sir Tho.* What new distraction hast thou got in thy head now?

*Flo.* Hear me. You know I have eight thousand pounds of my fortune; and that by my father's will you are to be allowed the whole interest of it, 'till I am either married or of age, to reimburse your expences in maintaining me; which and maintenance, by a modest computation, may stand you—let me see—about seven or eight pounds a-year (for I have no cloaths but my mother's)—Now, Sir, if you'll immediately give me the liberty of marrying the man I have in mind to, I'll engage he shall consent to the throwing of my fortune into the public funds, the minute you throw me into his arms. So you shall have the use of my pence all I am of age, as a premium for advancing to him the use of my person.

*Sir Tho.* Hum! The girl begins to talk sensibly—but 'tis not yet proper to understand her—Look ye, child, when you have persuaded your lover to make the same proposal under his hand, I shall then believe you are equally ready to come at one another—In the mean time, let me advise



advise you to your chamber, from whence I will allow you the lovely prospect of the garden. [Exit]

*Flo.* You may chance to fret for this, my very wise uncle. [Exit]

*Enter Friendly and Servant.*

*Fri.* What a watchful old rogue is this!

*Ser.* A very dragon, Sir.

*Fri.* To use a young creature so unmercifully.

*Ser.* Nay, Sir, so uncivilly.

*Fri.* How, firrah?

*Ser.* To force her to such extremities, to make her straddle over a great wall, and risk her neck down a ladder at midnight, when he ought to lend her his hand into a coach and six, and out of his great gate at noon-day to come to you, Sir. But the rascal has no breeding.

*Fri.* By Mercury, I'll be even with him.

*Ser.* You have reason, Sir; for tho' I say it—

*Fri.* That thou'd not say it.

*Ser.* She is a lovely piece of temptation, Sir.

*Fri.* What's o'clock, firrah?

*Ser.* By the moon's rising, I believe it may be about, about, a—past ten.

*Fri.* Then, firrah, about past—twelve—

*Ser.* You'll have one of her blue silk stockings straddling over the wall, Sir—

A I R VI. *At past one o'clock, and a cold frosty morning.*

*Friendly sings.*

At past twelve o'clock, and a fine summer's morning  
When all in the village sleep pleasantly,

Cynthia's bright beams, all nature adorning,  
Shall guide my swift steps to my lovely she.

Then my fair Flora, fraught with kind wishes,  
I'll fold in my arms, with amorous kisses,  
Which serve as preludes to more solid blisses—

Soon as the vicar has made us one.

But where's the country fellow you promised should carry my answer to her letter?

*Ser.* Who, Hob, Sir? Here he is; and if any suspect his face for a pimp's, I have no skill in the science, Sir.

*Enter Hob.*

*Fri.* Well, Hob, can't thou carry this letter to Sir Thomas Testy's house for me?

*Hob.*

*Hob.* Yes, Zir, yes.

*Fri.* Do so, and give it to madam Flora; but take care nobody sees you deliver it.

*Hob.* Yes, Zir—But must I carry it to-night?—'Tis main dark.

*Fri.* You must go immediately.

*Hob.* I hope, Zir, there's no difference between you and Zir Tomas.

*Fri.* Why dost hope so?

*Hob.* Why truly, Zir, I do hear there be; and therefore I don't care to meddle or make between friends, for 'tis but an unthankful office; and you know Zir Tomas is very crusty, and if he does but suspect that I shau'd concern myzel, mayhap he may take the law of me; and you know, Zir, that law is a vrightful thing.

A I R VII. *She got money by the bargain.*

The terrible law, when it fastens its paw

On a poor man, it gripes till he's undone;

And what I am doing may turn to my ruin,

Tho' rich as the Lord Mayor of London.

Therefore I'll be wary what message I carry,

Unless we first make a zure bargain;

I will be demnify'd, thoroughly satisfy'd,

That ch'am shan't suffer a varding.

*Fri.* Pish, the law shall never trouble thee; I'll secure thee from any harm.

*Hob.* Very well, Zir, very well; that's as much as I can desire; but pray don't take unkindly what I say; for you know no man is willing to bring himzel into a primunire if he can help it.

*Fri.* No, no—Prithee begone.

*Hob.* I will, Zir, I will—for—for—Pray, Zir, be pleased to read the superscription for me.

*Fri.* S'death, how I am tortur'd with this foolish fellow, and I can send nobody else without being suspected—Don't trouble thyself with the superscription, but deliver it as I bid thee.

*Hob.* Very good, Zir, very good—'Tis main dark—would it not do as well, Zir, if I should carry it in the morning? I had rather go in the morning.

*Fri.* Why so?

*Hob.* Why, truly, Zir, I'll tell you: At the lower end of Zir Tomas's orchard, one of our poor neighbours being in

a disparaging condition, has gone and hang'd himzel—Now there is zome do zay that he walks by night in zeveral zort of shapes.

*Fri.* What, and so you are afraid, are you?

*Hob.* No, indeed, Zir, ch'am not afraid—I thank marcy, I defy the devil and all his works.

*Fri.* A pox on thee then, get thee gone.

*Hob.* Tho' I must tell you, I have a great conceit he will appear to me—vor, you must know to-morrow the crowner's quest is to zit upon him, whereof, d'ye zee, I'm to be one; and who knows but he may have zomething upon his spirits that may make him break his mind to me; and if zo, let me tell you, I'm afraid it will make a bad day for zomebody—vor, if Sir Tomas had kept his fences whole, mayhap this man had ne'er been tempted to ha' gone into his ground to ha' hang'd himzel. But be that as it will, I'll do your business vor you; therefore pray take you no care, Zir.

*Fri.* Prithee about it then.

*Hob.* Ay, ay, I'll warrant you, don't trouble yourself no vurther—vor if I zay I'll do't, I'll do't, that's my humour.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sir Thomas and Servants.*

*Sir Tho.* 'Twill be a hard matter to sink any of the principal, indeed; so that, could the girl make good the proposal, I would not care how soon she were kissed black in the face; but should I give her the least liberty upon't, 'tis possible, when she has made use on't, her conscience might desire to be off. And I dare swear her lover will spare neither care nor cost to come at her without my consent; and gold in particular has a prevailing influence in a love-affair; therefore I must watch my ward myself—Servants may be corrupted.

*AIR VIII. We'll learn to be merry and wise.*

' To guard my Hesperian tree

' Requires more care than of old;

' That was robb'd by a half deity,

' And without the assistance of gold.

' But in this age, gold softens the mind,

' A governante's tongue 'twill lay mute,

' Charm prudes, make a coy virgin kind,

' Whilst a lover (with ease) steals the fruit.

D'ye hear, rascals! look sharp; for this is the usual hour that your soft sighing rogues run a caterwauling.

*Ser.*

Ser. Sir! Sir! yonder's somebody with a light coming  
own the field.

Sir Tho. Stand still then, and observe.

*Enter Hob, whistling.*

Hob. Zo, this is the house—now let me zee—how shall I  
about to do this zame businefs?—If that old fox, Zir  
omas, shou'd 'spy me, he'd maul me vor zartain—But let  
alone, I'll be cunning enough for him, I'll warrant ye—  
he zees me, he must have more eyes than two.—Hold,  
ld, now let me zee vor this zame letter—O, here it is—  
r madam Flo—Flo—Madam Flora.

Sir Tho. Where are you carrying this letter, friend?

*[Snatching it from him.]*

Hob. Letter, Zir?

Sir Tho. Letter, Sir! ay, letter, Sir! who did you bring  
from?

Hob. Bring it vrom, Zir? I brought it vrom nobody, not I.

Sir Tho. How came you by it?

Hob. Buy it, Zir? I did not buy it; why, I vound it in  
y pocket, Zir.

Sir Tho. Found it in your pocket!—What, did it grow  
ere then, ha? Where are you going with it?

Hob. Going with it, Zir! I dan't knaw where ch'am go-  
ing with it, not I.

Sir Tho. What do you here at this time o'night?

Hob. I can't tell what I do here, not I—I'll go home, Zir,  
you please—I wish you a good-night.

Sir Tho. Hold, hold a little, friend; let me reward you  
ft for bringing it, however.

Hob. Not a varthing, Zir; indeed, I must not take one  
rthing, for Maister Friendly charg'n me to th' contrary;  
erefore, pray dan't offer it.

Sir Tho. O, did he so?—But something I will give you,  
however: Pray take that, and that, firrah. *[Beats him.]*

Hob. O Lard! O Lard! what do ye strik'n vor? avore  
ad, I'll take the law of you, zee an I dan't—what, do  
ou go to murder me?

Sir Tho. I'll law you, you rogue—are you their letter-  
carrier? there's more for you, firrah.

Hob. Bear witness, bear witness, zee an you dan't pay for  
his. O Lard! O Lard!

Sir Tho. Here, firrahs, lay hold of him, till I examine the  
tter. Let's see—"To Mrs Flora,"—right.

"The proposal you mention, in case of extremity, will  
" certainly



"certainly do; but it will be a much pleasanter piece of justice to bite him for his barbarity:" [*A son of a cuber he means me to be sure.*]"—"The ladder and all things shall be ready at twelve to-night"—[*Oons!*]"—"If you have any thing farther of moment, this fellow is honest, and will convey it safe to your eternal lover, TOM FRIENDLY." Yes, yes, I find he is honest, with a pox to him, and I'll reward him accordingly—Here, desire that honest gentleman to walk down to the bottom of that well—And let him stay there till I call for him.

*Hob.* I can't do it, as I hope to be zaved I can't; pray forbear, and don't murder an innocent man.

[*Falls on his knees*]

AIR IX. *My father he left me a wealthy estate.*

I never 'till now was conzarned in strife;  
Have mercy, Zirr Tomas, and spare poor Hob's life,  
And give me my vreedom, as I had bevore—  
I'll be a good boy, and I'll do zo no more.

Indeed I won't—

*Sir Tho.* In with him, I say—

*Hob.* O Lard! Maister Jonathan, I vorewarn you, don't be conzarned in this: Conzider what you do.

*Sir Tho.* Oons! in with him.

*Hob.* You are all principals, there are no 'complishes in murder. Help! Murder! [*They put him down and exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

*Enter Flora.*

*Flo.* I heard a strange noise without; I wish things go as they should—'My heart beats, as if Mr What-d'ye-call-him 'were in my arms.'—Well, this love's a terrible thing.—Would the worst on't were over, I'm afraid I shall never be able to go thro' with it.—I am sure here's an odd bustle about it.

*Enter Betty.*

How now!

*Bet.* Undone! undone! madam! Your uncle has intercepted Mr Friendly's letter in answer to your's, and all your designs are discovered; he raves and tears like a madman, and in his passion he has thrown the poor fellow that brought it into the great well, and swears, if any body offers to help him out, without his order, he'll throw them in after him.

*Flo.* Well, if I am here alive, I thought it would come to nothing—It vexes the heart of me.

*Bet.*

*Bet.* But come, madam, don't be wholly discouraged; for  
an tells me, 'tis a hundred to one but the fellow's drowned.

*Flo.* Psha! I wish my uncle was drowned in his room.

*Bet.* No, madam; but he'll be hanged, and that's as well.

*Flo.* Do you really think so?

*Bet.* Poz.

*Flo.* Then I'll marry in spite of his teeth.

*Bet.* Right; when he's in one noose, you may slip into  
ther.

*Flo.* Dear Betty, step out and see how 'tis with the fellow,  
I'm in a thousand frights; and if things are—you know  
w—ask when the assizes begin. [Exit Betty.

' AIR X. *The last with the nut-brown hair.*

' To forgive, sure, is great,

' But revenge for wrong's sweet,

' So for once let resentment prevail.

' My guardian relation

' Is in a situation

' Should move a soft breast to bewail:

' But his sordid cruelty

' Has so perverted me,

' I can hear of his death without pain.

' When he's swinging in his shoes,

' I'll fix my marriage-noose,

' And (with justice) great Hymen shall reign.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *The Well, &c.*

*Enter Old Hob and his Wife.*

*O. Hob.* Come, wife, never trouble thyself; a wull go a  
awging zometimes, and there's an end on't; a wull come  
ome again, I warrant 'un.

*Wife.* I think o' my conscience 'tis no great matter whe-  
her he does or no.—A bafe raugue, to be out of the way at  
uch a busy time as thik is. The zun has been up this hour  
nd quarter, and that grauceless boy, I warrant, has not been  
bed yet. Prithee, husband, step and zee an he be'nt zooting  
t the park-gate, and I'll draw the water in the mean time.

*O. Hob.* Do you then.

[Exit.]

*Wife.* This boy's the plague of my life, I think—'twere  
more than time the gammon had been boiled by now. And  
now the volk will come to the wake bevore it be cold—and  
then it waun't be vit to be eaten—A jackanapes! when I  
bid

bid 'en, and beg 'en, and prayed 'en to stay, and he won't go—And yet notwithstanding all I have zaid, cou'd I lay eyes on him, I shau'd vorget his roguery, and vorgive 'en.

AIR XI. *The Logan water is so deep.*

The shepherdefs, with looks difmay'd,  
Because her fav'rite lamb has stray'd,  
In angry fearch her time employs,  
But found—that paffion's loft in joys.

So will it be with filly me,  
When next my truant-boy I fee;  
My heart pleads strongly on his fide,  
And I fhall rather kiss than chide.

Here have I been blaming the poor boy for not minding his business, and at the fame time neglect my own; I must hafte to wind up the bucket, or I fhall have husband back bevore I've drawn a drop of wter.

[*Goes to the well, and fings—*Did you not hear, O. Lud, lud, 'tis main heavy—Heyday!—I believe old Nick's in the bottom o'the bucket, for my part. [*Hob cries out.* Oh, a ghof! a ghof!

[*Hob appears in the bucket; fhe lets the rope go, and he finks again.*

*Enter Old Hob.*

O. Hob. Heyday! what's the matter, with a murrain t'ye? is the woman in her tantrums?

Wife. A ghof! a ghof!—Hob's ghof in the well—ah!—

O. Hob. The woman's turn'd wool, I think—let me zee; if the devil be in the well, I'll vetch 'en out on't—here's a rout indeed—Wauns! I think the devil be in the bucket—But now I have got 'en half way, I'll know what zort of a devil 'tis: and if he ben't a zivil one, I'll zouze 'en and zop 'en in the bottom agen.

Y. Hob. Ah! hau'd vaff, vather, 'tis I! 'tis I!

Wife. Ah! 'tis there agen.

O. Hob. Haud your peace, I zay; the devil can't get in a word vor you, I think—Who's there? Hob?

Y. Hob. Ay, vor love's zake pull away, vather.

O. Hob. Prithee lend's thy hond, wife—Bless my eyes! 'tis Hob indeed—What in the name of wonder doft thou here, lad?

Y. Hob. Ah! dan't ask queftions now, vather—get me

home—Zir Tomas has don't; but if there be law in all the king's kingdom, I'll capias 'en vor zartain; I dan't law but it may prove the death of me; I'll zue him next mornin', an't cost me vorty shillings. I'll zue him, come what will—zee if I don't make him pay vor't.

A I R XII. *To an Irish tune.* Trio.

*Wife.* Oh! my poor boy,

*O. Hob.* His looks are stark wild.

*Wife.* Cou'd Sir Tomas destroy

*O. Hob.* So hopeful a child?

*T. Hob.* I'll revenge if I con.

*Wife.* Ah! talk so no more.

*O. Hob.* He's a great mon,

*O. Hob. and Wife.* And we are but poor.

*T. Hob.* All you do zay can zignify nothing,  
I'll capias 'en vor't, let cost what it will.

*Wife.* Go to bed, boy, whilst I get thee dry clothing.

*O. Hob.* Think'st thou art taught to return good for ill?

*T. Hob.* I'll indict 'en i' th' crown,

And bind o'er to the zessions,  
Thof I zell my heifer and the auld mare,  
Udsblead I'd hang 'en or drown 'en.

*O. Hob.* Forbear zuch expreffions.

*Wife.* Prithee vorgive, and be not zevere.

*T. Hob.* I'll never vorgive, and will be zevere.

*Wife.* Oh, poor Hob! come along, child, and I'll get thee a little zugar-zops to comfort thy bowels. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

*Enter Sir Thomas and Servant.*

SIR THOMAS.

JOHN, what's become of the fellow that fell into the well last night? has any body taken any care of him?

*Ser.* No, Sir; your worship said he should lie there till your worship was pleased to call for him.

*Sir Tho.* Oons, firrah, you have not drown'd the fellow, have you?

*Ser.*



*Ser.* Who, I drown him, Sir! nay, nay, hau'd yee, I am but a servant, and 'twas you bad me; an any mischief should come on't, 'tis you must answer it—Flesh! what have I to do with it?

*Sir Tho.* You impudent rogue, wou'd you put your violences upon me? Did not I see you collar him, did not you lay violent hands upon him, firrah, and am not I a witness against you?

*Ser.* Lard! Lard! at this rate a man had as good be a galley-slave as a servant—If one don't do as one's bid, one's head's broke; and if one does, one's to be hang'd for't—But come what will, the gallows will hold two, that's the best on't.

*Sir Tho.* He says true, faith—Well, well, keep your own counsel, firrah, and I'll see what I can do to save you.

*Ser.* Nay, nay, as for that, do you see, do as you see cause—let it go thick way, or let it go thack way, 'tis all a case to me go which way it will; one good turn will require another.

*Sir Tho.* Hold your peace, firrah—and begone—[*Exit Servant.*]  
—This surly dog is not to be frighted, I see; I must (as is customary with a man in power) protect this fellow in his roguery for my own sake.

‘AIR XIII. *I have left the world as the world found me.*

- ‘ A rogue that is hir'd
- ‘ To do what's requir'd,
- ‘ And ne'er stick at honour or conscience;
- ‘ To compass his ends,
- ‘ Will destroy his best friends,
- ‘ For a villain's sure friendship is nonsense.
- ‘ Yet still he may laugh,
- ‘ Assur'd he is safe,
- ‘ And despise all attempts to accuse him;
- ‘ For his patron oft-times
- ‘ Promoting his crimes,
- ‘ Must (for self-preservation) excuse him.

*Enter Servant with a letter.*

*Ser.* Sir, here's a letter for you.

*Sir Tho.* Who brought it?

*Ser.* Mr Friendly's man, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Let's see. [*Reads.*]  
—“Sir, Your niece informs me, that she has made you a proposal concerning our marriage,  
“riage,

riage, which I am willing to ratify whenever you please to do me the honour of a meeting. Your's."——Humph! That meeting may be to meet with my niece, for ought I know—I must have the particulars under his hand before I can come to understand him: Therefore, that I don't understand him, shall be my answer.——In the mean time I'll put on a smoother look to the girl, and shew her a little of the country-diversion from the mount in the garden; and if they are in earnest, that good-humour will work her to work him up to my price.—Bid the fellow stay till I write him an answer. [Exit.]

SCENE, *The Wood and Garden-Wall.*

*Enter Old Hob and his Wife.*

*Wife.* Come, husband, now the boy has got on his dry loaths, let him be stirring a bit—Come, come, make haste, the town will be vull of volk bevore we shall get vitted.

*O. Hob.* Don't trouble thyself, wife; every thing within doors is ready, and there's nothing wanting but the sign to be put up; and look ye, that shall be done presently—  
Hob! Hob!

*T. Hob.* [*within.*] What zay you, vather?

*O. Hob.* Tap the ale, quick, quick.

*T. Hob.* Ay, ay, vather.

*O. Hob.* There—now he that will drink good ale, let him come to the sign of the pot-lid—Come, wife, let's to our business within. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Friendly, disguised; Servant, and Country-people.*

*Fri.* If this disguise does not conceal me——

*Ser.* You'll then be out of countenance to no purpose, Sir—But, pray, Sir, what do you propose by turning ballad-finger?

*Fri.* I do propose that Flora shall know me by my voice, and that consequently her wits will soon be at work to come at me.

*Ser.* Well, Sir, but of what use can I be? for I can no more sing than I can fast.

*Fri.* But you can help to draw other gaping fools about me.

*Ser.* There's some sense in that, indeed, Sir.

*Enter Sir Thomas, Flora, and Betty.*

*Sir Tho.* Come, niece, if you must see the pastime, you may have as fair a prospect of it here as in the crowd

*Flo.* I like it very well here, Sir.

Y

*Fri.*

*Fri.* Well, ho! this same is intitled, An excellent new Ballad, in praise of the Country-Wake.

*Sir Tho.* Hark! we shall have a merry ballad.

*Flo.* Bless my eyes!—is not that he, Betty?

*Bet.* The very he, madam—but hush.

AIR XIV. A ballad. *Rare doings at Bath.*  
Friendly *sings*.

I'll sing you a ditty, and warrant it true,

Give but attention unto me a while,

Of transactions at court, and in country too,

Toilsome pleasures, and pleasing toil.

Accept it (I pray) as your help-mates you take;

To some 'twill give joy,

And some others annoy:

All's fair at a country-wake. All's fair, &c.

“ At courts we see patriots noble and just,

“ Fit for employments of honour and pow'r;

“ But then there are sycophants, unfit for trust,

“ Blend with the great, and in number are more;

“ Slaves, who would honour and modesty stake,

“ With sordid intention,

“ To get place or pension:

“ Strange news at a country-wake. Strange news, &c.

Some ladies at court are styled unpolite,

Because truly virtuous, and prone to no ill;

Whilst others who sparkle in diamonds bright,

Are stript of their pride at *basset* or *quadrille*,

'Till their losses at play do their lord's credit shake;

Then, their toys to recover,

They'll grant the last favour:

Strange news at a country-wake. Strange news, &c.

Here most of our gentlemen patriots are,

Tho' very bad statesmen, I freely confess;

They design harm to none—but a fox or a hare,

And are always found loyal in war and in peace.

The farmer's industry does earth fertile make;

The husbandman's ploughing,

His planting and sowing,

Gets health and good cheer at a country-wake. Gets, &c.

Our girls blooming fair, without washes or paints,

From neighbouring villages hither resort;

They kiss sweet as roses, yet virtuous as saints—

(Who can say more for the ladies at court?)

to worldly cares vex 'em, asleep or awake;  
But their time they improve  
In peace and true love,

and innocent mirth, at the country-wake. And, &c.

The schemes of a courtier are full of intrigue;  
Here's all fair and open, dark deeds we despise:  
Let rural contentment 'gainst courtly fatigue,  
Who chooses the former is happy and wise.  
Now let's pray for the king, and, for England's sake,

From all faction free,  
May his subjects agree

As well at the court as the country-wake. As well, &c.

Do you think she knew me?

Ser. Knew you, Sir! why, I bought one of your bal-  
ds for her, and she tipt the wink upon me, with as much  
to say, Desire him not to go till he hears from me.—  
I suppose, Sir, you took a cup of nappy here, to pass away  
the time a little.

Fri. Call for what you have a mind to.

Ser. Here, house!—

[Enter Hob.

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming. Your zarvant,  
maister Friendly, I'm glad to zee you, you're welcome to  
the vair.

Fri. I thank you, honest Hob.

Hob. I shau'd knaw that gentlemon—Maister Richard,  
think?

Ser. Ay, Hob; how dost do?

Hob. O Laird, maister, haw d'ye do? Come, pray, zit  
down.—Maister Friendly—Come, pray stay, and drink  
the pot avore you go.

Fri. Sit down, or this fellow's impertinence will make us  
served. What dost thou do with an apron on, Hob?

Hob. Adod, I pu'nt on but just now; vather will do as  
neighbours do, and every one i' th' town almost zells ale on  
a Friday—but now we zell several other zorts of liquors,  
and wine too, an occasion be.

Fri. Wine!

Hob. Ay, all zorts of wine.

Fri. Say'st thou so? Bring us some claret then.

Hob. Claret, Zir! We have no claret; we mun not zell  
claret, 'tis against th' law.—Now you may ha' some o' your  
port, your red port now, or your white port, or such zort  
stuff.



*Fri.* Such stuff as thou hast then, prithee bring us.

*Hob.* Yes, Zir—Ch'am coming—Now in my mind, Zir, what do you think of a little zack; a little zack now, and zome o' your zugar in't, is main good.

*Fri.* Prithee, bring what thou likest best thyself; for I'm sure 'twill please no palate but thy own. [*Exit Hob.*]

*Ser.* Sir, with humble submission, I don't yet discover any great hopes from this same project of your's. Pray, Sir, how do you propose to come at the lady?

*Fri.* While the garden door's shut, and that old dragon is so watchful of the fruit, there are but little hopes indeed. However, I won't quit the place: Fortune may yet do something unexpectedly to befriend me.

*Enter Hob, with pots, tobacco, bread, cheese, and sugar.*

*Hob.* Ch'am coming, ch'am coming.—Here, Zir.—

*Fri.* Where's the sack, Hob?

*Hob.* Zack, Zir! Odd, I dan't know, I thought you zaid you had rather have ale.—Ale is indeed much wholesomer for your English stomachs.—For my part, I'd rather have ale now. Maister Richard, bite a bit avore you drink, come, and in the mean time I'll put a little zugar in the ale, and make it as good as I can for you. Come, Zir, against you're disposed.

*Fri.* Thank you, Hob—This fellow's kindness will poison me. [*Aside.*]

*Ser.* Not at this rate of tasting, Sir; for he has not left a drop at the bottom.

*Hob.* Adod, 'tis main good, Zir.—Will you have t'other pot, Zir?

*Fri.* No; prithee drink this too, and then fetch us a couple.

*Hob.* Yes, Zir, I will.—Ch'am coming. [*Exit Hob.*]

*Sir Tho.* Come, my merry countrymen, every man take his lass, and give us a dance or two, and then we'll have the cudgels out.

*Country-p.* Yes, a'nt like your worship, we are all ready. Come, Scratch, strike up. [*Dance.*]

*Enter Hob.*

*Hob.* Ay, marry, Zir; well done, Ralph! zet to us, Joan! zet to un——

*Wife.* [*within.*] Hob! Hob!

*Hob.* Ch'am coming, ch'am coming—Tol, lol—*Mary*——Sides all now——Sides all——

*Fri.* Hob! Hob!

*Hob.* Ch'am coming, ch'am coming, maister. Tol, lol.

*O. Hob.* [*within.*] Hob! Hob!

*Hob.* Ch'am coming, ch'am coming—What a plague is vather, I trow? An old vool! Udsblead, he makes more noise—Set to now, William—Ah, rarely done! In, Mary; ah, dainty Mary! Turn her about, John—now, now! a murrain!—You're quite out.—Look, Ralph should be cast off; and while John had turn'd Mary about, Thomas shou'd ha' led up Nan, and Joan met Ralph at bottom agen; meanwhile, John shou'd have sided with Mary, and then Mary shou'd back to back with Ralph, and then Thomas had come in again in his own place; and so all had been right.—Come, begin agen.—Strike up, Scratch. lol, lol.

*O. Hob.* [*within.*] Hob! Hob! Where be ye?

*Hob.* Ch'am coming, ch'am coming: What a devil, can't you be quiet a bit?—Tol, lol.

*Enter Old Hob.*

*O. Hob.* Heyday! heyday! This is rare sport. Udsblead, I'll strap you, you base rawgue ye—Must you be dauncing here, and your mother and I at work?

[*Strikes him.*]

*Hob.* Heyday, what's the matter now? What, must I be beat all days o' my life?

*O. Hob.* You grauceless rawgue, mind your business then, or yonder's your poor mother within, a scawring and rawring 'till she sweats again, and nobody to draw one drop of beer.

*Hob.* I dan't care a varthing—I won't draw a drop more, if you go to that; do your worst, and take your curse.

*O. Hob.* Sirrah, come in, and dan't stand dauncing here, can't ye.

*Hob.* I wan't go in, zo I wan't; if that trouble ye, I will daunce, and daunce agen. Tol, lol, lol—

A I R XV.

*Hob.* Sure never was seen such a rebel,

Thou worst of undutiful boys;

Thy tongue, like the builders of Babel,

Confuses the ear with its noise.

Remember thy dreary figure,

When out of the well thou wast brought;

Thy mother and I toil'd with vigour

To save thee—and now thou'rt worth nought.

Ah! Thou'rt an untoward boy as e'er was born. Mar-  
cy forgive me for begetting thee. [Exit. O. Hob.

Hob. Marry, come up; what's here to do, I trow?

Country-p. Here's the cudgels, an't like you; will you  
worship please to have us begin?

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, by all means; make haste, Roger, and  
bring forth the hat and favour.

Rog. Here 'tis, an't please you.

Sir Tho. Hang it up there; and he that wins it, let him  
wear it. The first Somersetshireman that breaks a head  
here's half-a-crown for him to drink; and he that breaks  
that rogue Hob's head, shall have another.

Hob. Shall he?

A I R XVI. *Go vind the vicar of Taunton Dean.*

Go vind the vicar of our town,

And he'll hault ye an angel o' my head;

And I'll bet you another, and stake it down,

That I break both his and thy head.

Few bouts will set these matters right;

For my cudgel, an't prove a good one,

Shau'd make no distinction 'twixt yeoman and knight.

Sing heydon, dooden, cudden, &c.

Look ye, he that breaks my head, shall ha' zomawhat to do,  
I'll tell you that.—Let'n be who he wull, he shall earn his  
money; ecod I'll rib'n; and look ye, to begin, here I'll  
take up the cudgel—and now let the best man here take  
up t'other an he dare.—If he be a Zomerzetshire man,  
let'n be a Zomerzetshire man.—I fight for Gloucesters-  
shire, I dan't care who knows it.

Sir Tho. At him, at him there! What! is there nobody  
dare venture upon him? Neighbour Puzzlepate, take up  
t'other cudgel.

Puz. Not I, an't please you; I have enough of 'em al-  
ready, he broke my head but last week.

Sir Tho. Roger—Sirrah, do you take up t'other cudgel  
and thrash him, d'ye hear, thrash him foundly, sirrah.

Rog. I can't promise that, Sir; I'll do my best: I'll  
break his head if I can, in love; and if he breaks mine,  
much good may do him.

Fri. So, if Hob does but get the better of the combat,  
the testy knight will certainly be provoked to come down  
and

and then we shall have sport——Dick, help to encourage  
n.

*Ser.* Well said, Hob! O brave Hob! now for Gloucestershire, Hob!

*Hob.* I warrant ye, maister; let me alone.

*Fri.* Here, Hob, there's an angel for thee; and if thou  
break'st his head, I'll give thee another.

*Hob.* Dan't ye veer, maister; ecod I'll 'noint 'en.

*Rog.* Do, if thou can'st——I don't fear thee, Hob.

*Hob.* 'Sblead, I'll dress thy jacket, I'll dowse thy Zorzetshire coat for thee.

*Rog.* Will you?

A I R XVII. *In Taunton Dean.*

In Taunton-Dean I was born and bred,  
And 'tis knawn I don't value a broken head;  
Nor should I fear Hob, were he stout in his wrath  
As Hercules or Goulding of Bath.

Fal, lal, &c.

come on.

*Ser.* O brave Hob!

*All.* O brave Roger!——Huzza!

[*Hob breaks his head, takes down the hat and favour, puts it on, and struts about.*]

*Hob.* Ecod I have don't, I have don't, efaith.

A I R XVIII. *Now comes on the glorious year.*

Now, brave boys, the fight is done,  
And I the prize have fairly won;  
For I knew I could beat'n four to one,  
And that he'll fore remember.

Fal, lal, &c.

*Sir Tho.* Foul, foul, foul.

*Hob.* Fair, fair, fair.

*Sir Tho.* You lie you dog, 'twas foul.

*All.* Huzza.

*Fri.* Stand upon your guard, Hob, the knight's coming  
own.

*Hob.* Is he? Let'n come, and welcome; here I'll stand:  
I'll take no other than St George's guard. If he let's drive  
me, vore Gad I'll hit'n o'er the sconce, an he were a  
night of gold.

*Sir Tho.* Where are these bumkins? Now, who says 'tis  
ir? I say 'tis foul.

*Hob.*



*Hob.* I say 'tis fair.

[*Sir Thomas endeavouring to come at Hob, is held by the country-people.*

A I R XIX. *Come, sound up your trumpets.*

Pray let'n come, neighbours, for I ben't afeard :

Dost think I'll be scar'd, like a child at a rod ?

I'll keep my ground bravely, and St George's guard.

Take care then, Zir Tomas, I'll 'noint ye, ecod.

With a fal, lal, &c.

[*They let him go, and Hob breaks his head; he draws his sword; Hob and Countrymen run away; Sir Thomas pursues.*

*Fri.* to *Flo.* Now, now, dear creature, if ever you would redeem yourself or me from eternal bondage, be kind, and fly into the arms of liberty.

*Flo.* What wou'd you have me do ?

A I R XX. *Come, open the door, sweet Betty.*

O fly from this place, dear Flora,

Thy jailor has left thee free ;

And before the next blush of Aurora,

You'll find a guardian in me.

*Flo.* Fain would I exchange for the better ;

Confinement can have no charms.

*Fri.* Think which of your prisons is sweeter ;

This, or a young lover's arms.

Madam, your uncle has left the garden-door open ; there's no mortal now to oppose your flight——Scout,——Scout, you dog, and see that the enemy don't rally upon us.

*Ser.* Ay, ay, Sir.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Flo.* Ah, but consider, if my uncle should surprise me !

*Bet.* Consider, the door's open, madam.

*Fri.* Nothing but delay can ruin us.

*Flo.* O dear, I'm in a thousand frights !

*Bet.* This is downright provoking ! Sir, since you see there's no hopes of my lady, if you can settle the least tip of your heart upon her humble servant, I'll be over the wall in a twinkling.

*Flo.* Hold, hold ; rather than you should break your neck, I will venture——Well, here I am, I tremble every joint of me ; now whither will you carry me ?

[*They come down.*

*Fri.* To a doctor that shall cure thee of all fears for ever——To the parson, the parson, my dear angel.

[*Exeunt.*

*Fla.* O Lud! but if he should not be at home now!

*Bet.* What should we do for something to be afraid of?

‘A I R XXI. *Ranting, roaring Billy.*

‘ Thus maidens bely their desires,

‘ Yet languish for what they refuse;

‘ And tho’ their breasts glow with love’s fires,

‘ Seem cold to the joys they would choose.

‘ The tongue and the heart are two factions

‘ We scarce reconcile till made brides;

‘ Like statesmen, our speeches and actions

‘ Have commonly contrary sides.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Thomas.*

*Sir Tho.* There you rustic rogues, you hard-headed dogs, think I’ve at last met with your skulls—I believe I have catch’d some of your noddles for you.—Heyday! the garden-door open, and my niece gone!—My mind misgives me consumedly—Niece! Betty! Thieves! Robbery! Murder! Lost! Not to be found!

*Enter Friendly’s Servant.*

*Ser.* So, here he is, and I must bam him till the business is over.

*Sir Tho.* Thieves! Thieves!

*Ser.* Pray, Sir, what’s the matter?

*Sir Tho.* Oons, Sir, let me go, or I’ll run my sword into your guts.

*Ser.* Sir, I’m afraid your brain’s something out of order; and therefore ’twill be a friendly part in me to take care of you.

*Sir Tho.* Blood and thunder! you dog, get out of my way, or I’ll—

*Ser.* Nay, then—

[*Presenting a pistol.*

‘A I R XXII. *Stand, who comes there?*

‘ Stand; have a care.

‘ Stand; have a care.

‘ One step to move,

‘ Will fatal prove;

‘ For I know who you are.’

come, Sir, make your thrust—

*Sir Tho.* What the devil are you, Sir?

*Ser.* A philosopher; and this small pop is my argument.

*Sir Tho.* Oons, Sir, I believe you’re a highwayman, and your pop there is your livelihood.

*Ser.*

*Ser.* Sir, you may be as scurrilous as you please, provided you don't pass this way.

*Sir Tho.* 'Sdeath, Sir, what business have you to hinder me?

*Ser.* Sir, I have no business at present but to hinder you.

*Sir Tho.* But pray, Sir, how comes it to be your business?

*Ser.* Because, Sir, 'tis my business to do my master's business; and I have some modest reason to believe, that he and the parson are now doing your niece's business.

*Sir Tho.* The devil! Murder! Where are they, villain?

*Ser.* Pray, Sir, compose yourself, for they are here.

*Enter Friendly, Flora, and Betty.*

*Fri.* Your blessing, Sir?

*Ser.* Does not that shew a sweet temper in him now, to ask it of you that are but his bare uncle?

*Sir Tho.* I am struck all of a heap, and dumb.

*Ser.* Come, Sir, don't be as obstinate as an old covetous father at the end of a comedy; consider, the main action's over. you had as good be reconciled.

*Sir Tho.* Oons, Sir, I can't be reconciled. [*Exit Sir Tho.*]

*Ser.* Go thy ways, like a cross-grained old fool.

*Fri.* Let him persist in his obstinacy, it can be no bar to our happiness. You look melancholy, my love.

*Flo.* 'I think I've reason—You promised to carry me to a doctor that should cure me of my fears. But, on the contrary, I find that the malady increases; and in nothing more than the dread of your inconstancy.' I have forever lost my uncle's favour, and have now no friend but you—Should you hereafter estrange your heart from me, I am wretched indeed—'Reflect on what I've said, excuse my suspicions, and remember there is no return of seasons in love.'

'AIR XXIII. 'Twas on a sunshine summer's day.

*Flo.* 'Sweet is the budding spring of love—

' Next, blooming hopes all fears remove;

' And when possess'd of beauty's charms,

' Fruition, like the summer warms.

' But pleasures, oft repeated, cloy;

' To autumn wanes the fleeting joy;

' Declining till desires are lost—

' Succeeded by eternal frost. Succeeded, &c.'

*Fri.* Banish those fears, and be assured they are groundless

—Dick—

*Ser.* Sir,

*Fri.*

*Fri.* Run, and call our country neighbours back again to their diversions, in which they were interrupted by Sir Thomas; tell them they shall be merry with me to-day, to make amends for being frightened. [*Exit Dick.*]—'Twas a happy interruption, for it gave us an opportunity to be for ever fixed in love.—Look merry, my dear.

*Flo.* My concern vanishes, now I've disclosed my fears, cheerfulness will soon resume its throne.

*Fri.* You shall never have cause to mention those fears again.

*Flo.* It is easy to talk thus now; but the difficulty will be to speak these sentiments, with truth, a year hence. However, as I have run all hazards for you, honour will oblige me to conceal your inconstancy from me—should you be guilty of it.

AIR XXIV. *Red House.* Duetto.

*Flo.* Let me not discover  
In thee a faithless lover.

*Fri.* I'll ne'er prove a rover,  
But true as a turtle to thee, my dear.

*Flo.* Love prompts me to believe thee;  
Do not then deceive me.

*Fri.* My conduct ne'er shall grieve thee;  
Let this suffice, my heart's sincere.

*Flo.*—Let our lives be spent—

*Fri.*—In merriment;

*Flo.*—With the sweet cement—

*Fri.*—Of soft content.

*Flo.*—May our joys augment—

*Fri.*—May no dire event

*Both.*—Disturb our mutual pleasure.

*Enter Dick, Hob, and Country-folks.*

*Hob.* Is Zir Tomas gone?

*Fri.* Ay, Hob; come in; what art afraid of?

*Hob.* 'Sblead, I was woundily afraid of's zword; had he got to stick, I'd thrash 'en to mummy.

*Fri.* I'm sorry, neighbours, Sir Thomas's passionate folly has disturbed your sports one way; I'll endeavour to make you satisfaction; this is my wedding-day, and consequently a day of jubilee.

*Coun.* We wish you joy, maister Friendly and mistress—

*Hob.* I wish ye joy too. But when I was zopped i' th' mill, I little thought I should live to tell you zo.

*Fri.*



*Fri.* Hob, thou shalt laugh at thy danger—now 'tis over—  
—Come, we'll 'have a song and dance, and' haste to my  
dwelling, and finish the day with mirth and hearty cheer  
The night I'll dedicate to love and thee. [To Flora]

## A I R XXV.

Success this day has gain'd me possession  
Of what I love much dearer than life:  
The coming night shall give me fruition  
Of all I can wish in a lovely wife.  
To enjoy the sweets the country affords,  
Who would not forego the servile flatt'ry of courts;  
To hunt, fish, and fowl,  
And taste the full bowl,  
There is nothing so healthful as rural sports.

## C H O R U S.

Now from envy free,  
All friends loyally  
Supplicate with me,  
Our guardian divinity,  
To bless the king and queen, and royal progeny.  
Send us peace, trade's increase, health and prosperity.  
May Cupid's darts strike sure—  
But be the cause the cure;  
In virtuous deeds delight,  
Happy all unite  
In friendship and love. [A dance, and exit]

# T H E T O Y - S H O P.

BY MR ROBERT DODSLEY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

				<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Master of the Shop</i>		—		Mr Chapman.
1 <sup>st</sup> }	{	<i>Gentleman</i>	{	—
2 <sup>d</sup> }				— —
3 <sup>d</sup> }				—
4 <sup>th</sup> }				— —
<i>Beau</i>	—			—
1 <sup>st</sup> }	{	<i>Old Man</i>	{	—
2 <sup>d</sup> }				— —
				—

	Mr Chapman.
	Mr Bridgewater.
	Mr Wignell.
	Mr Hallam.
	Mr Hale.
	Mr Neale.
	Mr James.
	Mr Hippefley.

### W O M E N.

1 <sup>st</sup> }	{	Lady	{	—	Mrs Bullock.
2 <sup>d</sup> }				—	Mrs Norfa.
3 <sup>d</sup> }				—	Mrs Mullart.
4 <sup>th</sup> }				—	Miss Binks.

## I N T R O D U C T I O N.

*Enter a Gentleman and two Ladies.*

### GENTLEMAN.

**A**ND you never have been at this extraordinary toy-shop, you say, madam?

*La.* No, Sir: I have heard of the man, indeed; but most people say he's a very impertinent silly fellow.

*Gent.* That's because he sometimes tells them of their faults.

*La.* And that's sufficient. I should think any man impertinent that should pretend to tell me of my faults, if they did not concern him.

Z

*Gent.*

*Gent.* Yes, madam; but people that know him take no exceptions. And really, tho' some may think him impertinent in my opinion he is very entertaining.

*2 La.* Pray, who is the man you are talking of? I never heard of him.

*Gent.* He is one who has lately set up a toy-shop, madam, and is, perhaps, the most extraordinary person in his way that ever was heard of. He is a general satirist, yet not rude or ill-natured. He has got a custom of moralizing upon every trifle he sells; and will strike a lesson or instruction out of a snuff-box, a thimble, or a cockle-shell.

*1 La.* Isn't he crazed?

*Gent.* Madam, he may be called a humourist; but does not want sense, I do assure you.

*2 La.* Methinks I should be glad to see him.

*Gent.* I dare say you will be very much diverted. And if you'll give me leave, I'll wait on you. I'm particularly acquainted with him.

*2 La.* What say you, madam, shall we go?

*1 La.* I can't help thinking he's a coxcomb; however, to satisfy my curiosity, I don't care if I do.

*Gent.* I believe the coach is at the door.

*2 La.* I hope he won't affront us.

*Gent.* He won't designedly, I'm sure, madam. [*Exeunt*]

*The SCENE opens and discovers the Toy-shop; the Master standing behind the counter, looking over his books.*

MASTER.

**M**ETHINKS I have had a tolerable good day of it to-day. A gold watch, five-and-thirty guineas—Let me see—What did that watch stand me in?—Where is it? [*Turning to another book backwards and forwards.*]—O here—Lent to lady Basset eighteen guineas upon her gold watch. Ay, she died and never redeemed it. A set of old china, five pounds—bought of an old-cloaths man for five shillings. Right.—A curious shell for a snuff-box, two guineas—bought of a poor fisherboy for a halfpenny. Now, if I had offered that shell for sixpence, nobody would have bought it Well, thanks to the whimsical extravagance and folly of mankind. I believe, from these childish toys, and gilded baubles, I shall pick up a comfortable maintenance. For

really, as it is a trifling age, so nothing but trifles are valued in it. Men read nothing but trifling authors; pursue not but trifling amusements; and contend for none but trifling opinions. A trifling fellow is preferred; a trifling woman admired. Nay, (as if there were not real trifles enough) they make trifles of the most serious and valuable things.— Their time, their health, their money, their reputation, are sold away. Honesty is become a trifle, conscience a trifle, honour a mere trifle, and religion the greatest trifle of all.

*Enter the Gentleman and two Ladies.*

*Maſt.* Sir, your humble servant; I'm very glad to see you.

*Gent.* Sir, I am your's. I have brought you some custom here.

*Maſt.* You are very good, Sir. What do you please to want, ladies?

*1 La.* Please to want! People seldom please to want anything, Sir.

*Maſt.* O dear, madam, yes; I always imagine, when people come into a toy-shop, it must be for something they please to want.

*2 La.* Here is a mighty pretty looking-glass: Pray, Sir, what's the price of it?

*Maſt.* This looking-glass, madam, is the finest in all England. In this glass a coquette may see her vanity, and a hypocrite her hypocrisy. Some ladies may see more beauty in modesty, more airs than graces, and more wit than good-nature.

*1 La. [Aside.]* He begins already.

*Maſt.* If a beau was to buy this glass, and look earnestly into it, he might see his folly almost as soon as his finery.— It is true, some people may not see their generosity in it, nor others their charity; yet it is a very clear glass. Some fine gentlemen may not see their good-manners in it, perhaps, nor some persons their religion; yet it is a very clear glass. In short, tho' every one that passes for a maid should not be open to see a virgin in it, yet it may be a very clear glass, as I know, for all that.

*1 La.* Yes, Sir; but I did not ask you the virtues of it: I asked you the price.

*Maſt.* It was necessary to tell you the virtues, madam, in order to prevent your scrupling the price, which is five guineas; and for so extraordinary a glass, in my opinion, it is but a trifle.

*1 La.* Lord, I'm afraid to look into it, methinks, lest it should shew me more of my faults than I care to see.



1 *La.* Pray, Sir, what can be the use of this very diminutive piece of goods here?

*Mast.* This box, madam? In the first place, it is a very great curiosity, being the least box that ever was seen in England.

1 *La.* Then a very little curiosity had been more proper.

*Mast.* Right, madam. Yet, would you think it? in this same little box, a courtier may deposit his sincerity, a lawyer may screw up his honesty, and a poet may hoard his money.

*Gent.* Ha! ha! I will make a present of it to Mr Stanze for the very same purpose.

2 *La.* Here's a fine perspective. Now, I think, madam, in the country, these are a very pretty amusement.

*Mast.* Oh, madam, the most useful and diverting thing imaginable, either in town or country. The nature of this glass, madam, (pardon my impertinence in pretending to tell you, what, to be sure, you are as well acquainted with as myself) is this: If you look thro' it at this end, every object is magnified, brought near, and discerned with the greatest plainness; but turn it the other way, do you see, and they are all lessened, cast at a great distance, and rendered almost imperceptible. Thro' this end it is that we look at our own faults; but when other people are to be examined, we are ready enough to turn the other. Thro' this end are viewed all the benefits and advantages we at any time receive from others; but if ever we happen to confer any, they are sure to be shewn in their greatest magnitude thro' the other. Thro' this end we enviously darken and contract the virtue, the merit, the beauty, of all the world around us; but fondly compliment our own with the most agreeable and advantageous light thro' the other.

2 *La.* Why, Sir, methinks you are a new kind of satirical parson; your shop is your scripture, and every piece of goods a different text, from which you expose the vices and follies of mankind in a very fine allegorical sermon.

*Mast.* Right, madam, right; I thank you for the simile. I may be called a parson indeed, and am a very good one in my way. I take delight in my calling, and am never better pleased than to see a full congregation. Yet it happens to me, as it does to most of my brethren, people sometimes vouchsafe to take home the text perhaps, but mind the sermon no more than if they had not heard one.

1 *La.* Why, Sir, when a short text has more in it than a long sermon, 'tis no wonder if they do.

*Enter a third Lady.*

3 *La.* Pray, Sir, let me look at some of your little dogs.

2 *La.* [*Aside.*] Little dogs! My stars! how cheaply we people are entertained! Well, 'tis a sign human conversation is grown low and insipid, whilst that of dogs and onkies is preferred to it.

*Maft.* Here are very beautiful dogs, madam. These dogs, when they were alive, were some of them the greatest dogs of their age. I do not mean the largest, but dogs of the greatest quality and merit.

1 *La.* I love a dog of merit dearly: Has not he a dog honour too, I wonder? [*Aside.*]

*Maft.* Here's a dog now, that never eat but upon plate or china, nor set his foot but upon a carpet or a cushion. Here's one too; this dog belonged to a lady of as great beauty and fortune as any in England; he was her most intimate friend and particular favourite; and, upon that account, he received more compliments, more respect, and more addresses, than a first minister of state.—Here's another, which was, doubtless, a dog of singular worth and great importance, since at his death, one of the greatest families in the kingdom were all in tears, received no visits for the space of a week, but shut themselves up and mourn'd their loss with inconsolable sorrow. This dog, while he lived, either for contempt of his person, neglect of his business, or saucy and impertinent behaviours in their attendance on him, had the honour of turning away upwards of thirty servants. He died at last of a cold, caught by following one of the maids into a damp room; for which she lost her place, her wages, and her character.

3 *La.* O the careless, wicked wretch! I would have had him tried for murder at least. That, that is just my case! The sad relation revives my grief so strongly, I cannot contain. Lucy, bring in the box. \* See! see! the charming creature here lies dead! Its precious life is gone! Oh, dear Chloe, no more wilt thou lie hugg'd in my warm bosom! no more wilt that sweet tongue lick o'er my face, nor that dear mouth eat dainty bits from mine. Oh, death! what hast thou robb'd me of?

*Gent.* [*Aside.*] A proper object to display your folly!

*Maft.* Pray, madam, moderate your grief; you ought to thank Heaven 'tis not your husband.

Z 3

3 *La.*

Here her maid enters, and delivers a box, from which the lady pulls a dead dog, kissing it, and weeping. Lucy too pretends great sorrow; but turning aside, bursts out a-laughing, and cries, "She little thinks I poisoned it."

3 *La.* Oh, what is husband, father, mother, son, to my dear precious Chloe!—No, no, I cannot live without the sight of his dear image; and if you cannot make me the exact effigies of this poor dead creature, I must never hope to see one happy day in my life.

*Mast.* Well, madam, be comforted; I will do it to your satisfaction. [*Taking the box.*]

3 *La.* Let me have one look more. Poor creature! O cruel fate, that dogs are born to die! [*Exit weeping.*]

*Gent.* What a scene is here! Are not the real and unavoidable evils of life sufficient, that people thus create to themselves imaginary woes?

*Mast.* These, Sir, are the griefs of those who have no other. Did they once truly feel the real miseries of life, ten thousand dogs might die without a tear.

*Enter a second Gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* I want an ivory pocket-book.

*Mast.* Do you please to have it with directions or without?

2 *Gent.* Directions! What, how to use it?

*Mast.* Yes, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I should think every man's own business his best direction.

*Mast.* It may be so. Yet there are some general rules which it equally behoves every man to be acquainted with. As for instance: Always to make a memorandum of the benefits you receive from others; always to set down the faults or failings which from time to time you discover in yourself. And if you remark any thing that is ridiculous or faulty in others, let it not be with an ill-natur'd design to hurt or expose them at any time, but with a *nota bene* that it is only for a caution to yourself not to be guilty of the like. With a great many other rules, of such a nature as makes one of my pocket-books both an useful monitor and a very entertaining companion.

2 *Gent.* And pray, what's the price of one of them?

*Mast.* The price is a guinea, Sir.

2 *Gent.* That's very dear. But as it is a curiosity—

[*Pays for it, and exits.*]

*Enter a Beau.*

*Beau.* Pray, Sir, let me see some of your handsome fruit boxes.

*Mast.* Here is a plain gold one, Sir, a very neat box here.

ere's a gold enamell'd; here's a silver one neatly carved  
d gilt; here's a curious shell, Sir, set in gold.

*Beau.* Damn your shells; there's not one of them fit for  
gentleman to put his fingers into. I want one with some  
etty device on the inside of the lid; something that may  
ve to joke upon, or help one to an occasion to be witty,  
it is, smutty, now and then.

*Mafl.* And are witty and smutty then synonymous terms?

*Beau.* O dear, Sir, yes; a little decent smut is the very  
e of all conversation: 'Tis the wit of drawing-rooms, as-  
mblies, and tea-tables; 'tis the smart raillery of fine gen-  
men, and the innocent freedom of fine ladies; 'tis a *dou-*  
*entendre*, at which the coquette laughs, the prude looks  
ave, the modest blush, but all are pleased with.

*Mafl.* That it is the wit and entertainment of all con-  
versation, I believe, Sir, may possibly be a mistake. 'Tis  
e, those who are so rude as to use it in all conversations,  
y possibly be so depraved themselves, as to fancy every bo-  
elle as agreeably entertained in hearing it as they are in  
tering it: But I dare say, any man or woman, of real vir-  
e and modesty, has as little taste for such ribaldry, as those  
xcombs have for what is good sense or true politeness.

*Beau.* Good sense, Sir! Damme, Sir, what do you mean?  
would have you think I know good sense as well as any  
n. Good sense is a true—a right—a—a—Damn  
I scorn to be so pedantic as to make definitions; but I  
n invent a cramp oath, Sir; drink a smutty health, Sir;  
icule priests; laugh at all religion; and make such a grave  
g as you look just like a fool, Sir. Now, damme, I take  
it to be good sense.

*Mafl.* And I, unmoved, can hear such senseless ridicule,  
d look upon its author with an eye of pity and contempt.  
nd I take this to be good sense.

*Beau.* Psha, psha! damn'd hypocrisy and affectation! no-  
ng else, nothing else. [Exit.]

*Mafl.* There is nothing so much my aversion as a cox-  
mb. They are a ridicule upon human nature, and make  
e almost ashamed to be of the same species; and for that  
son I can't forbear affronting them whenever they fall in  
y way. I hope the ladies will excuse such behaviour in  
eir presence.

*La.* Indeed, Sir, I wish we had always somebody to  
at them with such behaviour in our presence. 'Twould  
much more agreeable than their impertinence.

*Enter*



*Enter a young Gentleman.*

3 *Gent.* I want a plain gold ring, Sir, exactly this size.

*Mast.* Then it is not for yourself, Sir?

3 *Gent.* No.

*Mast.* A wedding-ring, I presume.

3 *Gent.* No, Sir; I thank you kindly; that's a toy I never design to play with. 'Tis the most dangerous piece of goods in your whole shop. People are perpetually doing themselves a mischief with it. They hang themselves fast together first; and afterwards are ready to hang themselves separately, to get loose again.

1 *La.* This is but a fashionable cant. I'll be hang'd if this pretended railer at matrimony is not just upon the point of making some poor woman miserable. [*Aside.*]

3 *Gent.* Well—happy are we whilst we are children; we can then lay down one toy and take up another, and please ourselves with variety: But growing more foolish as we grow older, there's no toy will please us then but a wife; and that indeed, as 'tis a toy for life, so it is all toys in one. She is a rattle in a man's ears, which he cannot throw aside; a drum which is perpetually beating him a point of war; a top which he ought to whip for his exercise, for, like that, she is best when lash'd to sleep; a hobby-horse for the booby to ride on when the maggot takes him; a—

*Mast.* You may go on, Sir, in this ludicrous strain, if you please, and fancy 'tis wit; but, in my opinion, a good wife is the greatest blessing, and the most valuable possession, that heaven, in this life, can bestow; she makes the cares of the world sit easy, and adds a sweetness to its pleasures; she is a man's best companion in prosperity, and his only friend in adversity; the carefullest preserver of his health, and the kindest attendant on his sickness; a faithful adviser in difficulties, a comforter in affliction, and a prudent manager of all his domestic affairs.

2 *La.* Charming doctrine! [*Aside.*]

3 *Gent.* Well, Sir, since I find you so staunch an advocate for matrimony, I confess 'tis a wedding-ring I want. The reason why I deny'd it, and of what I said in ridicule of marriage, was only to avoid the ridicule which I expected from you upon it.

*Mast.* Why, that now is just the way of the world in every thing, especially amongst young people. They are ashamed to do a good action, because it is not a fashionable one; and, in compliance with custom, act contrary to their own

science. They displease themselves, to please the cormorants of the world; and choose rather to be objects of divine wrath than human ridicule.

3 *Gent.* 'Tis very true, indeed. There is not one man in ten thousand that dare be virtuous, for fear of being singular. 'Tis a weakness which I have hitherto been too much guilty of myself; but for the future I am resolved on a more steady rule of action.

*Maft.* I am very glad of it. Here's your ring, Sir; I think it comes to about a guinea.

3 *Gent.* There's the money.

*Maft.* Sir, I wish you all the joy that a good wife can give you.

3 *Gent.* I thank you, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

1 *La.* Well, Sir; but, after all, don't you think marriage a kind of desperate venture?

*Maft.* It is a desperate venture, madam, to be sure; but, provided there be a tolerable share of sense and discretion on the man's part, and of mildness and condescension on the woman's, there is no danger of leading as happy and comfortable a life in that state as in any other.

*Enter a fourth Lady.*

4 *La.* I want a mask, Sir; have you got any?

*Maft.* No, madam, I have not one, indeed. The people of this age are arrived to such perfection in the art of masking themselves, that they have no occasion for any foreign disguises at all. You shall find infidelity mask'd in a gown and cassock; and wantonness and immodesty under a blushing countenance. Oppression is veil'd under the name of justice; and fraud and cunning under that of wisdom. The fool is mask'd under an affected gravity; and the vilest hypocrite under the greatest professions of sincerity. The flatterer passes upon you under the air of a friend; and he that now hugs you in his bosom, for a shilling would cut your throat. Calumny and detraction impose themselves upon the world for wit; and an eternal laugh would fain be thought good-nature. An humble demeanour is assumed from a principle of pride; and the wants of the indigent are lied out of ostentation. In short, worthlessness and villainy are oft disguised and dignified in gold and jewels, whilst honesty and merit lie hid under rags and misery. The whole world is in a mask; and it is impossible to see the natural face of any one individual.

4 *La.* That's a mistake, Sir; you yourself are an instance

stance that no disguise will hide a coxcomb; and so your humble servant.

*Maſt.* Humph!—Have I but juſt now been exclaiming againſt coxcombs, and am I accuſed of being one myſelf? Well—we can none of us ſee the ridiculous parts of our own characters. Could we but once learn to criticife ourſelves, and to find out and expoſe to ourſelves our own weak ſides, it would be the ſureſt means to conceal them from the criticiſm of others. But I would fain hope I am not a coxcomb, methinks, whatever I am elſe.

*Gent.* I ſuppoſe you have ſaid ſomething which her conſcience would not ſuffer her to paſs over without making the ungrateful application to herſelf; and that, as it often happens, inſtead of awaking in her a ſenſe of her fault, has only ſerved to put her in a paſſion.

*Maſt.* May be ſo, indeed; at leaſt I am willing to think ſo.

*Enter an Old Man.*

*O. M.* I want a pair of ſpectacles, Sir.

*Maſt.* Do you pleaſe to have them plain tortoiſe-shell, or ſet in gold or ſilver?

*O. M.* Pho! Do you think I buy ſpectacles as your fine gentlemen buy books? If I wanted a pair of ſpectacles only to look *at*, I would have 'em fine ones; but as I want them to look *with*, do you ſee, I'll have them good ones.

*Maſt.* Very well, Sir. Here's a pair I'm ſure will pleaſe you. Through theſe ſpectacles all the follies of youth are ſeen in their true light. Thoſe vices which to the ſtrongeſt youthful eyes appear in characters ſcarce legible, are thro' theſe glaſſes diſcern'd with the greateſt plainneſs. A powder'd wig upon an empty head attracts no more reſpect through theſe optics, than a greaſy cap; and the laced coat of a coxcomb ſeems altogether as contemptible as his footman's livery.

*O. M.* That indeed is ſhewing things in their true light.

*Maſt.* The common virtue of the world appears only a cloak for knavery, and its friendships no more than bargains of ſelf-intereſt. In ſhort, he who is now paſſing away his days in a conſtant round of vanity, folly, intemperance, and extravagance, when he comes ſeriouſly to look back upon his paſt actions thro' theſe undiſguiſing optics, will certainly be convinced, that a regular life, ſpent in the ſtudy of truth and virtue, and adorn'd with acts of juſtice, generoſity, charity, and benevolence, would not only have afford-

ed him more delight and satisfaction in the present moment, but would likely have raised to his memory a lasting monument of fame and honour.

O. M. Humph! 'Tis very true; but very odd that such serious ware should be the commodity of a toy-shop. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, and what's the price of these extraordinary spectacles?

Masf. Half-a-crown.

O. M. There's your money.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter a fourth young Gentleman.*

4 Gent. I want a pair of scales.

Masf. You shall have them, Sir.

4 Gent. Are they exactly true?

Masf. The very emblem of justice, Sir; a hair will turn them. [*Balancing the scales.*]

4 Gent. I would have them true, for they must determine some very nice statical experiments.

Masf. I'll engage they shall justly determine the nicest experiments in statics. I have tried them myself in some uncommon subjects; and have proved their goodness. I have taken a large handful of great men's promises, and put into one end; and lo! the breath of a fly in the other has kick'd up the beam. I have seen four peacocks feathers, and the four gold clocks in lord Tawdry's stockings, suspend the scales in equilibrio. I have found by experience, that the learning of a beau, and the wit of a pedant, are a just counterpoise to each other; that the pride and vanity of any man are in exact proportion to his ignorance; that a grain of good-nature will preponderate against an ounce of wit; a heart full of virtue against a head full of learning; and a nimble-full of content against a chest full of gold.

4 Gent. This must be a very pretty science, I fancy.

Masf. It would be endless to enumerate all the experiments that might be made in these scales: But there is one which every body ought to be apprised of; and that is, that moderate fortune, unenjoy'd with content, freedom, and independency, will turn the scales against whatever can be put in the other end.

4 Gent. Well, this is a branch of statics which, I must own, I had but little thoughts of entering into. However, I begin to be persuaded, that to know the true specific gravity of this kind of subjects, is of infinitely more importance than that of any other bodies in the universe.

Masf.



*Mast.* It is, indeed. And, that you may not want encouragement to proceed in so useful a study, I will let you have the scales for ten shillings. If you make a right use of them, they will be of more use to you than ten thousand pounds.

*Gent.* I confess I am struck with the beauty and usefulness of this kind of moral statics, and believe I shall apply myself to make experiments with great delight. There's your money, Sir: You shall hear shortly what discoveries I make. In the mean time, I am your humble servant.

[Exit

*Mast.* Sir, I am your's.

*Enter a second Old Man.*

*O. M.* Sir, I understand you deal in curiosities. Have you any thing in your shop at present that's pretty and curious?

*Mast.* Yes, Sir, I have a great many things; but the most ancient curiosity I have got, is a small brass plate, on which is engraved the speech which Adam made to his wife on their first meeting, together with her answer. The characters, through age, are grown unintelligible; but for that 'tis the more to be valued. What is remarkable in this ancient piece is, that Eve's speech is about three times as long as her husband's. I have a ram's horn, one of those which helped to blow down the walls of Jericho. A lock of Samson's hair, tied up in a shred of Joseph's garment. With several other Jewish antiquities, which I purchased of the people at a very great price. Then I have the tune which Orpheus play'd to the devil when he charm'd back his wife.

*Gent.* That was thought to be a silly tune, I believe; for nobody has ever cared to learn it.

*Mast.* Close cork'd up in a thumb-phial, I have some of the tears which Alexander wept because he could do no more mischief. I have a snuff-box made out of the tub in which Diogenes lived and took snuff at all the world. I have the net in which Vulcan caught his spouse and her gallant: But our modern wives are grown so exceeding chaste, that there has not been an opportunity of casting it these many years.

*Gent.* Some would be so malicious, as, instead of chaste, to think he meant cunning.

[*Aside to the ladies*

*Mast.* I have the pitch-pipe of Gracchus the Roman orator; who being apt, in dispute, to raise his voice too high by touching a certain soft note in this pipe, would regulate and keep it in a moderate key.

I L

2 *La.* Such a pipe as that, if it could be heard, would be very useful in coffee-houses, and other public places of debate and modern disputation.

*Gent.* Yes, madam; and I believe many a poor husband would be glad of such a regulator of the voice in his own private family too.

*Ma<sup>st</sup>.* There you was even with her, Sir.—But the most valuable curiosity I have, is a certain little tube, which I call a distinguisher; contrived with such art, that when rightly applied to the ear, it obstructs all falshood, nonsense, and absurdity, from striking upon the tympanum: Nothing but truth and reason can make the least impression upon the auditory nerves. I have sat in a coffee-house sometimes for the space of half an hour, and amongst what is generally called the best company, without hearing a single word. At a dispute too, when I could perceive, by the eager motions of both parties, that they made the greatest noise, I have enjoyed the most profound silence. It is a very useful thing to have about one, either at church, play-house, or Westminster-hall; at all which places a vast variety both of useful and diverting experiments may be made with it. The only inconvenience attending it is, that no man can make himself a complete master of it under twenty years close and diligent practice: And that term of time is best commenced at ten or twelve years old.

*Gent.* That, indeed, is an inconvenience that will make it not every body's money. But one would think those parents, who see the beauty and the usefulness of knowledge, virtue, and a distinguishing judgment, should take particular care to engage their children early in the use and practice of such a distinguisher, whilst they have time before them, and no other concerns to interrupt their application.

*Ma<sup>st</sup>.* Some few do. But the generality are so entirely taken up with the care of little master's complexion, his dress, his dancing, and such like effeminacies, that they have not the least regard for any internal accomplishments whatever; and are so far from teaching him to subdue his passions, that they make it their whole business to gratify them all.

2 *O. M.* Well, Sir; to some people these may be thought curious things perhaps, and a very valuable collection: But, to confess the truth, these are not the sort of curious things wanted. Have you no little box, representing a wounded heart on the inside of the lid? nor pretty ring, with an amorous poesy? Nothing of that sort, which is pretty and not common, in your shop?

A a

*Ma<sup>st</sup>.*

*Maft.* O yes, Sir! I have a pretty snuff-box here; on the inside of the lid, do you fee, is a man of threescore and ten, acting the lover, and hunting, like a boy, after gewgaws and trifles, to please a girl with.

2 *O. M.* Meaning me, Sir! Do you banter me, Sir?

*Maft.* If you take it to yourself, Sir, I can't help it.

2 *O. M.* And is a person of my years and gravity to be laughed at?

*Maft.* Why, really, Sir, years and gravity do make such childishness very ridiculous, I can't help owning. However, I am very sorry I have none of these curious trifles for your diversion; but I have delicate hobby-horses and rattles, if you please.

2 *O. M.* By all the charms of Araminta, I will revenge this affront.

[*Exit.*]

*Gent.* Ha! ha! ha! How contemptible is rage in impotence! But pray, Sir, don't you think this kind of freedom with your customers detrimental to your trade?

*Maft.* No, no, Sir; the odd character I have acquired by this rough kind of sincerity and plain-dealing, together with the whimsical humour of moralizing upon every trifle I sell, are the things which, by raising people's curiosity, furnish me with all my customers; and it is only fools and coxcombs I am so free with.

1 *La.* And, in my opinion, you are in the right of it.—Folly and impertinence ought always to be the objects of satire and ridicule.

*Gent.* Nay, upon second thoughts, I don't know but this odd turn of mind which you have given yourself may not only be entertaining to several of your customers, but perhaps very much so to yourself.

*Maft.* Vastly so, Sir. It very often helps me to speculations infinitely agreeable. I can sit behind this counter, and fancy my little shop, and the transactions of it, an agreeable representation of the grand theatre of the world.—When I see a fool come in here, and throw away fifty or an hundred guineas for a trifle that is not really worth a shilling, I am surpris'd: But when I look out into the world, and see lordships and manors bartered away for gilt coaches and equipage; an estate for a title; and an easy freedom in retirement for a servile attendance in a crowd; when I see health with eagerness exchanged for diseases, and happiness for a game at hazard; my wonder ceases. Surely the world is a great toy-shop, and all its inhabitants run mad for rattles. Nay, even the very wisest of us, however we may flatter ourselves,

selves, have some failing or weakness, some toy or trifle, that we are ridiculously fond of. Yet, so very partial are we to our own dear selves, that we overlook those miscarriages in our own conduct which we loudly exclaim against in that of others; and, tho' the same fool's turban fits us all,

You say that I, I say that you are he;

And each man swears, "The cap's not made for me."

*Gent.* Ha! ha! 'Tis very true, indeed. But I imagine now you begin to think it time to shut up shop. Ladies, do you want any thing else?

*La.* No, I think not.—If you please to put up that looking-glass, and the perspective, I will pay you for them.

*Gent.* Well, madam, how do you like this whimsical humourist?

*La.* Why, really, in my opinion, the man's as great a curiosity himself as any thing he has got in his shop.

*Gent.* He is so, indeed.

In this gay, thoughtless age, he has found a way,

In trifling things, just morals to convey;

'Tis his at once to please and to reform,

And give old satire a new pow'r to charm.

And, would you guide your lives and actions right,

Think on the maxims you have heard to-night.

## E P I L O G U E.

WELL, Heav'n be prais'd, this dull, grave sermon's done,  
(For faith our author might have call'd it one)

I wonder who the devil he thought to please!

Is this a time of day for things like these?

Good sense and honest satire now offend;

We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend.

And so divinely wrapt in songs and tunes,

The next wise age will all be—fiddlers sons.

And did he think plain truth would favour find?

Ah! 'tis a sign he little knows mankind.

To please, he ought to have a song or dance,

The tune from *Italy*, the caper *France*:

These, these might charm—But hope to do't with sense;

Alas! alas! how vain is the pretence!

But tho' we told him—Faith, 'twill never do—

Poh! never fear, he cry'd; tho' grave, 'tis new:

The whim, perhaps, may please, if not the wit;

And tho' they don't approve, they may permit.

If neither this nor that will intercede,

Submissive bend, and thus for pardon plead:

"Ye gen'rous few, to you our author sues,

"His first essay with candour to excuse:

"It has faults he owns; but if they are but small,

"He hopes your kind applause will hide them all."



T H E  
REGISTER-OFFICE.  
IN TWO ACTS.  
BY JOSEPH REED.

---

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

				<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
'Harwood	—	—	—	Mr Palmer.
'Frankly	—	—	—	Mr J. Aickin.
Gulwell	—	—	—	Mr Packer.
Williams	—	—	—	Mr Ackman.
'Lord Brilliant'	—	—	—	Mr Fawcet.
Captain le Bruff	—	—	—	Mr King.
'Trickie'	—	—	—	Mr Wright.
Scotchman	—	—	—	Mr Love.
Irishman	—	—	—	Mr Moody.
Frenchman	—	—	—	Mr Baddeley.

W O M E N.

'Maria'	—	—	—	Mrs Smith.
Margery	—	—	—	Mrs Love.
Mrs Doggerel	—	—	—	Miss Pope.
A Girl.				

*Servant, two Chairmen, and a Highland Piper.*

SCENE, Padua.

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P R O L O G U E.

*Spoken by Mr KING.*

THE bard, whose hopes on comedy depend,  
Must strive instruction with delight to blend;  
While he who bounds his less aspiring views  
To farce, the combrush of the comic muse,  
With pleasantry alone may fill the scene—  
His business chiefly this; to cure the spleen,  
To raise the pensive mind from grave to gay,  
And help to laugh a thoughtful hour away.  
If any quibbling wit dispute my thesis,  
I'd ask the use of half our petty pieces?

Nay, Sirs, my question still shall higher climb—  
Pray what's the use of full-priced pantomime?

How does the pleasur'd eye with rapture glance,  
When mingling witches join in hobbling dance!  
When wriggling Harlequin, the magic sage,  
In hornpipe amble traverses the stage!  
When trembling Pierrot in his quivering shines,  
An ostrich enters, or a serpent twines!  
When headless taylor's raise the laughing fit,  
Or flour-diedged footmen twirl upon a spit!  
But, Oh! how loud the roar, how dear the rumble,  
When scaffolds, mortar boards, and bricklayers tumble!  
When Clodpate runs or limps, or quaintly rears  
From laundress tub his anabaptist ears!  
While all the wit these exhibitions draw,  
Is comprehended in the cry—"O la!"

Our author, in this awful court of Drury,  
Submits his cause to an impartial jury.  
No friendly junto he to-night employs,  
To catch by favouring hands the public voice:  
He founds on British candour all his trust,  
Convinced a British audience will be just.

## ACT I.

‘ SCENE, *A genteel Apartment.*

‘ *Enter HARWOOD and FRANKLY.*

‘ FRANKLY.

**W**ELL, this is the most unexpected visit—But prithee, Harwood, what, in the name of mystery, hath brought thee to town at this unfashionable time of the year?

‘ *Har.* The loss of my fair housekeeper.

‘ *Fran.* The loss of Maria! Is she dead?

‘ *Har.* Worse, my dear Frankly—eloped.

‘ *Fran.* Eloped! Why, I thought you had so great a regard for each other, that you had been as inseparable as old age and avarice, or a coquette and a looking-glass.

‘ *Har.* I thought so too; but women are as changeable as their dresses; there is no answering for the humours of the sex—tho', faith, I cannot altogether excuse myself in the affair of our parting.

‘ *Fran.* Prithee explain.

‘ *Har.* You know, Charles, after the death of my wife, (whom, with shame I must own, I never thoroughly loved) as she was not mine but my father's choice, I pre-

‘vail’d on Maria, who was either beggar’d by an unnatural father or a villainous uncle, to take upon her the care of my family—Her good sense, beauty, and behaviour imperceptibly won my heart; but my pride forbidding me to marry a woman without a fortune, I made use of every means in my power to gain her affections.

‘*Fran.* I understand you; to gain them in the old way.

‘*Har.* But the fair Maria was so much upon her guard or so obstinately virtuous, that nothing but downright matrimony would induce her to listen to my solicitations.

‘*Fran.* An unreasonable gipsy! And so you dropp’d the affair?

‘*Har.* Not quite so hasty in your conclusions, good Sir—After a vast profusion of lying and swearing, which fail’d of the desired success, I determined to make my grand attack.

‘*Fran.* Resolved like a man of spirit!

‘*Har.* And accordingly, one night the last week,

‘When ev’ry eye was closed, and the pale moon

‘And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,

‘Hot with the Gallic grape, and high in blood,

‘and so forth, I began my assault——

‘*Fran.* Bravo!

‘*Har.* It would be needless to tell thee I was repulsed—In short, the dear, lovely, affronted, virtuous Maria, so highly resented the familiarity, that she instantly left the house, and from that hour I have not set eye on the fair enslaver.

‘*Fran.* And so you are come to town to hire a new housekeeper?

‘*Har.* No; to marry my old one, if I can be so fortunate as to encounter her—I must have her—I cannot be easy without her—I have some faint hopes of meeting with her, as she was seen on the London road—Which do you think the most likely way of finding her out?

‘*Fran.* Hum—this requires some thought—Ay—Pray, what do you think of a penitential advertisement?

‘*Har.* No, hang it! Should I be discovered for the author, it would make me too ridiculous.

‘*Fran.* That’s true, I must confess—Stay—Do you imagine she will be looking after another place?

‘*Har.* I fancy she will, as her finances must be low.

‘*Fran.* Then the only method I can put you into is an application to some of our intelligence-warehouses.

‘*Har.*

' *Har.* I don't understand your cant phrase: Pray, what do you mean by an intelligence-warehouse?

' *Fran.* A register-office.

' *Har.* Oh, I take you! the places where servants may be heard of—Pray, were not these offices invented by the ingenious author of *Tom Jones*?

' *Fran.* They were—The project hath been, and still is, of great utility to the public; but as there is no general rule without an exception, this laudable institution hath been strangely perverted, thro' the villainy and avarice of some of its managers—There is an old rascal in this neighbourhood who hath amassed a tolerable fortune by abuses of this kind. His office is frequented by persons of every degree; and, among its other conveniences, the good old trade of pimping is carried on with great success and decency. I believe as many proselytes have been made to the flesh by the knavery of this rascal, as by the most successful bawd in town.

' *Har.* So, I find the old fellow is a genius in his way.

' *Fran.* A complete one—Our old school-fellow Jack Williams is his clerk; from which honourable employment he retires in a few days to a stewardship, to which I have lately recommended him.—By his means I have often had an opportunity of overhearing some passages which have afforded great humour and entertainment.

' *Har.* If my heart were not so full for the loss of this dear woman, I could like to throw away an hour in an amusement of this kind.

' *Fran.* That you may this very morning, if you please —I'll introduce you—It will help to dissipate your melancholy for the loss of your fair deserter.

' *Har.* Psha! I'm not in an humour to relish any pleasantry —Excuse me, Charles—some other time I'll accept of your offer.

' *Fran.* Since you are so serious, I must insist on your going—Why, thou art as melancholy as a superseded placeman—Come, come, George, don't despair—I warrant we will find out this charmer in a few days—You must go with me Harwood.

' *Har.* Then I'm ready to attend you.

' *Fran.* *Allons donc.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,



SCENE, *A Register-Office*\*.*Enter Williams.*

*Wil.* The business of the morning is partly over—What a crowd of deluded females have flock'd to this office within these three hours, in expectation of the imaginary place we have advertised!—A register-office, under the direction of so conscientious a person as Mr Gulwell, instead of a public good, becomes a public evil—My upright master seldom feels any reflections of this kind. Avarice is his leading principle; and so long as he can swell his bags by the folly or credulity of mankind, he will not suffer conscience to hinder him in the pursuit of gain—'Mr Frankly! —*apropos*—I must have his opinion of this letter—'tis an affair too serious to be connived at.

*Enter Harwood and Frankly.**' Fran.* Mr Williams, your servant.*' Wil.* Sir, your most obedient.*' Frank.* I am come to ask the favour of your giving this gentleman an opportunity of overhearing the humours of the register-office.*' Wil.* Sir, you could not impose upon me a more welcome command—Sir—I beg pardon for my freedom—If I mistake not, I had the honour of being your school-fellow—Your name, I think, is Harwood?*' Har.* It is, Sir—I am very glad to see you, Mr Williams.*' Wil.* Come, Sir, this is no time for compliments: I expect my master every minute—There is your way, Sir—you may see all that come in thro' the blind—Pray slip the spring-lock, for fear of a surprise from my master—'To your posts, gentlemen:' I think I hear him coming.*Enter Gulwell.**Gul.* So; this advertisement has brought in two pounds thirteen shillings!—No very bad morning's work!—Well, thanks to the memory of our witty founder, say I! Had he not luckily hit on the scheme of a register-office, I might have dangled on at quill-driving without ever being worth a groat.*Wil.* But, Sir, do you think this calling of our's the most conscientious one in the world;—I begin to imagine my old employment, the law, the more honest profession of the two.

\* The Farce usually begins here.

*Gul.*

*Gul.* Mr Williams, there is roguery in all the employments under the sun. Every day's experience will convince you, that there is no getting thro' the world without a necessary portion of trick and chicanery.

*Wil.* Sir, if the imposture of this very advertisement were found out and duly punished, one or both of us would stand a fair chance for the pillory. How many poor girls have this morning been stripped of perhaps their last shilling, by being amused with the hopes of the place we have advertised—I'll faith, Sir, some of our profession are little better than downright pickpockets—I am glad I shall have the good fortune to leave it so soon.

*Gul.* Mr Williams, I am truly sorry for our separation, yet rejoice at the occasion of it—However, if you hope to make a fortune in your alter'd condition of life, you must learn to keep your conscience in proper subordination. I can assure you, that fraud is as necessary a requisite in a stewardship as in an intelligence-office.—Is there no message from Dr Skinslint about the Welsh living?

*Wil.* Yes, Sir; he says, as curates are so cheap in Wales, he will not take less than a thousand guineas.

*Gul.* A spiritual curmudgeon! Why, it is not quite a hundred a-year.—I forgot to ask if you call'd at Captain Sparkle's last night?

*Wil.* I did, Sir; and was surpris'd to see him so greatly recovered.

*Gul.* Ay, I thought he would grow better after the emarkation! I never supposed him in any very great danger because he refused eight hundred guineas for his commission when his life was said to be despair'd of—Have you finished the assignment of the surgeoncy?

*Wil.* No, Sir.

*Gul.* Then get it done, Mr Williams.—Stay—you must write an advertisement for the Daily—any time this afternoon will do—of an employment to be disposed of in Ireland of a thousand pounds *per annum*, which requires little learning or attendance, and may be executed by a deputy—Remember to add, that secrecy is required, and none but principals need to apply.

*Wil.* I forgot to tell you the young gentleman was here, to know if you had received an answer about the secretary's place.

*Gul.* Truly, I am sorry I cannot succeed—Fifteen hundred guineas were insisted on—I pleaded the young gentleman's

gentleman's acknowledged merit, and the public service of his brave father, who lost his life in fighting for his country; which so softened my principal, that he sunk his demand from—

*Wil.* Fifteen to five hundred, I hope?

*Gul.* From guineas to pounds: I could get no further batement.

*Wil.* It is a pity that such extraordinary merit should have no better success.

*Gul.* Ah, Mr Williams, if places were given to persons of merit only, the Lord have mercy upon many a big looking family!—Away; here's company a-coming! [*Exit Williams.*] Heyday! Who have we here? By his look he must be one of the tribe of the Soup-Maigres!

*Enter, a Frenchman.*

*French.* De votre nom Monsieur le Gulvelle?

*Gul.* It is, Sir—Your business?

*French.* Sire, me be tell dat dere be de grand nombre d'Academies Francoises en Londres; and me vould be glad to be employé as un maître de langues. Me speak a droll Frens vid de vraie prononciation; an you see beside ma compétence in de langue Angloise be not de most incontestable.

*Gul.* O yes, Sir, you speak very pretty English, I must own! Pray, what business have you been bred to?

*French.* Bisness! do you means to front a me? me be von of de gens de qualité.

*Gul.* How, Sir?—a person of quality, and so poor as to be seeking after a livelihood!

*French.* Vy, vere be de vonders of all dat? Noting but more commun en France—Me dit indeed sometime, pour passer le temps, amuse myself vid curl a de air and cut a droll corn of mine comrades de qualité of bot sex.

*Gul.* Sir, if you be a proficient in these sciences, I give you joy with all my heart; for I don't know a more profitable calling in London, nay, nor a more reputable one; for its professors are caress'd by persons of the first fashion and distinction.—There's your countryman Monsieur Frizette de la Corneille, a hair and corn-cutter in St James's—that keeps his chariot, though 'tis scarce half-a-score years since he would have made a bow to the ground for a bellyful of soup-maigre.

*French.* And begar so would me too.

*Gul.* Sir, I will cook you up an advertisement as long as proclamation, that will effectually do your business. In mean time I shall give orders for one of the laconic kind, hanging in golden letters over your door; as, "Hair and wigs cut after the French taste, by a person of quality."

*French.* Ay, dat will do ver vel—Par une personne de qualité.

*Gul.* But, Sir, as you are a man of rank, you may perhaps think it below your dignity to follow any profession that has the least appearance of business.

*French.* Non, non, Monsieur; tout a contraire.

*Gul.* Then I dare venture to say, that in less than a dozen years you will be rich enough to return to your native country, and marry a princess of the blood—How, in the name of wonder, could you think of being a pitiful teacher of French for a livelihood, when you are possessed of talents superior to all the learning in the world?

*French.* Me vil tel you, Monsieur—It be no more as dix, douze, treize, fourteen—ay, fourteen year since mon cousin m'd over to l'Angleterre to teach a de Frens in de boarding school—Vell, he did engagé de affection of de Anglaise young lady, sa belle ecoliere; run'd away vid her; and so, begar, he getted de wife, vid not less as von hundred thousand livres. Now, as mon cousin could married de lady and so much of de l'argent, vy may not me hope to do de same?

*Gul.* True, Sir; but there is an ugly act of parliament since that time, which hinders you fortune-hunting gentlemen from gaining such wives.—Well, Sir, you will deposit a small sum—two or three guineas, or so—and I will begin the advertisement.

*French.* Hey! vat you say? deposit!—Je n'entens pas deposit.

*Gul.* Oh, Sir, I'll soon explain it—Deposit signifies—

*French.* Non, non, mon cher ami!—it be impossible for me to know vat you means; for me do not understand un mot de la langue Angloise.

*Gul.* Why, Sir, I thought your connoissance in de langue Angloise had not been de most inconsiderable. [*Mimicking him.*]

*French.* O Monsieur!—but dat—dat vas une autre chose—quite anoder ting.

*Gul.* Well, Sir, I must have two or three guineas, by way of earnest, before I proceed any further in your business.

*French.* Two tree ginee! begar, me could so soon give you

two



two tree million—Vat you take a me for? Un grand voleur von tief?—You tink me ave rob your Inglife exchequer for all de world know dat de exchequer of my countree is scarce so much to be rob of—Let a me see—me ave no more as von chelin—an von—two—tree alspence.

*Gul.* Thirteen pence halfpenny! a very critical sum in England—Well, Sir, you may leave that in part; I must give you credit for the remainder. [*Frenchman gives him money.*]

*French.* Dere, Sir—An so, Monsieur le Gulvelle, you tink en verité me sal ride in my coach?

*Gul.* Not at all impossible—Call again in a week, and you shall see what I have done for you.

*French.* Begar, you ave élevé mine 'art—Sire, me be votre tres humble, tres obligé, & tres dévoté serviteur—O mon Dieu! Ride in my carosse! [*Exit.*]

*Gul.* Your most humble servant, good Monsieur le Carosse—If it were not for the credulity of mankind, what a plague would become of us office-keepers!

*Enter Margery.*

*Mar.* Sur, an I may be so bold, I've come to ax an ye've sped about t' woman-servant at ye advertised for?

*Gul.* I have not—Come nearer, young woman.

*Mar.* Let me steck t' deer first, an ye please. [*Shuts the door.*]

*Gul.* What countrywoman are you?

*Mar.* I've Yorkshire, by my truly!—I was bred and bwarn at Little Yatton, aside Roseberry Topping.

*Gul.* Roseberry Topping! Where is that, my pretty maid?

*Mar.* Certainly God! ye know Roseberry? I thought ony fule had knawn Roseberry!—'Tis t' biggest hill in oll Yorkshire—'Tis aboun a mile an a hofe high, and as coad as ice at' top on't i't hettest summer's day—that it is.

*Gul.* You've been in some service, I suppose?

*Mar.* Ay, I'll uphode ye have I, ever sin I was nyne year oad—Nay, makins, I'd a God's penny at Stowllah market, aboun hofe a year afore at I was nyne—An as good a servant I've been, thof I say't mysel, as ever came within a pair o' deers—I can milk, kurn, fother, bake, brew, sheer, winder, card, spin, knit, sew, and do every thing at belongs to a husbandman, as weel as ony las at ever ware clog-shun: An as to my karecter, I defy ony body, gentle or semple, to say black's my nail.

*Gul.* Have you been in any place in London?

*Mar.* Ay, an ye please—I liv'd wi madam Shrillpipe,

in

St Pole's Kirk-Garth; but was forc'd to leave my place, fore at I had been a week o' days in't.

*Gul.* How so?

*Mar.* Marry, becose she ommost flighted an scaulded me out o' my wits—She was't arrantest scaud at ever I met wi in my bworn days—She had feerly sike a tongue, as never was in ony woman's head but her awn—It wad ring, ring, ring, ring, like a larum, frae mworn to neeght. Then she wad put herfel into sike flusters, that her face wad be as black as 't reeking-crook—Nay, for that matter, I was no but rightly farra'd; for I was tell'd aforehand, by some terra sponfible swoke, at she was a meer donnot; howsomf- ever, as I fand my money grow less an less every day, (for I had brought my good seven an twonty shilling to nyne groats an two-pence) I thought it wad be better to take up wi a bad place, than nea place at oll.

*Gul.* And how do you like London?

*Mar.* Marry, Sur, I like nowther egg nor shell on't. —They're sike a set of swoke as I never saw wi my cyn —They laugh and flier at a body like ony thing—I went no but t'other day ti't baker's shop for a lase o' bread, an they fell a giggling at me as I'd been yan o't greatest gawvifons i't warld.

*Gul.* Pray, what is a gawvifon?

*Mar.* Why, you're a gawvifon for not knowing what it is—I thought ye Londoners had knawn every thing—a gawvifon's a ninny-hammer—Now, do you think, Sur, at look ought like a gawvifon?

*Gul.* Not in the least, my pretty damfel.

*Mar.* They may bwæst as they will o' their manners; but they have nae mare manners than a miller's horse, I can tell them that, that I can—I wish I had been still at canny Yattoo.

*Gul.* As you have so great a liking to the place, why would you leave it?

*Mar.* Marry, Sur, I was forc'd, as yan may say, to ear't—The squire wad not let me be—By my truly, Sur, he was after me mworn, noon, an neeght—If I wad but a consented to his wicked ways, I might a had gould by copins, that I might—Lo' ye, squire, says I, you're mis- a'en o' me! I'se nane o' thea sort o' cattle—I'se a vartuous young woman, I'll asseer ye—Ye're ither swokes swoke —Wad ye be sike a taystrel as to ruin me?—But oll wadn't do: he kept following an following, an teizing an

teizing me—At lang run I tell'd my ald dame; an she advised me to gang to London to be out of his way; that she did, like an onnist woman as she was—I went to my cousin Isbell; an says I to her, Isbell, says I, come, will you go way to London?—An tell'd her the hale affair atween me an the squire—Odsbeed! says she, my las, I'll gang wi thee ti't warld's end—An away we come in good year-neft.

*Gul.* It was a very *virtuous* resolution—Pray, how old are you?

*Mar.* I'se nineteen come Collop-Monday.

*Gul.* Would you undertake a housekeeper's place?

*Mar.* I'se flaid I cannot manage't, unless it were in a husbandman's house.

*Gul.* It is a very substantial farmer's in Buckinghamshire—I am sure you will do—I'll set you down for it—Your name?

*Mar.* Margery Moorpout, an ye please.

*Gul.* How do you spell it?

*Mar.* Nay, makins, I knaw nought o' speldering—I'se nea schollard.

*Gul.* Well, I shall write to him this evening—What wages do you ask?

*Mar.* Nay, marry, for that matter, I wad'nt be over stiff about wage.

*Gul.* Then I can venture to assure you of it—You must give me half-a-crown, my pretty maid—Our fee is only a shilling for a common place; but for a housekeeper's we have always half-a-crown.

*Mar.* There's twea shilling, an yan—twea—three—four—fave—six pen'north o' brass, with a thousand thanks—God's prayer light o' you! for I'se seer ye'rt' best friend—I have met wi fin I come frae canny Yatton; that you are—When shall I coll again, Sur?

*Gul.* About the middle of the next week.

*Mar.* Sur, an ye please, good m'worning to you. [Exit]

*Gul.* Good morning to you, dear, *virtuous* Mrs Margery Moorpout—So, this is a specimen of Yorkshire simplicity, that it is—More customers!

*Enter* Scotchman.

Well, Sir, your business with me?

*Scot.* Gin ye be the maister o' this office, my business wi ye is to speer at ye gin ye can be o' ony farvice tull a peur distressit gentleman?

*Gul.*

*Gul.* Sir, I should be glad to do a gentleman in distress any service in my power, especially one of your country. I have a veneration for the very name of a Scotchman; my father was one.

*Scot.* Troth, ye speak vera mickle like a gentleman, an seem to hae a proper sense o' national honour—A'm glad that A've been sae sonfy as to fa' into sic hands—Ye maun ken that my family is as auncient as ony i' a' Scotland, and that by direct lineal descent I sprang frae the great Jamy Macintosh, who was privy counsellor to king Sandy the Second.

*Gul.* A very considerable origin, indeed!—But pray, Sir, what may have been the cause of your present distress?

*Scot.* I'll tell ye the hale mater—When I was a laddie, I was sae daft to get the ill-will o' a' my kin, by the disgrace I had brought upo' the Macintoshes, by pitting mysel prentice til a canker auld carle o' a swordslipper in Aberdeen, whase bonny daughter I was so unfonfy as to click a fancy to.

*Gul.* Well, Sir?

*Scot.* When I was out o' my prenticeship, I wanted gear to begin the world wi': I ax'd a' my friends; but they gurnit at me like the vengeance—"Had ye there, lad," quo' they: "Ye maun e'en pickle i' your ain poke-muke! As ye bak'd ye may brew!"—An the deel o' bowther gowd or filler; nae no sae mickle as a plack or a pawbie wad they gie me, unless I wad betak mysel to some mare gentleman-like occupation—Weel, Sir, I was forcit to wale a new buziness—They ga' me graith enough to buy a pack; an I turn'd travelling merchant, whilk the English, by way of derision, ca' a pedlar, that I might nae langer be a disgrace to my kin.

*Gul.* Why, this was a way to retrieve the disgrace of the Macintoshes indeed!

*Scot.* Right, Sir, vera right, a truly!—But wi' your permission I'll speed me to the tragical part o' my story—As I was ganging my gate towards Portsmouth, I was attackit by twa rubbers, wha gar'd me strip frae the muckle coat o' my back to my vera fark; an rubbit me o' a', ay and mare nor a' I could ca' my ain—An no content wi' taking my gudes; they ruggit my hair; they pou'd me by the lugs; they brisset and skelpit me to sic a gree, that the gore blude rin into my breeks, an my skin was amaisht as black as pick—Nay, when I gran'd i' meikle dool an



agonie, the fallows leugh at my pitifu' mains; caw'd me an ill-far'd scabbit tyke, an bad me be gane into my ain crowdie country to sell butter an brunstane.

*Gul.* The barbarous villains! not only to rob and abuse you, but to insult your country.

*Scot.* I wat it was a downright national reflection! A'm sic a loo'er o' my country, that it hurt me mare nor a the whacks they ga' me, an the loss o' my pack into the bargain—Weel, Sir, a'm now brought to the maist ruefu' plight that ever peur fallow was in, for I canna git claith to my back, or veetels to my wame—A'm fae blate, that I maun starve to deid or I can ax charity; abeit, a'm fae hungry, that I could mak a braw meal upo' a whin four kail, an a haggise tane aff a midding, gif it e'en stank like a brock.

*Gul.* Poor gentleman, I pity your condition with all my heart.

*Scot.* As I trudge along the wynds, I can hear the cawler waiter I drink at the pump, gang jaup, jaup, jaup, i' my empty kyt—Except a bicker o' gud fat brose, an a lunch o' salt beef, whilk I gat last Sabbath-day aboard o' a wie Scotch barkie, I ha no had my peur wame weel fleght this twa owks an aboon: an hunger, ye ken, is unco fare to bide.

*Gul.* It is so indeed.

*Scot.* Now gin ye can pit me intill ony creditable way o' gitting my bread, I sall reckon it a vera great kyndness.

*Gul.* For what station in life do you think yourself fittest?

*Scot.* For ony station where learning is necessary—I care na a pickle o' sneeshing what it be—Ye may ken by my elocution, a'm a man o' nae sma' lair—I was fae weel-lair'd that ilka auld wife in Aberdeen wad turn up the whites o' her een, like a mafs John at kirk, an cry, “Ay! God guide us! what a pauky chiel is Donald! he's fae ald-gabbit that he speaks like a prent buke.”—I could like vera weel to be a Latin secretary till a minister o' state; an can say wi'out vanity, a'm as fit for an office as ony man i' the British dominions.

*Gul.* Then you understand Latin?

*Scotch.* Latin! hout awa' man! hout awa' ye daft growk! Do ye jeer a body? a Scotchman, an not unnerstan Latin ha, ha, ha! A vera gud joke, a truly!—Unnerstan Latin quo' he!—Why, we speak it better nor ony o' his majesty's subjects, an wi' the genuine original pronounciation too—

Pse gie ye a speecimen frae that wutty chiel, maister Ovid,

*Parve, nec invidio, sine me, liber, ibis in urbem,*

*Hei mihi, quod domino non licet ire tuo!*

Now ken ye, man, whether I unnerstan Latin, or no?

*Gul.* Oh! Sir, I see you are a complete latinist—Well, if we can't fall in for the secretary, suppose you should take up with translating a while 'till something better offer?—there are pretty pickings, very comfortable pickings, now and then, to be had in that way.

*Scot.* Ony thing at present to satisfy the cravings o' my wame, that is no an-under the dignity of my family—Ye ken the auld saw, Beggars mun na be chusers—for that matter, I se no repine, gif I can but e'en git bannocks an sneeshing, 'till something better fa' out.

*Gul.* Give me your name and place of abode, and you may expect to hear from me very shortly.

*Scot.* Donald Macintosh—gentleman—at maister Archibald Buchanan's, a tobacco-merchant, at the sign of the Highlander and Snuff-bladder—ower anenst king James's-stairs, Shadwell. [*Gulwell writes.*] What's your charge, Sir?

*Gul.* Only a shilling, Sir—'tis a perquisite to my clerk.

*Scot.* There it's for ye, Sir [*Gives him money.*]—I was fain to borrow't o' Sandy Ferguson the coal-heaver; for the deel a bodle had I o' my ain.

*Gul.* Have you got any body to give you a character?

*Scot.* In troth, I canna say I ha' e'en now!—I ken nae living sawl in London, but Sandy an my landlord, that I could ax sic a favour o', an ablirs their karacter o' me wad no be thought sufficient.

*Gul.* Nay, Sir, it is no very great matter—It would have saved you a trifle; for when we make characters, we must be paid for them—We have characters, as jockies have pedigrees, from five shillings to five guineas.

*Scot.* Weel, Sir, we may tauk o' that anither time—Gin ye succeed, ye se find me no ungratfu—Ye sall see I ha'e no sae mickle o' the fause Englishman i' me as to be forgetfu' o' my benefactors—A'm afeard a've been vera fasheous;—howe'er I se fash ye nae langer, but gang my waus hame—Sir, your vera abliged-sarvant—In gud troth, this is a *rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno!* [*Exit.*]

*Gul.* Your most obedient, good Mr Latin Secretary—There goes one of the many fools, that owe their ruin to family-pride—Who's here!—one of my party-coloured customers? Oh, 'tis lady Vixen's livery!

*Enter a Footman.*

*Foot.* Sir, my lady Vixen desires to speak with you at Mr Bombazin's, the silk-mercier's, over the way.

*Gul.* Mr Williams, give an eye to the office—I shall be back in a few minutes. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

‘ SCENE continues.

‘ *Enter Harwood and Williams.*

‘ HARWOOD.

‘ **T**IS lucky that your master was sent for, or we should have been certainly puzzled in getting Frankly out of the house.

‘ *Wil.* ’Twas fortunate indeed!

‘ *Har.* What an infamous rascal he is! Such a villain is enough to bring an odium on the whole fraternity of office-keepers—I hope they are not all like this master of your's, Mr Williams?

‘ *Wil.* No; they are not—There are persons in this way of life of as strict honour and integrity as in any profession whatever.

‘ *Har.* A register-office, under the management of an honest man, must certainly be very serviceable to the public.

‘ *Wil.* Undoubtedly, Mr Harwood, but the old gentleman is crossing the street—To your post, Sir. [*Exit Harwood.*]

*Enter Gulwell.*

*Gul.* Her ladyship hath released me sooner than I expected—Go, get the instrument finished, Mr Williams [*Exit Williams.*]  
—A combrush for lady Vixen! [*writing.*]  
—This I believe will be the one-and-twentieth she has had from my office within these two years—a special customer, i'faith!—Heyday! who have we here? a spruce coxcomb of the military cast!

*Enter Captain Le Brush.*

*Cap.* Sir, your most obedient—Pray, an't you Mr Geofrey Gulwell, Esquire?

*Gul.* The same, Sir.

*Cap.* Then I am come to have a little talk with you. *Gul.*

*Gul.* Your business, good Sir?

*Cap.* You must know, Sir, I am an ensign in a new-raised regiment, to which post I was advanced through the interest of my very good friend and acquaintance lord Pliant, whom I had the honour to serve many years in the capacity of a valet de chambre—But, Sir, tho' formerly a servant, I am a gentleman born, and have had the honour of an university education.

*Gul.* Sir, I make no dispute of it: You have the appearance of a man of consequence—May I crave your name and family?

*Cap.* My name, Sir, is Le Brush—I am commonly called Brush; but Le Brush is the name my family was originally, nay, even so lately as Harry the Eighth, known by: A name, Sir, given by way of distinction to one of my auntsisters, that was general under All-afraid the Great, for so victoriously sweeping away whole armies of the enemy—Our family had all their estates confiscated in the broils between the Yorkshire and Lancashire line; so that their predecessors have been a little out of repair to the present time, and the name regenerated into plain Brush.

*Gul.* Sir, as your family hath been so long reduced, how came you by the education you talk of?

*Cap.* Sir, I was taught to read and write free-gratis for nothing at a charity-school, and attended lord Pliant to the university; where, you know, there is many opportunities for a man of talons to improve himself.

*Gul.* Right, Sir; such opportunities, that I have frequently known a valet return from thence full as wise as his master.

*Cap.* Egad, Sir, I see very plainly you're a gentleman; that knows what's what.

*Gul.* And pray, Captain, what were your favourite studies at college?

*Cap.* Logic and poetry, the only two studies fit for a gentleman; as the first will teach you to cheat the devil, and the last to charm—the ladies.

*Gul.* I should be glad to have a little conference with you on the latter, for I am a bit of a dabler in it.

*Cap.* Then seriously as a friend, I would dissuade you to look out damned sharp, or, upon my soul, you'll catch a tartar! For I have not met with any body, that was fit to hold the candle to me in poetry, for a long series of time—But, Sir, as I am in haste, we had better refer the dispute at present—



sent—any other time I am at your service for a confab of a few hours—I shall run thro' my business with as brief prolixity as possible.—At a country town, where I was recruiting, I had the good fortune to pick up a maiden lady, pretty well stricken in years, with a fortune of three thousand pounds in the stocks. Now, Sir, as the interest of the money and my present pay will scarce be sufficient to maintain me—for you know, Sir, a soldier and a gentleman is anonymous characters, and a man in my office must live up to his dignity—I say, Sir, as the interest of the money is damnd low, I have a desire to purchase a cornacy, or a company on foot, that I may be better able to live like a gentleman.

*Gul.* Posts of this kind frequently fall under my disposal—I think it a prudent and honourable intention in you; as in case of mortality, the provision for your lady will be larger.

*Cap.* Poh! damn the old hag! I don't care if the devil had her! I have been married above two months, and was as tired of her in the first fortnight, as a modern man of quality after a twelvemonth's cohabitation—I have, for these five weeks past, done every thing in my power to break her heart; but egad it is made of such tough stuff, such penetrable stuff, (as my friend Shakespeare calls it) that I believe I shan't be able to defect the business, damme!—In short, my disappointment hath thrown me into such a hellish delirium, that the devil fetch me if I know, for the blood and soul of me, how to execrate myself out of it!—For I want to be rid of her most cursedly.

*Gul.* There are ways—many ways, Captain, by which such a business may be brought about.

*Cap.* True, Sir, my serjeant Tom Spatterdash, who is a damn'd cute dog, as any in the Coppercan system—You don't know Tom, d'ye, Sir?

*Gul.* I can't say I have the honour of his acquaintance.

*Cap.* Oh! the most drolest, comicallest son of a whore in the hole universe, egad!—As I was a-saying, Tom offered me for ten pieces to give her a dose; but no, no; damme! thinks I to myself, I'll not poison the old beldam neither; it will be the more fashionable way to break her heart.

*Gul.* Sir, as you are a gentleman, I would beg leave to ask why you are so desirous of parting with a woman, who hath been so great a benefactress to you?—I should be afraid your patron and his lady would resent such behaviour.—Will you be kind enough to answer my question with truth?

*Cap.*

*Cap.* Truth, Sir, is, to be sure, a most amable thing, and what every gentleman ought to make use of, as Mr—what's his name?—one of the old Roman philosophers there—Pythagorus, I believe—ay, squire Pythagorus it was—used to say, Sockratas is my friend, Pluto is my friend, but truth is more my friend. So say I; lord Pliant is my friend, lady Pliant is my friend, but truth is more my friend. And tho' some persons will affirm that truth ought not to be spoken at all times, yet no philosopher, nor nobody else, would ever venture to affirm, but that truth ought to be spoken at some times;—which being granted—I say, Sir, which being granted, it must follow—necessarily follow, Sir, that though truth ought not to be spoken at all times, occasions, and seasons, yet seasonable truths may be occasionally spoken at all times—But this, Sir, is the very profundity of logic, and consequently out of the reach of every capacity; wherefore I shall descend into the spear of common sense, to be the better understood.

*Gul.* Sir, I must acknowledge that your arguments are very sublime and logical; but yet they are no answer to my question—Perhaps I have been too rude to press you on the occasion—there may be some lady in the case, who—

*Cap.* Egad, Sir, you're in the right! I had not been married above ten days, till I fell most consumedly in love with a niece of my wife's; a girl of fifteen, with a damn'd large fortune!—a most exquisite creature, upon my soul!—In short, she is all the hole tote of my desires—As that there black fellar in the play—Othello Moor, I think they call him—says, “Perdition catch my soul but I do love her! and when I love her not, chaos is come again!”

*Gul.* Pray, Captain, who is that chaos?

*Cap.* And when I love her not, chaos is come again—Oh! a damn'd fine sentiment as ever was uttered—the most sentimental sentiment in the world.

*Gul.* But, Captain, I ask you who is that chaos?

*Cap.* Chaos! Lord bless you!—You pretend you don't know!—a man of your years and understanding too!—Fie, fie! Mr Gulwell—None of your tricks upon travellers.

*Gul.* Sir, I seldom ask the meaning of a word I understand.

*Cap.* Then you must know, chaos is a—my dear, it is a—a—Zounds! what shall I say?—The devil chaos him!—It is a—I can't find words to express myself properly—It is impossible to divine it literally—but chaos when  
a man

a man speaks of chaos—in—in—a general way—it is as much as to say—chaos—chaos—I can't divine it otherwise for the blood and soul of me.

*Gul.* You have not divin'd it at all; at least not to my satisfaction—I suppose by the connection, it signifies dislike.

*Cap.* Right, Sir, it is a—a—kind of dislike; but not, as one may say, a—a—an absolute dislike——But, Sir, to proceed in my story—If I could but break my wife's heart, I should assuredly marry my niece in less than a month after her decease—A seprate maintainance won't do, or Mrs. Le Brush should have it with all my soul; but if we part, you know all hopes of breaking her heart are over—She hath offer'd to seprate, if I would give her two hundred pounds in ready rhino, and annually allow her for life an annual provision of fifty pounds *per annum* every year.

*Gul.* Which you've refused, I suppose?

*Cap.* Refused! most certainly, Sir! I was almost putrified with astonishment at the agreigious impudence of her demand— I shall not consent to allow her a shilling more as fifteen a-year—She may live very comfortably, very comfortably on it in the north.

*Gul.* Truly, Sir, I think fifteen pounds a-year a very genteel allowance, especially as she brought you so small a trifle as three thousand.

*Cap.* I think so too, egad! But these old devils have no conscience at all, damme!—Well, Sir, you'll give me an answer as soon as possible—You may hear of me at Mrs. Dresden's, a milliner under the peaches, in Common Garden.

*Gul.* [*writing.*] Very well, Sir—I'll talk with a principal about your affair this evening.

*Cap.* There, Sir—[*gives him money.*] You'll take care to beat him down as low as possible?

*Gul.* You may depend on my best endeavours, most noble Captain—[*Exit Captain Le Brush.*] Scoundrel I should have said—Why, this fellow's a greater rascal than myself—But what can be expected from a coxcomb of his stamp!—More company!

*Enter Irishman.*

*Irish.* My dear honey, I am come to thee if you have commiserashon enough in your bowels to a poor Irishman, to get him a plaish.

*Gul.* What sort of a place are you fit for!

*Irish*

*Irish.* Upon my shalwashon, joy, d'ye see, I am fit for my plaish alive! I have strength and bonesh enough in this carcash of mine to do all the work in the world.

*Gul.* Have you ever been in service?

*Irish.* In shervish! No, to be sure, I have, not—Yes, by St Patrick, ever since after I was so big as a potatoe.

*Gul.* With whom did you last live?

*Irish.* With Squire Maclellan of Killybegs.

*Gul.* Killybegs! Where the deuce is that?

*Irish.* Why, where the devil should it be but in Ireland, my dear honey?

*Gul.* But what part of Ireland? what province? what county?

*Irish.* It is in the provinsh of Donegal, in the county of Ulster—It is an inland sea-port-town, where they catch the best pickled herrings in all England—By my-fet, he was the best man of a maishter between Derry and Youghal—Arra, I shall never live so well with nobody else, unless I go back to live with him again.

*Gul.* As he was so good a master, how came you to leave him?

*Irish.* Leave him, joy! because he wanted to make a bog and a fool of me. When I went to go to plough and harrow, he would insist on my yoking the dear creatures the mulesh by the necks instead of the tails.

*Gul.* The tails! Why, is that the Irish custom in ploughing?

*Irish.* Ay, upon my conscience, it is, joy! and the best custom that ever was born in the world—I'll give you a reason for it, honey—You know when the trashes is fastened to the tail, all the rest of the body is free; and when all the carcash but the tail goes along, the tail must follow of course. Besides, honey, all the world knows the strength of every human creature lies in the tail—Arra, he wanted to bodder me with his dam English tricks; but the devil burn me if honest Paddy would not have left twenty places, if he had been in them all at once, sooner than be put out of the way of his country!

*Gul.* You were certainly in the right: I commend your spirit—But pray, how have you liv'd since you came to London?

*Irish.* Liv'd, honey! As a great many lives in London; nobody knows how—By my shoul, I have only pick'd up five thirteens for these four weeks and a half.

*Gul.*



*Gul.* A special raw-bon'd fellow this! He will do for America—I must send word to my nephew Trappum—Would you like to go abroad, friend?

*Irish.* Ay, my dear honey; any way in England or in Scotland; but I do not like, d'ye see, to live out of my native kingdom.

*Gul.* Oh, 'tis only a very short voyage, a little round the Land's-end—A gentleman hath taken a very considerable farm in the west; and if I could prevail on him to hire you, you would have the sole management of it—'Twould be the making of you—You can write, I suppose?

*Irish.* Yes, upon my conscience, that I can very well—May mark, honey; that's all—But that's nothing, my dear; I could get any body to write for me, if they did but know how.

*Gul.* That's true—Well, I shall see the gentleman this evening, and have a little close talk with him about you.

*Irish.* Upon my shoul, the most shivilest person, d'ye see, that ever I met with since I was an Irishman. [*Aside.*]

*Gul.* Where do you lodge, friend?

*Irish.* At the Harp and Spinning-wheel in Farthing-fields, Wapping; in a room of my own, that I hire at nine-pence a-week.

*Gul.* Your name?

*Irish.* Patrick O'Carrol.

*Gul.* O'Carrol! give me your hand—we must be cousins—my great grand-mother was an O'Carrol.

*Irish.* Was she! By St Patrick, then, we must be cousins, sure enough!—Where was she born?

*Gul.* At what do you call the place, where Squire O'Carrol lives?

*Irish.* What, Provost O'Carrol?

*Gul.* Ay, the Provost.

*Irish.* Oh, you're a soft lad! you don't know it was Balishanny?

*Gul.* Right, that is the very place—Well, cousin, I should like to be better acquainted with you.

*Irish.* And so should poor Paddy, by my fet—You cannot conceive how my heart dances in the inside of my bowels to see a relashon in this part of the world, where I expected to see nobody at all—Do, honey, put your head here to feel—Fet, joy, it beats, and beats, and beats, and jumps about in my belly, like a bruffled pea upon a red-hot fire-

fire-shovel—Arra, I knew you to be better than half an Irishman by your shivility to strangers.

*Gul.* Ay, I wish I were wholly so; but it was my misfortune to be born in England.

*Irish.* Upon my conscience, that was almost poor Paddy's misfortune too! I was begot in England; but as good luck would have it, I went over to Ireland to be born.

*Gul.* Well, cousin, if you will call on me to-morrow morning, I hope I shall be able to give you joy of your place.

*Irish.* I shall, my dear cushin—Arra, now if I was but my father, who has been dead these seven years, I should be for making a song upon you for this shivility.

*Gul.* Your father! what was he?

*Irish.* A true Irish poet, my dear; he could neither read nor write—By my fet, honey, he wrote many an excellent new song—I have one of his upon Molly Mac-lachlen, a young virgin in Sligo, who he fell in love with, after she had two love-begots at one time to Squire Con-cannon.

*Gul.* I should be glad to see it if you have it on you.

*Irish.* O yes, my dear creature, I always carry it upon me—It is in my head, honey; you shall see it in a minute, if you will give me leave to sing it.

*Gul.* With all my heart, cousin.

*Irish.* The devil burn me now, honey, if I can think of the right tune, because it never had any tune at all—however, it will go to Larry Groghan.

*Gul.* By all means let's have it.

*Irishman sings.*

My sweet, pretty Mogg, you're soft as a bog,  
And as wild as a kitten, as wild as a kitten:  
Those eyes in your face (O pity my case!)  
Poor Paddy hath smitten, poor Paddy hath smitten;  
For softer than silk, and fair as new milk,  
Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is:  
Your shape's like a pail; from your head to your tail  
You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.  
Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is  
As black as the devil, as black as the devil:  
Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,  
Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville.  
When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,

So nimble, so frisky ! so nimble, so frisky !  
 A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)  
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like whisky.  
 I grunt and I pine, and I sob like a swine,  
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel :  
 No rest I can take ; and, asleep or wake,  
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.  
 Your hate then give over, nor Paddy your lover  
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle ;  
 Or Paddy must die, like a pig in a sty,  
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

*Gul.* I thank you very kindly ; it is a most admirable song—Well, you will be here at nine to-morrow ?

*Irish.* You may be certain of my coming, my dear cushin.

*Gul.* But hark you, be sure not to mention a word of this affair to any person whatsoever—I would not have it get wind, lest any body else should be applying to the gentleman.

*Irish.* Oh, let Paddy alone for that, my dear creature ; I am too cunning to mention it to nobody but my own self—Well, your servant, my dear cushin. [*Exit.*]

*Gul.* Your servant, your servant—We must have this fellow indented as soon as possible—He will fetch a rare price in the plantations—"Odso ! here comes one in a chair"  
 "—I fancy this must be my dear sister in wickedness.

" *Enter Mrs Snarewell in a chair* \*.

" Dear Mrs Snarewell, your most obedient—Let me hand you to a seat, madam.

" *Snare.* Oh ! oh ! oh ! Touch me gently, Mr Gulwell.

" *Gul.* I am glad to see you abroad again. [*Kisses her.*]  
 " I hear you have had a very bad night.

" *Snare.* Oh, the most shocking one that can be imagined ! The colic, and my old cursed distemper the rheumatise, have plagued me to so violent a degree, that I could not possibly attend your office in time—Such twitchings ! such tortures !—I never expected to live till morning, I assure you—Poor Mr Watchlight the tallow-chandler was call'd twice out of bed to comfort me—The dear man was so fervent in his prayers, and so earnest in his ejaculations, that I received great comfort  
 " and

\* This character was not permitted to be played, but is inserted here for the satisfaction of the reader.

and consolation—I was so easy, so composed, so resigned, after I had made my peace, that I could have parted with life with as little uneasiness as a young wife of quality with her deary of threescore—Oh he's a most heavenly creature! He said such comfortable moving things! —But what success had the advertisement?

*Gul.* Beyond expectation. I had above fifty damsels with me—You might have cul'd half a dozen at least that would have answer'd to a T; such fresh-blooming creatures!

*Suare.* The devil's in my luck, to be sure!—Ay, ay, he owes me a grudge for turning Methodist—I have been cursing my fortune in bed these three hours—so violently pain'd, so tortur'd, that I could not rise, tho' my life had depended on it—I am certainly the most unfortunate woman alive! The reputation of my house will be utterly blasted for want of fresh faces—O this cursed rheumatism, that it should seize me at such a juncture!—I could cry my eyes out to think on't. [Weeps.]

*Gul.* Madam, be comforted; many of them will be applying to-morrow to know their success.

*Suare.* To-morrow! But that won't answer my purpose: I have promised a virgin to Mr Zorobabel Babbalanuk to-night.

*Gul.* You must palm some of your freshest commodities on him for one.

*Suare.* Palm some of your freshest commodities, quotha! you are vastly mistaken in your man! He is too knowing in these matters to be imposed on. It would be as difficult to deceive my little Israelite in that point as a jury of matrons: Besides, he pays the price of virginity; and I am a person of more honour and conscience than even endeavour to fob him off with a counterfeit—I have too strong a sense of religion to be guilty of such a heinous imposture—No, no, Mr Gulwell; if we expect to be happy hereafter, we must endeavour to do as we would be done by—Is there never a likely girl you expect at the office to-day?

*Gul.* None that I know of—But pray how stands the account for the Irish lady?

*Suare.* Why, Sir, I could not squeeze a penny more than ten guineas from the old close-fisted scrivener; so that I owe you five—Upon my soul, Mr Gulwell, you must abate of your demands for the future. The expences



“ of a house of pleasure run so high, that I cannot afford you  
 “ an equal moiety of my procuration—There’s rent, taxes,  
 “ cesses, repairs, fire, candle, linen, washing, cloaths, con-  
 “ vivance-money, and a thousand other expensive articles.  
 “ I can give you no more than a fourth part: I can afford  
 “ you no more, as I hope to be saved!

“ *Gul.* Madam, I can do business on my present terms  
 “ with any of the procureesses in town.

“ *Snare.* Ah, you’re a covetous curmudgeon! but there  
 “ is no quarrelling with you—Well, I must be going: I have  
 “ promised Mr Watchlight to be at the Tabernacle, to re-  
 “ turn thanks for my recovery—He will preach a thank-  
 “ giving-sermon, and sing an occasional hymn of his own  
 “ composing after the discourse—Here it is; I have  
 “ been humming it over in the chair. O they are sweet  
 “ words! divine words! comfortable words! I’ll get Mr  
 “ Watchlight to write you a copy. Oh, he’s a good crea-  
 “ ture! I can never be out of his debt for the great work  
 “ of my reformation—’Tis true, I’ve left him all my  
 “ worldly substance, except rings and mourning to you and  
 “ a few friends—Dear man! he has promised to lay it out,  
 “ even to the uttermost farthing, in building a tabernacle.

“ *Gul.* I hope, madam, you have not disinherited your  
 “ two daughters?

“ *Snare.* Why, I had some scruples on that head; but  
 “ Mr Watchlight removed them—He convinc’d me of the  
 “ exceeding great sinfulness of leaving any thing to bastards,  
 “ as it was a direct countenance to the cause of lewdness.

“ *Gul.* Here’s religion with a vengeance! [*Aside.*]

“ *Snare.* Oh, he’s a good creature! I should have been  
 “ lost! utterly lost! irrecoverably lost! if it had not been  
 “ for his pious counsel—Well, I shall be with you in the  
 “ morning to take a survey; in the mean time, if you  
 “ meet with any delicate young thing, be sure to give me  
 “ notice—Oh! oh! oh!

“ *Gul.* Pray what’s the matter, madam?

“ *Snare.* A return of my late disorder—Have you no  
 “ Holland’s gin in your scrutore?

“ *Gul.* Yes, I have always a bottle at the service of the  
 “ ladies. [*Takes out a bottle and glass.*]

“ *Snare.* Hold! hold! hold! I would not have above a  
 “ thimblefull—Mercy on me! you surely think I have the  
 “ brain of a country justice, to bear such a glass in a  
 “ morning!

“ *Gul.*

" *Gul.* I design this glass for myself—To your better health, Mrs Snarewell. [*Drinks.*]

" *Snare.* Thank you, dear Sir; but I am persuaded I can't live long—You had better give me the bottle; my hand shakes so violently, that I am afraid of spilling, if I drink out of the glass—'twould be a pity to waste the good creature. Come, Sir, success to all our undertakings. [*Drinks out of the bottle.*]

" *Gul.* I thank you, madam—So! the thimblefull will be half a pint at least!

" *Snare.* Yes, as I was saying, I am persuaded I cannot live long—I feel the decays of nature in me very sensibly; I am wasting and wasting every day—I must give over this way of life, and wholly apply myself to the care of my precious and immortal soul—I am grown so feeble and infirm, that I am almost unfit for this world—Oh! oh! oh! there's another twitch—Pray, hand me the bottle—I must have t'other thimblefull. Thank you, Mr Gulwell.—Chairmen!

[*Enter Chairmen, who help her into the chair.*]

" Carry me to the Tabernacle—Dear Sir, your servant.

" *Gul.* Madam, I wish you a good day.

" *Snare.* Go on, chairmen—Mr Gulwell! Mr Gulwell! —Have you no ears, you damn'd rascals?—Hark you, Sir—if any thing offers in half an hour or so, send me word to the Tabernacle.

" *Gul.* I shall, madam.

[*Mrs Snarewell is carried off singing a hymn.*]

" Let me see—Mrs Martin's fair lodger was to call to-day —I must not let mother Snarewell see her—I'll market for her on my own bottom—If she don't turn restive on my hands, I shall make a pretty penny of her—Oh, here comes one of my right honourable customers!

" *Enter Lord Brilliant.*

" My lord, your lordship's most devoted.

" *L. Bril.* Mr Gulwell, I am most immensely glad to to see you. Lady Brilliant, who by the bye is the most whimsical person alive, hath insisted on the discharge of Mrs Candy; and unless I consent, we shall have nothing but hell and the devil to do about the affair. This is the curse of marrying a tradesman's daughter for the sake of her fortune! My lady is ten times more haughty and impertinent than if she had been born a woman of quality.

‘ *Gul.* And how will your lordship dispose of Mrs Candy? she’s a very good sort of a woman.

‘ *L. Bril.* Upon my honour, the most virtuous, inoffensive, deserving creature on the globe!—I want to consult you on this very affair—You have often the advowsons of livings to dispose of; and if I could make a reasonable purchase of one of about a cool hundred a-year, I would marry her to Mr Secondly my chaplain, and take his bond for the purchase-money. I would not have it lie at too great a distance; for Mr Secondly is a man for whom I have so particular an esteem, that I should like now and then to give him a friendly call—But we want a housekeeper to supply Mrs Candy’s place—Have you never a one to recommend? You know what will please.

‘ *Gul.* I have one of the finest women in the world to provide for—I expect her here every minute—Will your lordship be pleased to step into that room; you may see her thro’ the lattice—You will find Rochester’s Poems and the Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure to entertain you—Pray retire, my lord, here’s company.

[*Exit Lord Brilliant.*]

‘ ’Tis the very woman!—If she be but of the right sort, I shall make a pretty penny of her.

‘ *Enter Maria.*

‘ *Mar.* Sir, I am come agreeable to appointment—Have you heard of any thing that will suit me?

‘ *Gul.* Madam, I believe I have done your business: there is a peer in the next room who is in immediate want of a housekeeper.

‘ *Mar.* Is the nobleman married or single?

‘ *Gul.* Married, madam, to one of the best women in the world: You will be happy in the place—Her ladyship is the most generous woman of the age—Mrs Candy, the present housekeeper, has saved a fortune in the family, and is going to be married to a clergyman—Shall I call his lordship?

‘ *Mar.* I had rather first see his lady—But do as you please.

‘ *Gul.* My lord—[*Enter L. Brilliant.*] This is the lady I told your lordship of.

‘ *L. Bril.* Madam, your most obedient—Egad, a most angelic creature!—Madam, I was telling Mr Gulwell—I say, madam, I was telling Mr Gulwell that my housekeeper

keeper is going to be married—and that we shall want one to supply her place—Wherefore, if you are inclinable—that is, if the place would suit, and you can be well recommended—I say, madam, well recommend—d—for my lady will take nobody without a sufficient character—therefore, madam, if—I say, madam, if the place would suit, and you can have a satisfactory recommendation, I should be glad to know your terms—I was never in such confusion in my life!

*Gul.* Here's company a coming—Please to step into the next room, and you may talk of the affair with less interruption. [*Exeunt L. Brilliant and Maria.*—So, so; matters seem to go on very promisingly!]

*Enter Mrs Doggerel and a Girl.*

Heyday! what whimsical figure is this? She seems to be of the family of the Slammekins.

*Mrs Dog.* Mr Office-keeper—I forget your name, tho' I have seen it so often in print.

*Gul.* Gulwell, madam—Pray, be seated.

*Mrs Dog.* I come, Mr Gulwell, to enquire after a person that can write short-hand—I want an amanuensis.

*Gul.* An amanuensis madam?

*Mrs Dog.* Yes, Sir, an amanuensis, to take down my ideas. They flow upon me in such torrents, that I cannot commit them to paper a tenth part so fast as I could wish—My name, Sir, is not altogether unknown to the literary world. You have undoubtedly heard of the celebrated Mrs Slatternella Doggerel, the dramatic poetess?—Hey, have not you?

*Gul.* O yes, madam, ten thousand times—Tho' the devil fetch me if ever I heard of the name before! I thought she was of the rhining sisterhood, or a mad woman, which is pretty much the same. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs Dog.* I have written, Mr a—a—What's your name, Sir?

*Girl.* Gulwell, mama, is the gentleman's name.

*Mrs Dog.* Ay, ay, child—I have written, Mr Culwell, no less than nine tragedies, eight comedies, seven tragicomedies, six farces, five operas, four masques, three oratorios, two mock-tragedies, and one tragi-comi-operaticomagico-farcico-pastoral dramatic romance; making in the whole, as Scrub says, five-and-forty.

*Girl.* Yes, Sir, five-and forty.

*Gul.*



*Gul.* And pray, madam, how many of them have been brought upon the stage?

*Mrs Dog.* Not one, Sir; but that is no diminution of their merit; for while the stage is under the direction of people that scribble themselves, it is no wonder they are so backward in producing the works of others. As what do you call 'um says in the play, "Who the devil cares for any man that has more wit than himself"—Hey, Mr Culwell?

*Gul.* Very true, madam—But suppose we should beat about for a patron among the great?

*Mrs Dog.* A patron, quotha! Why, the very word, applied as an encourager of literary merit, is almost obsolete. You might as soon find a real patriot as a real patron. Our great men are too much engaged in the trifles and follies of the age to give themselves any concern about dramatic genius—Indeed, if I could submit to write a treatise on the science of gaming, a new history of peerage, or an essay on improving the breed of running-horses, perhaps some of our right honourable jockies might vouchsafe to give me a recommendation to their brother jockies of the theatrical turf.

*Gul.* Madam, I am of opinion, that a well-written pamphlet in favour of the ministry could not fail of procuring you a patron.

*Mrs Dog.* And so you would have me sacrifice conscience to interest, you strange creature you!

*Gul.* Conscience, madam! what have authors, that write for bread, to do with conscience? A learned professor in the law, tho' he has amassed even a ministerial fortune at the bar, will for a few guineas prostitute his eloquence by pleading in a bad cause; then why should not a poor devil of an author, against his conscience, brandish his pen in a political squabble, to keep himself from starving?

*Mrs Dog.* But what author of true genius could ever stoop to write a parcel of dull stuff about ins and outs? No, no; depend on't, the most certain way to get my pieces on the stage will be to go upon the stage myself.—Many rickety dramatic brats have been allowed to crawl upon the stage, which would never have made their theatrical appearance, if they had not been of theatrical parentage.

*Gul.* Madam, your observation is very just.

*Mrs Dog.* But pray what do you think of my person?—with a large hoop instead of this trollopee, should I not make a tolerably elegant figure in tragedy, nay, not to say magnificent one?

*Gul.*

*Gul.* The most elegant and magnificent in the world.

*Mrs Dog.* I once play'd Belvidera with some of my city-acquaintance, and got such prodigious applause, that Mr Alderman Loveturtle came waddling up to me, with a—"Madam, you've play'd the part so finely, that tho' I love good eating better than any thing in the world, I would mortify upon bread and water a whole month for the pleasure of seeing you play it again."

*Gul.* Madam, you are an excellent mimic.

*Mrs Dog.* And what has rais'd the reputation of some performers so much as mimicry?—But I'll give you a speech in Belvidera's mad scene.

*Gul.* Madam, you will oblige me greatly.

*Girl.* My mama speaks it delightfully, I assure you, Sir.

*Mrs Dog.* Take my cap, Melpomene—I must have my hair about my ears; there is no playing a mad scene without dishevell'd hair.

"Ha! look there!

"My husband bloody, and his friend too!—vanish'd!

"Here they went down!—O I'll dig, dig the den up—

"Ho! Jaffier! Jaffier!"

*Girl.* Pray don't cry, mama, don't cry. [*Weeps.*

*Mrs Dog.* Pray, Mr Gulliver, lend me your hand to help me up—Well, what do you think of this acting?

*Gul.* I'm astonish'd at it—Why don't you apply to the managers?

*Girl.* My mama did apply to one of them.

*Mrs Dog.* Yes, and spoke that very speech.

*Gul.* And what did he say, was he not in raptures?

*Mrs Dog.* So far from it, that he did nothing all the while but titter, and he! he! he!

*Girl.* Yes, he did nothing but titter, and he! he!

*Gul.* Titter, and he! he! he! [*They all force a laugh.*]  
Pray, has Miss any turn for the stage?

*Mrs Dog.* Yes, yes; I shall breed her up myself—With her own capabilities, and my instructions, I don't doubt but she will make all our tragedy heroines turn pale—She will eclipse them all, I warrant her—I have already taught her the part of Sappho in my two-act tragedy of that name. Give the gentleman a speech, Melpomene.

*Girl.* Yes, mama—Where shall I begin?

*Mrs Dog.* At "O Phaon! Phaon!"—You are to observe Sir, that all my tragedies are written in heroics. I hate  
your

your blank verse; it is but one remove from prose, and consequently not sublime enough for tragedy—Now begin, Melly.

*Girl.* "O Phaon! Phaon! could my eyes impart  
"The swelling throes and tumults of my heart!"

*Mrs Dog.* "The swelling throes and tumults of my heart!"—Child, you are too languid by ten thousand degrees. Your sister Calliope would speak it abundantly better, nay, little Clio, that is not quite three years old, could not speak it worse—Give it more energy, child; set yourself a-heaving like a tragedian out of breath—It should be spoke thus—"The swelling throes and tumults of my heart!"

*Girl.* "The swelling throes and tumults of my heart,  
"Thou never wouldst thy Sappho's love desert."

*Mrs Dog.* There's a pathetic speech for you!

*Gul.* Very pathetic indeed! and the dear little girl hath spoke it like an angel.

*Mrs Dog.* I'll now give you a touch of the pompous—  
"By hell and vengeance!"—I forgot to tell you it is the turnkey's soliloquy in my tragedy of Betty Canning.

"By hell and vengeance, Canning shall be mine!

"Here, but with life, I never can resign.

"Should *Ætna* bar my passage to the dame,

"Headlong I'd plunge into the sulphurous flame;

"Or, like the Titans, wage a war with Jove,

"Rather than lose the object of my love."

*Gul.* Madam, this must have a fine effect. It will certainly bring the house down whenever it is played.

*Mrs Dog.* You sensible creature, I must embrace you for the kind expression—Yes, yes, it must have a fine effect, or it never would have had a run of fifty nights—I assure you, it was played no less than fifty nights by Mr Flockton's company.

*Gul.* Flockton's company! Pray who is Flockton?

*Mrs Dog.* He is master of the best company of—puppets in England.

*Gul.* So then your piece has been played by wooden actors? ha, ha, ha!

*Mrs Dog.* Wooden actors! And why this sarcasm on wooden actors? Pray, Sir, let me ask you what piece is now-a-days played without wooden actors?—Well, Mr Culpepper—

*Girl.* Lud! mama, what a queer name is that! they call him Gulwell.

*Mrs Dog.*

*Mrs Dog.* My dear, I knew his name began with either Gull or Cull—I ask your pardon, Sir; I am frequently so enveloped in thought, that I even forget my own name; I hope therefore you will not take it amiss that I should not remember your's.

*Gul.* No apology, madam.

*Mrs Dog.* Well Mr—a—Gulcatcher, if you hear of an amanuensis, pray give me the most early intelligence.

*Gul.* But I hope, madam, I shall not offend you in asking how he is to be paid?

*Mrs Dog.* Paid! why I really did not think of this—Let me see—Suppose—No, this won't do—ham—ay: He shall have a tenth part of the profits of my future productions—He shall tythe 'em.

*Gul.* Madam, I feel for your young muses, and can dissemble with you no longer. Take my advice. Go immediately home, and burn all your pieces; for I am certain you'll never make a shilling of them, unless you sell them for waste paper.

*Mrs Dog.* Waste paper! Heaven and earth! such excellent compositions go for waste paper!

*Girl.* Waste paper indeed! I should not have thought of waste paper!

*Gul.* Burn them all immediately. Give me your solemn promise to leave off scribbling; and if any place worthy your acceptance fall in my way, I will endeavour to fix you in it.

*Mrs Dog.* What! sacrifice immortality for a place?—I must tell you, Sir, you're an envious, impertinent, self-sufficient puppy, to presume to advise me, who have a million times your understanding.

*Girl.* Yes, a million times your understanding.

*Mrs Dog.* Waste paper! O ye gods!—If I had the wealth of Cræsus, I would give it all to be revenged on this affronting savage. [Exit.]

*Girl.* Ah! you're a naughty creature to vex my poor mama in this manner. [Exit.]

*Gul.* So! This comes of my plain-dealing. I am rightly served for endeavouring to wash the blackamoor white.

*Re-enter Mrs Doggerel and Girl.*

*Mrs Dog.* I'm return'd to tell you, that I will have ample vengeance for this indignity. I will immediately set about writing a farce called the *Register-Office*, in which I will expose your tricks, your frauds, your cheats, your impositions, your



your chicaneries—I'll do for you!—I'll make you repent the hour wherein you had the impudence and ill-nature to advise me to burn all my pieces—By all the gods, I'll write such a piece against you!—

Then like thy fate superior will I fit,  
And see thee scorn'd and laugh'd at by the pit;  
I with my friends will in the gallery go,  
And tread thee sinking to the shades below. [Exit.  
*Girl.* And tread thee sinking to the shades below. [Exit.

*Gul.* The woman takes it mightily in dudgeon! My friend Harry Trickit! What can be his business?

Enter Trickit.

Trick. Well, Sir, you received my letter?

Gul. Letter! What letter?

Trick. The letter I sent you this morning.

Gul. Not I indeed—Pray, how did you send it?

Trick. By a ticket-porter, whom I ordered to call in his way to the banker's.

Gul. He must have forgot it—What was't about?

Speak low; there's company in that room.

Trick. My niece is going to file a bill in chancery against me, to set aside her father's will. She will be supported by the gentleman with whom she now lives—I was told this morning by a friend who dined with him a few days ago in Somersetshire—Now, Sir, as Mr Williams is going to leave you, he will perhaps begin to squeak; and then I shall not only lose my money, but life into the bargain.

Gul. It is not in his power to do you any injury: He was not privy to your brother-in-law's signing a counterfeited will, but only called hastily in to witness the signature. The other evidence is dead; wherefore there is no danger from that quarter—Don't be afraid; I'll answer for the validity of the will—I thought you had known the law better in these cases, than to be afraid of such a bugbear as a chancery-suit!

Trick. You have given me some comfort: I have been very uneasy these three hours.

Mar. [Within.] Help! help! murder! help!

Enter Harwood and Williams.

Har. Ha! my Maria in danger! [Enter Maria.]—What's the matter my dear?

Mar. Good heaven! Is it you, Mr Harwood! I am so frightened

frighted and out of breath, that I can scarce speak—A noble villain hath attempted my ruin.

‘*Har.* Let me secure the door, lest these villains escape, I shall punish the right honourable scoundrel—[*Locks the door.*] There’s the key, Mr Williams—Frankly and the officers must soon be here—Now for his lordship.

[*Exit.*]

‘*Trick.* My niece and her master!

‘*Gul.* The devil they are!

‘*Enter Harwood dragging in Lord Brilliant.*

‘*Har.* Now, my lord, if your life be worth preserving a few minutes, draw.

‘*L. Bril.* Sir, this is no proper place for a duel.

‘*Har.* Not so proper as the other room for your lordship’s intended purpose; however, it will do—Come, my lord, you must fight me or ask your life—You can fight, I am sure; for I have been a witness of your lordship’s courage in Flanders—Why don’t you draw?—Do the one or the other, or I shall dishonour the peerage of my country by kicking your lordship out of the room.

‘*L. Bril.* Sir, in a bad cause I think it no diminution of my honour to own myself to blame, and wish it were in my power to make her due satisfaction for the intended injury.

‘*Har.* This is talking like the peer and the gentleman—My lord, I’m satisfied—I have some questions to ask Mr Trickit, and shall take it as a particular favour if you will be kind enough to leave us for a few minutes.

‘*L. Bril.* Sir, I shall withdraw; and if I can serve either you or the lady, you may freely command me.

‘*Har.* I humbly thank your lordship—Mr Williams, pray unlock the door. [*Exit L. Bril.*]—I am sorry, Mr Trickit, there should be such a brace of rascals in the world as you and your friend; Mr Williams open’d this letter, on a supposition of its being relative to the business of the register-office—I need not tell you it is a proof of a piece of villainy sufficient to hang you both; however, in consideration of your family, I shall let your crime slip unpunished, on condition of your restoring the money, of which you have robbed your niece by a villainous will.

‘*Trick.* Sir, I acknowledge my offence, and will make whatever restitution you require.

D d

*Har.*

‘ *Har.* Enough, Sir—Mr Williams, I see Frankly  
‘ and the officers at the door—Pray step out, and tell  
‘ him we have made up the affair.

‘ *Wil.* I shall, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

‘ *Trick.* I beg leave to inform you, by way of lessening  
‘ my offence, that this villain put me upon the fraud, and  
‘ afterwards insisted on a thousand pounds for his advice and  
‘ secrecy.

‘ *Har.* I am sorry it is not in my power to make an ex-  
‘ ample of him, without exposing or punishing you: how-  
‘ ever, if he will not agree to restore the money, he shall be  
‘ given up to justice.

‘ *Gul.* Sir, I shall restore it whenever the lady pleases.

‘ *Enter Frankly and Williams.*

‘ *Fran.* Well, you’ve brought them to terms I find?

‘ *Har.* Ay, thanks to my friend Williams, we have.’

*Enter Irishman.*

*Irish.* My dear cushin, after I went away before, I for-  
got to remember to pay you for your shivility; therefore  
am going to come back again to be out of your debt.

*Gul.* Never mind it, cousin—any other time.

*Irish.* Arra! I am a person of more honour than to con-  
tinue in nobody’s debt, when I owe him nothing. Besides  
if I should be taken sick, and die of a consumption to-  
night, you might tell me to my face the next time I see  
you, that I stole out of the world on purpose to cheat you  
—There, my dear cushin.

[*Beats Gulwell.*]

*Enter Scotchman and Highland Piper.*

*Gul.* Oh! oh! oh! Murder! murder!

*Irish.* Upon my shoul, you lie now, honey, for it was  
only a shivil beating.

*Gul.* A plague on such civility, say I!

*Enter Frenchman.*

‘ *Scot.* Lay on, lad; for the deel burst me an I bid y  
‘ hald your hand, gin ye skelp him this fix hours—Here  
‘ Wully tells me he’s as great a saw as e’re swang in a helter

*French.* Begar! so say Monsieur la Fricassee.

*Enter Williams.*

*Wil.* Gentlemen, what is the matter between you and  
this office-keeper.

*Irish.* Matter, my dear joy! Nothing at all—I am only  
paying

paying him for getting me a place in the West—Ah! the devil West you, my dear! Your West is some of the plantations in the East Indies, where pickpockets are sent to—This kidnapping rascal was going to send me into the other world to be turn'd into a black negro—I had gone sure enough, but for Macarrell O'Neil, whom I overtook, as we run against one another in your English St Patrick's church-yard—St Paul's—He told me this scoundrel had transported three Irish hay-makers over land to the plantations, on pretence of getting them places in the West—I'll plantation you, you thief of the world!

*Scot.* And troth, Wully tells me he play'd e'en sic a trick to twa of my countrymen.

*French.* Begar! me vill have one kick at the fanfaron for my von chelin and tree alspence.

*Irish.* Hold, my dear creature!—Don't lift a hand at him, I beseech you! For no foreigners but the Irish must pretend to kick an Englishman.

*French.* Den pray give him von kick for me.

*Irish.* Kick him for a Frenchman! I would sooner lend him a hand to kick all you outlandish pickpockets out of the nation.

*Scot.* What think ye, lad, an we tak him to the neist horse-pool, an wash the fleas aff him?

*Irish.* The devil burn me but that is the very thing I was just going to think of; my dear cushin, you must go along with us.

*Gul.* I beseech you, gentlemen, don't disgrace me so publicly.

*Scot.* Troth, we'se no care a bawbie for that—Come, he's a lilt; we'se carry him aff i' musical triumph—Do ye guard him behind, man.

*Irish.* Let me alone for that, honey—If he offer to run away, I'll knock him down as dead as ever he was born.

[*They hurry him off.*]

*Wil.* Your humble servant, Mr Gulwell!—Were I not tired of the innate baseness of his principles, I could pity him; but, great as his punishment may be, it falls short of his crimes. The abuse of a public benefit (for such the proper management of a register-office must be) and general ill-will, frustrated by trick, villainy, and chicanery, merits not only the censure, but the heaviest effects of resentment from every injur'd individual.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



# M I D A S :

## A

### B U R L E T T A.

IN TWO ACTS.

By KANE O'HARA, Esq.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

##### DEITIES.

<i>Jupiter</i>	—	—	—	—	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
<i>Juno</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Legg.
<i>Apollo</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs Stevens.
<i>Pan</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Mattocks.
					Mr Dunstall.

##### MORTALS.

<i>Midas</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Shuter.
<i>Dametas</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Barnshaw.
<i>Sileno</i>	—	—	—	—	Mr Baker.
<i>Myfis</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs Thompson.
<i>Daphne</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs Baker.
<i>Nysa</i>	—	—	—	—	Mrs Mattocks.

SCENE, *First on Mount Olympus, afterwards on the Pastures of Lydia.*

#### A C T I.

*The curtain rising, discovers the Heathen Deities, seated amidst the clouds, in full council: They address Jupiter in chorus, accompanied by all the instruments.*

*Chorus of all the Gods.*

**J**OVE, in his chair,  
Of the sky Lord May'r,

With

With his nods  
 Men and Gods  
     Keeps in awe ;  
 When he winks,  
 Heaven shrinks ;  
 When he speaks,  
 Hell squeaks ;  
     Earth's globe is but his taw.  
 Cock of the school,  
 He bears despotic rule ;  
     His word,  
     Tho' absurd,  
 Must be law.  
     Even Fate,  
     Tho' so great,  
 Must not prate ;  
     His bald pate  
     Jove would cuff,  
     He's so bluff,  
     For a straw.  
     Cow'd deities,  
     Like mice in cheese,  
     To stir must cease,  
     Or gnaw.

*Jup.* [*rising.*] Immortals, you have heard your plaintive  
 lov'reign,

And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern  
 Brook spies upon us ? Shall Apollo trample  
 On our commands ? We'll make him an example.

As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or  
 We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your emperor.

*Juno.* I'll take the law, [*to Jupiter :*] My proctor, with  
 a summons,

shall cite you, Sir, t'appear at Doctors Commons.

*Jup.* Let him—but first I'll chase from heaven yon var-  
 let.

*Juno.* What ! for detecting you and your vile harlot !

A I R.

Think not, lewd Jove,  
 Thus to wrong my chaste love ;  
 For, spite of your rakehelly godhead,  
 By day and by night,  
 Juno will have her right,  
 Nor be of dues nuptial defrauded.

D d 3

I'll ferret the haunts  
Of your female gallants;  
In vain you in darkness inclose them;  
Your favourite jades,  
I'll plunge to the shades,  
Or into cows metamorphose them.

*Jove.* Peace, termagant—I swear by Styx, our thunder  
Shall hurl him to the earth—Nay, never wonder;  
I've sworn it, gods.

*Apollo.* Hold, hold, have patience,  
Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

A I R.

Be by your friends advis'd,  
Too harsh, too hasty dad!  
Maugre your bolts, and wise head,  
The world will think you mad.  
What worse can Bacchus teach men,  
His roaring bucks when drunk,  
Then break the lamps, beat watchmen,  
And stagger to some punk.

*Jup.* You faucy scoundrel—there, Sir—Come, Disorder,  
Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.  
Roll, thunders, roll; blue lightnings flash about him;  
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

*Thunder and lightning.* Jupiter darts a bolt at him, he falls.  
Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the Gods all ascend to-  
gether, singing the initial chorus:

Jove in his chair, &c.

SCENE, *A champaign country with a distant village; violent storm of thunder and lightning. A shepherd sleeping in the field is roused by it, and runs away frightened, leaving his cloak, bat, and guitar, behind him. Apollo (as cast from heaven) falls to the earth, with a rude shock, and lies for a while stunn'd. At length he begins to move, rises, advances, and looking forward, speaks. After which, enters to him Sileno.*

*Apol.* Zooks, what a crush! a pretty decent tumble!  
Kind usage, Mr Jove—sweet Sir, your humble.  
Well, down I am;—no bones broke—though fore pepper'd!  
Here doom'd to stay—What can I do?—turn shepherd.

[*Puts on the cloak, &c.*

A lucky thought.—In this disguise, Apollo  
No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow.  
Nor doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and person,  
Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

*Sileno*

*Sileno.* Whom have we here? a flighty clown!—and sturdy.

Hum—plays I see upon the hurdy-gurdy.  
Seems out of place—a stranger—all in tatters;  
I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.  
—Whence, and what art thou, boy?

*Pol.* An orphan lad, Sir;

*Pol* is my name—a shepherd once my dad, Sir,  
I th' upper parts here—though not born to serving,  
I'll now take on, for faith I'm almost starving.

*Sil.* You've drawn a prize i' the lottery—So have I too;  
Why—I'm the master you could best apply too.

A I R.

Since you mean to hire for service,  
Come with me, you jolly dog;  
You can help to bring home harvest,  
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.  
Fa la la.

With three crowns your standing wages,  
You shall daintily be fed:  
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,  
Butter-milk, and oaten-bread.  
Fa la la.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,  
When we get you once at home;  
And when daily labour's over,  
We'll all dance to your strum strum.  
Fa la la.

*Pol.* I strike hands, I take your offer;  
Farther on I may fare worse;  
Zooks, I can no longer suffer  
Hungry guts and empty purse.  
Fa la la.

*Sil.* Do, strike hands; 'tis kind I offer.

*Pol.* I strike hands, and take your offer.

*Sil.* Farther seeking you'll fare worse.

*Pol.* Farther on I may fare worse.

*Sil.* Pity such a lad should suffer,

*Pol.* Zooks, I can no longer suffer,

*Sil.* Hungry guts and empty purse,

*Pol.* Hungry guts and empty purse.

Fa la la.

[*Exeunt dancing and singing.*

SCENE



SCENE, Sileno's *Farm-house*.

*Enter Daphne and Nyfa, Myfis following behind.*

*Daph.* But Nyfa, how goes on Squire Midas' courtship?

*Nyf.* Your sweet Damætas, pimp to his great worship,  
Brought me from him a purse;—but the conditions—  
—I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

*Daph.* The moon-calf! This must blast him with my  
father.

*Nyf.* Right. So we are rid of the two frights together.

*Both.* Ha, ha, ha!—Ha, ha, ha!

*Myf.* Hey-day! what mare's nest's found?—For ever  
grinning:

Ye rantipoles—is't thus ye mind your spinning;

A I R.

Girls are known  
To mischief prone,  
If ever they be idle.  
Who would rear  
Two daughters fair,  
Must hold a steady bridle:  
For here they skip  
And there they trip,  
And this and that way sidle.  
Giddy maids,  
Poor silly jades,  
All after men are gadding;  
They flirt pell-mell,  
Their train to swell,  
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:  
To ev'ry fop  
They're cock-a-hoop,  
And set their mothers madding.

*Enter Sileno introducing Pol.*

*Sil.* Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you grumble  
At too hard toil;—I chanc'd just now to stumble  
On this stout drudge—and hir'd him fit for labour,  
To 'm lad—then he can play, and sing, and caper.

*Myf.* Fine rubbish to bring home; a strolling thrummer!  
What art thou good for? speak, thou ragged mummer!

[*To Pol.*

*Nyf.* Mother, for shame—

*Myf.*

*Myf.* Peace, faucebox, or I'll maul you.

*Pol.* Goody, my strength and parts you undervalue,  
For his and your work, I am brisk and handy.

*Daph.* A sad cheat else——

*Myf.* What, you, you jack-a-dandy?

A I R.

P O L.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue:

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?

Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong.

A stranger why will you despise?

Ply me,

Try me,

Prove, 'ere you deny me:

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

*Myf.* Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.

*Nysf.* With what sweet temper he bears all her snubbing!

[*Aside.*

*Sil.* Oons, no more words. — Go, boy, and get your dinner. [Exit *Pol.*

Fie, why so crossgrain'd to a young beginner.

*Nysf.* So modest!

*Daph.* So genteel!

*Sil.* Not pert nor lumpish.

[To *Myf.*

*Myf.* Would he were hanged!

*Nysf.* and *Daph.* La, mother, why so frumpish?

A I R.

*Nysf.* Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd

To the gentle, handsome swain?

*Daph.* To a lad, so limb'd, so featur'd,

Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.

Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

*Myf.* Girls, for you my fears perplex me,

I'm alarm'd on your account.

*Sil.* Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me,

I will rule, depend upon't.

I will rule, &c.

*Nysf.* Ah, ah!

*Daph.* Mamma.

*Nysf.* } Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd,

*Daph.* } Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd and featur'd?

*Nysf.*

*Nys.* } To the gentle, handsome swain,  
*Daph.* } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;  
*Nys.* } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,  
*Daph.* } To the gentle, handsome swain.  
*Myf.* } Girls, for you my fears perplex me;  
           I'm alarm'd on your account.  
*Sil.* } Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me;  
           I will rule, depend upon't.  
*Nys.* } Mamma!  
*Myf.* } Psha, psha!  
*Daph.* } Papa!  
*Sil.* } Ah! ah!  
*Daph.* } Mamma, how can you be so ill-natur'd?  
*Sil.* } Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natur'd;  
*Nys.* } Ah, ah, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd!  
*Daph.* } To the gentle, handsome swain,  
*Sil.* } He's a gentle, handsome swain,  
*Nys.* } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.  
*Myf.* } 'Tis my pleasure to give pain,  
*Daph.* } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,  
*Sil.* } He's a gentle, handsome swain,  
*Nys.* } To the gentle, handsome swain,  
*Myf.* } To your odious, fav'rite swain.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Midas and Damætas.*

*Mid.* Nyfa, you say, refus'd the guineas British.  
*Dam.* Ah, please your worship—she is wondrous skittish.  
*Mid.* I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs—I'll force  
*Dam.* The halter— (her—  
*Mid.* As for madam, I'll divorce her—  
 Some favour'd lout incog. our bliss opposes.  
*Dam.* Aye, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.  
*Mid.* I've heard of that Pol's tricks,—of his sly tampering  
 To sling poor Pan; but I'll soon send him scampering.  
 'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!  
 Where is old Pan?  
*Dam.* Tipling, Sir, at the ale-house.  
*Mid.* Run, fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient  
 To rout this Pol.  
*Dam.* I fly; [*Going, returns.*—Sir, your obedient. [*Exit.*  
*Mid.* What boots my being 'squire,  
           Justice of peace and quorum;  
           Church-warden—knight o' th' shire,  
           And custos rotolorum;

If saucy little Nyfa's heart rebellious,  
My 'squireship slights, and hankers after fellows?

A I R.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,  
Dare my amours to cross?

Shall a peasant minx, when Justice Midas wooes,  
Her nose up at him tofs?

No: I'll kidnap—then possess her:

I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange;

So glut to the height of pleasure

My love and my revenge.

No: I'll kidnap, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE, Pan is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes,  
and tobacco, before him; his bagpipes lying by him.

A I R.

Jupiter wenches and drinks,

He rules the roast in the sky;

Yet he is a fool if he thinks

That he is as happy as I:

Juno rates him,

And grates him,

And leads his highness a weary life;

I have my lass

And my glass,

And stroll a bachelor's merry life.

Let him fluster,

And bluster,

Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;

To my fair tulips

I glue lips

And clink the cannikin here below.

Enter Dæmatas.

Dam. There sits the old soaker—his pate troubling little  
How the world wags, so he gets drink and vittle—  
Hoa, master Pan—Gad, you've trod a thistle!  
You may pack up your all, Sir, and go whistle.  
The wenches have turn'd tail—to yon buck-ranter:  
Tickled by his guitar—they scorn your chanter.

A I R.

All around the maypole how they trot,

Hot,

Pot,

And good ale have got:

Routing,



Routing,  
Shouting  
At your flouting,  
Fleering,  
Jeering,  
And what not.  
There's old Silenø frisks like a mad  
Lad,  
Glad  
To see us fad ;  
Cap'ring,  
Vap'ring ;  
While Pol scrapping,  
Coaxes  
The lassies  
As he did the dad.

*Enter Mysis.*

*Mys.* O Pan! the devil to pay—both my sluts frantic,  
Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.  
But I'll go seek them all—and if I find 'em,  
I'll drive 'em—as if Old Nick were behind 'em. [*Going.*]

*Pan.* Soa, soa—don't flounce :  
Avast—disguise your fury.  
Pol we shall trounce;  
Midas is judge and jury.

A I R.

*Mys.* Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,  
To see my purposes thus counteracted!  
This way or that way, or which way soever,  
All things run contrary to my endeavour.  
Daughters projecting  
Their ruin and shame;  
Fathers neglecting  
The care of their fame;

Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;  
Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A wood and lawn near Silenø's farm, flocks grazing at a distance—a tender slow symphony. Daphne crosses melancholic and silent; Nyssa watching her. Then Daphne returns running.*

*Nys.* O ho, is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps?  
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance  
Shall make her stir her stumps.

To

To all her secret haunts,  
 Like her shadow I'll follow and watch her:  
 And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her. [*Retires.*  
*Daph.* La! how my heart goes pit-a-pat! what thumping,  
 E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin!

## A I R.

He's as tight a lad to see too,  
 As e'er stept in leather-shoe;  
 And, what's better, he'll love me too,  
 And to him I'll prove true blue.  
 Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye,  
 I defy what she can do;  
 He o'erlook'd the little doxy:  
 I'm the girl he means to woo.  
 Hither I stole out to meet him;  
 He'll no doubt my steps pursue:  
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;  
 If he's false, I'll fit him too.

*Enter Pol.*

*Pol.* Think o' the devil—'tis said,  
 He's at your shoulder—  
 This wench was running in my head,  
 And, pop—behold her.

## A I R.

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish;  
 At your feet a tender swain  
 Prays you will not let him languish,  
 One kind look would ease his pain.  
 Did you know the lad who courts you,  
 He'd not long need sue in vain;  
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you  
 Scarce will meet his like again.

*Daph.* Sir, you're such an oglio  
 Of perfection in folio,  
 No damsel can resist you:  
 Your face so attractive,  
 Limbs so supple and active,  
 That by this light,  
 At the first sight,  
 I could have run and kiss'd you.

E c

A I R

## A I R.

If you can caper as well as you modulate,  
 With the addition of that pretty face,  
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a god o' late,  
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.

His beard so frowfy, his gestures so aukward are,  
 And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,  
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,  
 You may count on all the girls as your own.

*Myf.* [*from within.*] Pol, Pol, make haste, come hither.

*Pol.* Death, what a time to call!

Oh, rot your old lugs of leather.

B'ye Daph.

*Daph.* B'ye Pol.

*Enter Nyfa.*

*Nyf.* Marry come up, forsooth!

Is't me, you forward vixen,

You choose to play your tricks on?

And could your liquorish tooth

Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?

*Daph.* Marry come up again,

Indeed, my dirty cousin!

Have you a right to ev'ry swain?

*Nyf.* Ay, though a dozen.

## A I R.

*Daph.* My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol  
 Can ever be caught by an infant's doll?

*Nyf.* Can you, miss Maypole, suppose he will fall  
 In love with the giants of Guildhall?

*Daph.* Pigmy elf.

*Nyf.* Colossus itself.

*Both.* You will lie 'till you're mouldy upon the shelf.

*Daph.* You stump o' th' gutter, you hop o' my thumb,  
 A husband for you must from Lilliput come.

*Nyf.* You stalking steeple, you gawky flag,  
 Your husband must come from Brobdignag.

*Daph.* Sour grapes.

*Nyf.* Lead apes.

*Both.* I'll humble your vanity, Mrs Trapes.

*Daph.* Miss, your assurance,

*Nyf.* And, miss, your high airs,

*Daph.* Is past all endurance,

*Nyf.* Are at their last prayers.

*Daph.*

*Daph.* No more of these freedoms, Miss Nyfa, I beg.

*Nys.* Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.

*Daph.* } Poor spite!

*Nys.* } Pride hurt!

*Daph.* } Liver white!

*Nys.* } Rare sport!

*Daph.* } Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't bite.

*Nys.* } This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.

Poor spite!

Pride hurt, &c.

## ACT II.

SCENE, *A Grove.*

*Enter Nyfa, followed by Midas.*

*Mid.* **T**URN, tygres, turn; nay, fly not—  
I have thee at a why not.

How comes, little Nisy,  
That heart, to me so icy,  
Should be to Poi like tinder,  
Burnt up t' a very cinder?

*Nys.* Sir, to my virtue ever steady,

Firm as a rock,

I scorn your shock;

But why this attack?

A miss can you lack,

Who have a wife already?

*Mid.* Ay, there's the curse—but she is old and sickly;  
And would my Nyfa grant the favour quickly,  
Would she yield now, I swear by the lord Harry,  
The moment madam's coffin'd—her I'll marry.

A I R.

O what pleasures will abound

When my wife is laid in ground!

Let earth cover her,

We'll dance over her,

When my wife is laid in ground.

O how happy should I be,

Would little Nyfa pig with me!

E c 2

How



How I'd mumble her,  
 Touze and tumble her,  
 Would little Nyfa pig with me!

*Nyf.* Young birds alone are caught with chaff,  
 At your base scheme I laugh.

*Mid.* Yet take my vows—

*Nyf.* I would not take your bond, Sir—

*Mid.* Half my estate—

*Nyf.* No, nor the whole—my fond Sir.

A I R.

Ne'er will I be left i' the lurch;  
 Cease your bribes and wheedling:  
 Till I'm made a bride i' the church,  
 I'll keep man from meddling.

What are riches  
 And soft speeches?  
 Baits and fetches  
 To bewitch us:  
 When you've won us,  
 And undone us,  
 Cloy'd, you shun us,  
 Frowning on us.

For our heedless piddling.

[Exit.

*Enter Pan; and Pol, listening.*

*Mid.* Well, master Pol I'll tickle;  
 For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle:  
 When he's in limbo,  
 Not thus our hoity toity mis  
 Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

*Pan.* So, 'squire, well met—I flew to know your  
 business.

*Mid.* Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on his  
 knees.

*Pan.* That were a feat indeed;—a feat to brag on.

*Mid.* Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flaggon.  
 I'll make him skip.

*Pan.*—As St George did the dragon.

A I R.

If into your hen-yard  
 'The treacherous reynard  
 Steals slyly, your poultry to ravage;  
 With gun you attack him,  
 With beagles you track him;  
 All's fair to destroy the fell savage.

So Pol, who comes picking  
 Up my tender chicken,  
 No means do I scruple to banish;  
 With pow'r I'll o'erbear him,  
 With fraud I'll ensnare him,  
 By hook or by crook he shall vanish. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *A Lawn before Midas's House.*

*Enter Nyfa.*

Nyf. Good lack! what is come o'er me?  
 Daphne has stepp'd before me!  
 Envy and love devour me.  
 Pol doats upon her phiz hard;  
 'Tis that that sticks in my gizzard.  
 Midas appears now twenty times more hideous,  
 Ah, Nyfa, what resource!—a cloyster.  
 Death alive—yet thither must I run,  
 And turn a nun.  
 Prodigious!

A I R.

In these greasy old tatters  
 His charms brighter shine;  
 Then his guitar he clatters  
 With tinkling divine;  
 But my sister,  
 Ah, he kiss'd her,  
 And me he pass'd by:  
 I'm jealous  
 Of the fellow's  
 Bad taste and blind eye. [Exit.

SCENE, *Midas's Parlour.*

Midas, Myfis, and Pan, *in consultation over a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco.*

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast—

Pan. Here goes our noble umpire;

Myf. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has cross'd us.

Myf. Sure he's the devil himself—

Pan. Or Doctor Faustus.

Myf. Ah, 'squire—for Pan would you but stoutly stickle,  
 This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.

Pan. You reason right—

Mid. His roby I shall tickle.

E e 3

Myf.

*Myf.* Look, 'squire, I've sold my butter; here its  
price is

At your command, do but this job for Myfis.  
Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus,  
Keep, Pan, and shame that scape-grace *coram nobis*.

*Mid.* Goody, as 'tis your request,  
I pocket this here stuff;  
And as for that there peasant,  
Trust me I'll work his buff.  
At the musical struggle  
I'll bully and juggle;  
My award's  
Your sure card.

Blood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.

*Pan.* Well said, my lad of wax.

*Mid.* Let's end the tankard;  
I have no head for business till I've drunk hard.

*Pan.* Nor have my guts brains in them till they're addle;  
When I'm most rocky, I best sit my saddle.

*Mid.* Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a catch,  
Then part to our affairs——

*Pan.* A match!

*Myf.* A match!

## A I R.

*Mid.* Master Pol,  
And his tol-de-rol-lol,  
I'll buffet away from the plain, Sir;

*Pan.* And I'll assist  
Your worship's fist  
With all my might and main, Sir:

*Myf.* And I'll have a thump,  
Tho' he's so plump,  
And makes such a woundy racket.

*Mid.* I'll bluff,

*Pan.* I'll rough,

*Myf.* I'll huff,

*Mid.* I'll cuff;

*Omnes.* And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

*Mid.* For all his cheats,  
And wenching feats,  
He shall rue on his knees 'em;  
Or skip, by goles,  
As high as Paul's,  
Like ugly witch on besom;

Arraigo'd

Arraign'd he shall be,  
Of treason to me!

*Pan.* And I with my davy will back it;  
I'll swear,

*Mid.* I'll snare,

*Myf.* I'll tear.

*Om.* O rare!

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

*Enter Sileno and Damætas in warm argument.*

*Sil.* My Daph, a wife for thee; the 'squire's base pander!  
To the plantations sooner would I send her.

*Dam.* Sir, your goodwife approv'd my offers.

*Sil.* Name her not, hag of Endor;

What knew she of thee but thy coffers?

*Dam.* And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jackanapes,  
By dint of congees and of scrapes—

*Sil.* These are thy slanders, and that canker'd hag's.

*Dam.* A thing made up of pilfer'd rags—

*Sil.* Richer than thou with all thy brags  
Of flocks, and herds, and money-bags.

A I R.

If a rival my character draw,  
In perfection he'll find out a flaw;  
With black he will paint,  
Make a de'il of a faint,  
And change to an owl a macaw.

*Dam.* Can a father pretend to be wise,  
Who his friend's good advice will despise?  
Who, when danger is nigh,  
Throws his spectacles by,  
And blinks through a green girl's eyes?

*Sil.* You're an impudent pimp and a grub.

*Dam.* You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;  
Your betters you snub.

*Sil.* Who will lend me a club,  
This insolent puppy to drub?  
You're an impudent pimp and a grub,

*Dam.* You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub,

*Sil.* Who will rot in a powdering tub,

*Dam.* Whom the prince of impostures I dub.

*Sil.* A guinea for a club,

*Dam.* Your bald pate you'll rub,

*Sil.* This muckworm to drub,

*Dam.*



*Dam.* When you find that your cub

*Sil.* Rub off, firrah, rub, firrah, rub,

*Dam.* Is debauch'd by a whipt syllabub.

*Enter Myfis, attended by Daphne and Nyfa.*

*Myf.* Soh—you attend the trial—we shall drive hence  
Your vagabond—

*Sil.* I smoke your foul contrivance.

*Daph.* Ah, Ny, our fate depends upon this issue—

*Nyf.* Daph—for your sake my claim I here forego;  
And with your Pol much joy I wish you.

*Daph.* O gemini! say'tt thou me so?

Dear creature, let me kiss you.

*Nyf.* Let's kneel, and beg his stay; papa will back us.

*Daph.* Mamma will storm.

*Nyf.* What then? she can but whack us.

A I R.

*Daph.* Mother, sure you never

Will endeavour

To disserve

From my favour

So sweet a swain!

None so clever

E'er trod the plain.

*Nyf.* Father, hopes you gave her;

Don't deceive her;

Can you leave her

Sunk for ever

In pining care?

Haste and save her

From black despair.

*Daph.* Think of his modest grace,

His voice, shape, and face.

*Nyf.* Hearts alarming,

*Daph.* Bosoms warming,

*Nyf.* Wrath disarming,

*Daph.* With is soft lay:

*Nyf.* He's so charming,

Ay, let him stay.

*Both.* He's so charming, &c.

*Myf.* Sluts, are you lost to shame?

*Sil.* Wife, wife, be more tame.

*Myf.* This is madness!

*Sil.* Sober sadness!

*Myf.* I with gladness  
 Could see him swing,  
 For his badness——

*Sil.* 'Tis no such thing.

*Dam.* Must Pan resign to this fop his employment?  
 Must I to him yield of Daph the enjoyment?

*Myf.* Ne'er, while a tongue I brandish,  
 Fop outlandish  
 Daph shall blandish.

*Dam.* Will you reject my income,  
 Herds, and clinkum?

*Sil.* Rot and sink 'em!

*Dam.* Midas must judge.

*Myf.* And Pol must fly.

*Sil.* Zounds, Pol shan't budge:

*Myf.* You lie;

*Dam.* You lie:

*Myf.* }  
*Dam.* } You lie, you lie.  
*Sil.* }

*Nyf.* Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains;

*Daph.* Pol's lyre suits best our cool grots and clear fountains.

*Nyf.* Pol is young and merry;

*Daph.* Light and airy,

*Sil.* As a fairy.

*Nyf.* Pan is old and musty;

*Daph.* Stiff and fusty;

*Sil.* Sour and crusty.

*Daph.* Can you banish Pol?

*Nyf.* No, no, no, no.

Let Pan fall.

*Daph.* Ay, let him go.

*Nyf.* }  
*Daph.* } Ay, let him go.  
*Sil.* }

*Midas comes forth enraged, attended by a crowd of nymphs and swains.*

*Mid.* Peace, ho! is hell broke loose! what means this jawing?  
 Under my very nose this clapper-clawing?

A I R.

What the devil's here to do,  
 Ye loggerheads and gypsies?

Sirrah you, and huffy you,  
 And each of you tipsey is:

But

But I'll as sure pull down your pride as  
A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.

## C H O R U S.

O tremendous justice!  
Who shall oppose wise justice Midas?

## A I R.

*Mid.* I'm given t'understand, that you're all in a pother here,  
Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall play to you another year.  
Dare you think your clumsy lugs so proper to decide as  
The delicate ears of justice Midas?

*Chorus.* O tremendous, &c.

*Mid.* Soh, you allow it then—ye mobbish rabble!—

*Enter Pol and Pan severally.*

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble.  
Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble.

## A I R.

Now I'm seated,  
I'll be treated  
Like the Sophi on his throne;  
In my presence,  
Scoundrel peasants  
Shall not call their souls their own.  
My behest is,  
He who best is,  
Shall be fix'd musician chief;  
Ne'er the loser  
Shall shew nose here,  
But be transported like a thief.

*Chorus.* O tremendous, &c.

*Dam.* Masters, will you abide by this condition?

*Pan.* I ask no better.

*Pol.* —I am all submission.

*Pan.* Strike up, sweet Sir.

*Pol.* —Sir, I attend your leisure.

*Mid.* Pan, take the lead.

*Pan.* —Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

## A I R.

A pox of your pother about this or that;  
Your shrieking or squeaking a sharp or a flat:  
I'm sharp by my bumpers; you're flat, master Pol;  
So here goes a set to a tol-de-rol-lol.

When

When beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,  
And after Miss Will-o'-the-Wisp the fools scamper;  
Ding-dong, in sing-song, they the lady extol:  
Pray what's all this fufs for, but—tol-de-rol-lol.

Mankind are a medley—a chance-medley race;  
All start in full cry, to give dame fortune chace:  
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all;  
And luck's the best tune of life's tol-de-rol-lol.

I've done, please your worship; 'tis rather too long;  
I only meant life is but an old song;  
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;  
Where all act the scene of tol-de-rol-lol.

—*Mid.* By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age:  
How, hang-dog, don't you blush to shew your visage?

*Pol.* Why, master Midas, for that matter,  
'Tis enough to dash one,  
To hear the arbitrator,  
In such unseemly fashion,  
One of the candidates bespatter  
With so much partial passion. [*Midas falls asleep.*]

## A I R.

Ah, happy hours, how fleeting  
Ye danc'd on down away;  
When, my soft vows repeating,  
At Daphne's feet I lay!  
But from her charms when sunder'd,  
(As Midas' frowns presage)  
Each hour will seem an hundred,  
Each day appear an age.

*Mid.* Silence——this just decree, all, at your peril,  
Obedient hear——else I shall use you very ill.

## T H E D E C R E E.

Pan shall remain;  
Pol quit the plain.

*Chorus.* O tremendous, &c.

*Mid.* All bow with me to mighty Pan—enthroned him—  
No pouting—and with festal chorus crown him.

[*The crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join in the chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with bays.*]

C H O.



## C H O R U S.

See, triumphant sits the bard,  
 Crown'd with bays, his due reward :  
 Exil'd Pol shall wander far ;  
 Exil'd, twang his faint guitar ;  
 While, with echoing shouts of praise,  
 We the bagpipe's glory raise.

*Mid.* 'Tis well.——What keeps you here, you ragamuf-  
 fin ?

Go trudge——or do you wait for a good cuffing !

*Pol.* Now, all attend. The wrath of Jove, for rapine,  
 Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.

[*Throws off his disguise, and appears as Apollo.*  
 Tremble, thou wretch ! thou'st stretch'd thy utmost tether ;  
 Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

## A I R.

Dunce, I did but sham,  
 For Apollo I am,  
 God of music, and king of Parnass :  
 Thy scurvy decree,  
 For Pan against me,  
 I reward with the ears of an ass.

*Mid.* Detected, baulk'd, and small,  
 On our marrow-bones we fall.

*Myf.* Be merciful.

*Dam.* Be pitiful.

*Mid.* Forgive us, mighty Sol——Alas, alas !

## A I R.

*Apol.* Thou a Billingsgate quean, [To Myf.  
 Thou a pander obscene, [To Dam.  
 With strumpets and bailiffs shall class ;  
 Thou, driven from man, [To Mid.  
 Shalt wander with Pan,  
 He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.  
 Be thou 'squire——his estate [To Sil.  
 To thee I translate.

To you his strong chests, wicked mafs : { To Daph.  
 and Nyfa.

Live happy, while I,  
 Recall'd to the sky,  
 Make all the gods laugh at Midas.

*Daph.*

<i>Daph.</i>	} <i>Together with</i>	{	To the bright god of day,
<i>Sil.</i>			Let us dance, sing, and play;
<i>Nys.</i>			Clap hands every lad with his lafs:
			<i>the other nymphs</i>
			<i>and swains.</i>

*Daph.* Now, critics, lie snug,  
Not a hiss, groan, or shrug;  
Remember the fate of Midas,  
Midas;  
Remember the fate of Midas.

## C H O R U S.

Now, crities, lie snug, &c.

# THE PADLOCK.

IN TWO ACTS.

By MR ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

<i>Don Diego</i>	—	—	—	—	—	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Leander</i>	—	—	—	—	—	Mr Bannister.
<i>Mungo</i>	—	—	—	—	—	Mr Vernon.
						Mr Dibdin.

### W O M E N.

<i>Leonora</i>	—	—	—	—	—	Mrs Arne.
<i>Ursula</i>	—	—	—	—	—	Mrs Dorman.

SCENE, *Salamanca.*

## A C T I.

SCENE, *A Garden belonging to DON DIEGO's House.*

DON DIEGO *enters musing.*

THOUGHTS to council—let me see—  
 Hum—to be or not to be  
 A husband, is the question.  
 A cuckold! must that follow?  
 Say what men will,  
 Wedlock's a pill  
 Bitter to swallow,  
 And hard of digestion.

But

But fear makes the danger seem double.  
 Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble  
 My peace, should I venture to try you?

My doors shall be lock'd,  
 My windows be block'd;  
 No male in my house,  
 Not so much as a mouse;

Then horns, horns, I defy you.

*Dieg.* Ursula!

*Enter Ursula.*

*Urf.* Here, an't please your worship.

*Dieg.* Where is Leonora?

*Urf.* In her chamber, Sir.

*Dieg.* There is the key of it; there the key of the best hall; there the key of the door upon the first flight of stairs; there the key of the door upon the second; this double locks the hatch below, and this the door that opens into that entry.

*Urf.* I am acquainted with every ward of them.

*Dieg.* You know, Ursula, when I took Leonora from her father and mother, she was to live in the house with me three months; at the expiration of which time, I entered into a bond of four thousand pistoles, either to return her to them spotless, with half that sum for a dowry, or make her my true and lawful wife.

*Urf.* And, I warrant you, they came secretly to enquire of me whether they might venture to trust your worship. Lord! said I, I have lived with the gentleman nine years and three quarters, come Lammas, and never saw any thing uncivil by him in my life; nor no more I ever did; and to let your worship know if I had, you would have mistaken your person; for I bless heaven, tho' I'm poor, I'm honest, and would not live with any man alive that should want to handle me unlawfully.

*Dieg.* Ursula, I do believe it: And you are particularly happy, that both your age and your person exempt you from any such temptation. But, be this as it will, Leonora's parents, after some little difficulty, consented to comply with my proposal; and, being fully satisfied with their daughter's temper and conduct, which I wanted to be acquainted with, this day being the expiration of the term, I am resolved to fulfil my bond, by marrying her to-morrow.

*Urf.* Heaven bless you together.

*Dieg.* During the time she has lived with me, she has never



been a moment out of my sight; and now tell me, Ursula, what you have observed in her.

*Urf.* All meekness and gentleness, your worship; and yet, I warrant you, shrewd and sensible; egad, when she pleases, she can be as sharp as a needle.

*Dieg.* You have not been able to discover any particular attachments?

*Urf.* Why, Sir, of late I have observed—

*Dieg.* Eh! how! what?

*Urf.* That she has taken greatly to the young kitten.

*Dieg.* O! is that all?

*Urf.* Ay, by my faith, I don't think she is fond of any thing else.

*Dieg.* Of me, Ursula?

*Urf.* Ay, ay, of the kitten and your worship, and her birds, and going to mass. I have taken notice of late, that she is mighty fond of going to mass, as your worship lets her, early of a morning.

*Dieg.* Well! I am now going to her parents, to let them know my resolution; I will not take her with me, because, having been used to confinement, and it being the life I am determined she shall lead, it will be only giving her a bad habit. I shall return with the good folks to-morrow morning; in the meantime, Ursula, I confide in your attention; and take care, as you would merit my favour.

*Urf.* I will indeed, your worship; nay, if there is a widow gentlewoman in all Salamanca fitter to look after a young maiden—

*Dieg.* Go, and send Leonora to me.

*Urf.* I know the world, Sir, tho' I say't:

I'm cautious and wise;

And they who surprise

My prudence nodding,

Must sit up late.

Never fear, Sir,

Your safety's here, Sir;

Yes, yes,

I'll answer for Miss:

Let me alone,

I warrant my care

Shall weigh to a hair

As much as your own.

[Exit Ursula.

*Dieg.* I dreamt last night that I was going to church with Leonora to be married, and that we were met on the road  
by

by a drove of oxen——Oxen——I don't like oxen! I wish it had been a flock of sheep.

*Enter Leonora with a bird on her finger, which she holds in the other hand by a string.*

*Leon.* Say, little, foolish, fluttering thing,  
Whither, ah! whither would you wing  
Your airy flight?  
Stay here and sing,  
Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,  
Sweet Robin, you shall not go:  
Where, you wanton, could you be,  
Half so happy as with me?

*Dieg.* Leonora!

*Leon.* Here I am.

*Dieg.* Look me in the face, and listen to me attentively.

*Leon.* There.

*Dieg.* I am going this evening to your father and mother, and I suppose you are not ignorant of the cause of my journey. Are you willing to be my wife?

*Leon.* I am willing to do whatever you and my father and my mother please.

*Dieg.* But that's not the thing; do you like me?

*Leon.* Y—es.

*Dieg.* What do you sigh for?

*Leon.* I don't know.

*Dieg.* When you came hither, you were taken from a mean little house, ill situated, and worse furnished; you had no servants, and were obliged, with your mother, to do the work yourself.

*Leon.* Yes; but when we had done, I could look out at the window, or go a walking in the fields.

*Dieg.* Perhaps you dislike confinement?

*Leon.* No, I don't, I am sure.

*Dieg.* I say, then, I took you from that mean habitation and hard labour, to a noble building and this fine garden; where, so far from being a slave, you are absolute mistress; and instead of wearing a mean stuff-gown, look at yourself. I beseech you; the dress you have on is fit for a princess.

*Leon.* 'Tis very fine, indeed.

*Dieg.* Well, Leonora, you know in what manner you have been treated since you have been my companion; ask yourself again now, whether you can be content to lead a life with me according to the specimen you have had?

*Leon.* Specimen!

*Dieg.* Ay, according to the manner I have treated you  
—according—

*Leon.* I'll do whatever you please.

*Dieg.* Then, my dear, give me a kiss.

*Leon.* Good b'ye to you.

*Dieg.* Here, Ursula.

By some I am told,

That I'm wrinkled and old;

But I will not believe what they say:

I feel my blood mounting,

Like streams in a fountain,

That merrily sparkle and play.

For love I have will

And ability still;

Odsbobs, I can scarcely refrain!

My diamond, my pearl——

Well, be a good girl,

Until I come to you again.

[*Exit Don Diego.*]

*Leon.* Heigh-ho!—I think I am sick.—He's very good to me, to be sure; and 'tis my duty to love him, because we ought not to be ungrateful; but I wish I was not to marry him for all that, tho' I'm afraid to tell him so. Fine feathers, they say, make fine birds; but I am sure they don't make happy ones; a sparrow is happier in the fields than a gold finch in a cage. There is something makes me mighty uneasy. While he was talking to me, I thought I never saw any thing look so ugly in my life——O dear now, why did I forget to ask leave to go to mass to-morrow? I suppose, because he's abroad, Ursula won't take me—I wish I had asked leave to go to mass.

Was I a shepherd's maid, to keep

On yonder plains a flock of sheep;

Well pleased I'd watch the live-long day,

My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or would some bird that pity brings,

But for a moment lend its wings,

My parents then might rave and scold,

My guardians strive my will to hold:

Their words are harsh, his walls are high;

But spite of all, away I'd fly.

SCENE changes to a Street in Salamanca. Leander enters with two scholars; all in their university gowns.

*Leand.* His name is Don Diego; there's his house, like another

another monastery, or rather prison; his servants are an ancient duenna, and a negro slave——

*1 Schol.* And after having lived fifty years a bachelor, this old fellow has picked up a young thing of sixteen, whom he by chance saw in a balcony!

*2 Schol.* And you are in love with the girl?

*Leand.* To desperation; and I believe I am not indifferent to her; for finding that her jealous guardian took her to the chapel of a neighbouring convent every morning before it was light, I went there in the habit of a pilgrim, planting myself as near her as I could: I then varied my appearance; continuing to do so from time to time, till I was convinced she had sufficiently remarked and understood my meaning.

*1 Schol.* Well, Leander, I'll say that for you, there is not a more industrious lad in the university of Salamanca, when a wench is to be ferreted.

*2 Schol.* But prithee, tell us now, how did you get information?

*Leand.* First from report, which raised my curiosity; and afterwards from the Negro I just now mentioned: I observed that when the family was gone to bed, he often came to air himself at yonder grate; you know I am no bad chanter, nor a very scurvy minstrel; so taking a guitar, clapping a black patch on my eye, and a swathe upon one of my legs, I soon scraped acquaintance with my friend Mungo. He adores my songs and sarabands; and taking me for a poor cripple, often repays me with a share of his allowance; which I accept to avoid suspicion.

*1 Schol.* And so——

*Leand.* And so, Sir, he hath told me all the secrets of his family; and one worth knowing; for he informed me last night, that his master will this evening take a short journey into the country, from whence he proposes not to return till to-morrow, leaving his young wife, that is to be, behind him.

*2 Schol.* Zounds! let's scale the wall.

*Leand.* Fair and softly; I will this instant go and put on my disguise, watch for the Don's going out, attack my Negro afresh, and try if by his means I cannot come into the house, or at least get a sight of my charming angel.

*1 Schol.* Angel! is she then so handsome?

*Leand.* It is time for us to withdraw: Come to my chambers, and there you shall know all you can desire.

[Exit Scholars.  
Hither



Hither, Venus, with your doves ;  
 Hither, all ye little loves ;  
 Round me light your wings display,  
 And bear a lover on his way,  
 Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,  
 Transform myself to show'ry gold ;  
 Or in a swan my passion shroud,  
 Or wrap it in an orient cloud ;  
 What locks, what bars, should then impede,  
 Or keep me from my charming maid ! *[Exit Leand.]*

SCENE *changes to the outside of Don Diego's house, which appears with windows barred up, and an iron grate before an entry. Don Diego enters from the house, having first unlocked the door, and removed two or three bars which assisted in fastening it.*

*Dieg.* With the precautions I have taken, I think I run no risk in quitting my house for a short time : Leonora has never shewn the least inclination to deceive me ; besides, my old woman is prudent and faithful, she has all the keys, and will not part with them from herself. But suppose—suppose—by the rood and St Francis, I will not leave it in her power to do mischief : A woman's not having it in her power to deceive you is the best security for her fidelity, and the only one a wise man will confide in ; fast bind, safe find, is an excellent proverb. I'll e'en lock her up with the rest ; there is a hasp to the door, and I have a padlock within which shall be my guarantee : I will wait 'till the Negro returns with provisions he is gone to purchase ; and clapping them all up together, make my mind easy by having the key they are under in my pocket.

*Enter Mungo with a hamper.*

*Mun.* Go, get you down, you damn hamper, you carry me now. Curse my old Massa, sending me always here and dere for one something to make me tire like a mule—curse him impurance—and him damn insurance.

*Dieg.* How now ?

*Mun.* Ah, Massa, blefs your heart.

*Dieg.* What's that you are muttering, sirrah ?

*Mun.* Noting, Massa ; only me say, you very good Massa.

*Dieg.* What do you leave your load down there for ?

*Mun.* Massa, me lily tire.

*Dieg.* Take it up, rascal.

*Mun.*

*Mun.* Yes, blefs your heart, Massa.

*Dieg.* No, lay it down : Now I think on't, come hither.

*Mun.* What you fay, Massa ?

*Dieg.* Can you be honeft ?

*Mun.* Me no favee, Massa, you never ax me before.

*Dieg.* Can you tell truth ?

*Mun.* What you give me, Massa ?

*Dieg.* There's a pifteren for you; now tell me, do you know of any ill going on in my houfe ?

*Mun.* Ah, Massa, a damn deal.

*Dieg.* How, that I'm a stranger to ?

*Mun.* No, Massa, you lick me every day with your rattan; I'm fure, Massa, that's mischief enough for poor Neger man.

*Dieg.* So, fo.

*Mun.* La, Massa, how could you have a heart to lick poor Neger man, as you lick me laft Thursday ?

*Dieg.* If you have not a mind I fhould chaftife you now, hold your tongue.

*Mun.* Yes, Massa, if you no lick me again.

*Dieg.* Listen to me, I fay.

*Mun.* You know, Massa, me very good fervant—

*Dieg.* Then you will go on ?

*Mun.* And ought to be ufe kine—

*Dieg.* If you utter another fyllable.—

*Mun.* And I'm fure, Massa, you can't deny but I worky worky—I drefs a victuals, and run a errands, and wafh a houfe, and make a beds, and scrub a shoes, and wait at table.

*Dieg.* Take that—Now will you listen to me ?

*Mun.* La, Massa, if ever I faw—

*Dieg.* I am going abroad, and fhall not return 'till to-morrow morning. During this night I charge you not to fleep a wink, but be watchful as a lynx, and keep walking up and down the entry, that if you hear the leaft noife you may alarm the family.

*Mun.* So I muft be ftay in a cold all night, and have no fleep, and get no tanks neither; then him call me tief, and rogue, and rascal, to tempt me.

*Dieg.* Stay here, perverse animal, and take care that nobody approaches the door; I am going in, and fhall be out again in a moment.

*Mun.* Dear heart, what a terrible life am I led!

A dog has a better, that's fhelter'd and fed;

Night and day 'tis de fame,

My pain is dere game:

Me

Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,  
 Poor black must run:  
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,  
 Mungo every where;  
 Above and below,  
 Sirrah, come, sirrah, go;  
 Do so, and do so.  
 Oh! oh!

Me wish to de Lord me was dead. [*Exit into the house.*]

Don Diego *having entered the house during the song, returns with Ursula, who, after the Negro goes in, appears to bolt the door on the inside: Then Don Diego, unseen by them, puts on a large padlock, and goes off. After which, Leander enters disguised, and Mungo comes to the grate.*

*Leand.* So—my old Argus is departed, and the evening is as favourable for my design as I could wish. Now to attract my friend Mungo; if he is within hearing of my guitar, I am sure he will quickly make his appearance.

*Mun.* Who goes dere?—Hip, hollo!

*Leand.* Heaven blefs you, my worthy master; will your worship's honour have a little music this evening? and I have got a bottle of delicious cordial here, given me by a charitable monk of a convent hard by, if your grace will please to taste it.

*Mun.* Give me a sup tro a grate; come clofee man, don't be fear, old Massa gone out, as I say last night, and he no come back before to-morrow; come, trike moosic, and give us a song.

*Leand.* I'll give your worship a song I learn'd in Barbary, when I was a slave among the Moors.

*Mun.* Ay, do.

*Leand.* There was a cruel and malicious Turk, who was called Heli Abdallah Mahomet Sciah; now this wicked Turk had a fair Christian slave named Jezebel, who not consenting to his beastly desires, he draws out his sabre, and is going to cut off her head; here's what he says to her [*Sings and plays.*] Now you shall hear the slave's answer [*Sings and plays again.*] Now you shall hear how the wicked Turk, being greatly enraged, is again going to cut off the fair slave's head [*Sings and plays again.*].—Now you shall hear——

*Mun.* What signify me hear!—me no understand.

*Leand.* Oh, you want something you understand! If your honour had said that——

Ursula

*Urfula above at the window.*

*Urf.* Mungo! Mungo!

*Mun.* Some one call dere——

*Urf.* Mungo, I say.

*Mun.* What devil you want?

*Urf.* What lewd noise is that?

*Mun.* Lewd yourself, no lewd here; play away, never mind her.

*Urf.* I shall come down if you go on.

*Mun.* Ay, come along, more merrier; noting here but poor man, he sing for bit of bread.

*Urf.* I'll have no poor man near our door: Hark'e fellow, can you play the Forsaken Maid's Delight, or Black Jess of Castile? Ah, Mungo, if you had heard me sing when was young?

*Mun.* Gad, I'm sure, I hear your voice often enough now you old.

*Urf.* I could quaver like any blackbird.

*Mun.* Come, throw a poor soul a penny, he play a tune for you.

*Urf.* How did you lose the use of your leg?

*Leand.* In the wars, my good dame: I was taken by a barbery corsair, and carried into Sallee, where I lived eleven years and three quarters upon cold water and the fruits of the earth, without having a coat on my back, or laying my head on a pillow: An infidel bought me for a slave; he gave me the strappado on my shoulders, and the bastinado on the soles of my feet: Now this infidel Turk had fifty-three wives, and one hundred and twelve concubines.

*Urf.* Then he was an unreasonable villain.

*Leonora above at the window.*

*Leon.* Urfula!

*Urf.* Od's my life, what's here to do? Go back, go back; the work we shall have indeed; good man, good b'ye.

*Leon.* I could not stay any longer by myself; pray, let me take a little air at the grate.

*Leand.* Do, worthy madam, let the young gentlewoman say, I'll play her a love-song for nothing.

*Urf.* No, no, none of your love-songs here; if you could play a saraband indeed, and there was room for one's motion.

*Leand.* I am but a poor man, but if your ladyship will let me in as far as the hall or the kitchen, you may all dance, and I shan't ask anything.

*Urf.*



*Urf.* Why, if it was not on my master's account, I should think no harm in a little innocent recreation.

*Mun.* Do, and let us dance.

*Leand.* Has madam the keys then?

*Urf.* Yes, yes, I have the keys.

*Leand.* Have you the key of this padlock too, madam! Here's a padlock upon the door, Heaven help us, large enough for a state-prison.

*Urf.* Eh—how—what, a padlock?

*Mun.* Here it is, I feel it; adod 'tis a tumper.

*Urf.* He was afraid to trust me then.

*Mun.* And if the house was a fire, we none of us get out to save ourselves.

*Leand.* Well, madam, not to disappoint you and the young lady, I know the back of your garden-wall, and I'll undertake to get up at the outside of it, if you can let me down on the other.

*Urf.* Do you think you could with your lame leg?

*Leand.* O yes, madam, I'm very sure.

*Urf.* Then by my faith, you shall; for now I am set on't—A padlock! Mungo, come with me into the garden.

*[Exit from the window.]*

*Mungo and Ursula going off, Leander and Leonora are left together. The first part of the quintette is sung by them in duet; then Mungo and Ursula return one after another to the stations they had quitted.*

*Leon.* Pray, let me go with you.

*Leand.* Stay, charming creature; why will you fly the youth that adores you?

*Leon.* Oh, Lord! I'm frightened out of my wits!

*Leand.* Have you not taken notice, beauteous Leonora, of the pilgrim who has so often met you at church? I am that pilgrim; one who could change shapes as often as Proteus to be bless'd with a sight of you.

O thou whose charms enslave my heart;  
In pity hear a youth complain.

*Leon.* I must not hear—dear youth, depart—  
I'm certain I have no desert  
A gentleman like you to gain.

*Leand.* Then do I seek your love in vain?

*Leon.* It is another's right;

*Leand.* ————— And he,

Distracting thought! must happy be,  
While I am doom'd to pain.

*Urf.*

*Urf.* Come round, young man, I've been to try.

*Mun.* And so have I.

A. 2. I'm sure the wall is not two high.

If you please,

You'll mount with ease.

*Leand.* Can you to aid my bliss deny?

Shall it be so?

If you say no,

I will not go.

*Leon.* I must consent, however loath:

But, whenever we desire,

Make him promise to retire.

*Urf.* Nay, marry, he shall take his oath.

*Leand.* By your eyes, of heavenly blue;

By your lips ambrosial dew;

Your cheeks, where rose and lily blend;

Your voice, the music of the spheres——

*Mun.* Lord o'mercy how he swears!

He makes my hairs

All stand an end!

*Urf.* Come, that's enough, ascend, ascend.

A. 4. Let's be happy while we may:

Now the old one's far away,

Laugh, and sing, and dance, and play;

Harmless pleasure, why delay?

## ACT II.

*Enter Urfula and Leander.*

*Urf.* O H! shame; out upon't, Sir, talk to me no more;  
I that have been famed throughout all Spain,  
as I may say, for virtue and discretion; the very flower and  
quintessence of duennas; you have cast a blot upon me; a  
blot upon my reputation, that was as fair as a piece of white  
paper; and now I shall be reviled, pointed at; nay, men  
will call me filthy names upon your account.

*Leand.* What filthy names will they call you?

*Urf.* They'll say I'm an old procuress.

*Leand.* Fie, fie, men know better things——besides, tho'  
have got admittance into your house, be assured I shall

G g

commit

commit no outrage here; and if I have been guilty of any indiscretion, let love be my excuse.

*Urf.* Well, as I live, he's a pretty young fellow.

*Leand.* You, my sweet Ursula, have known what it is to be in love; and, I warrant, have had admirers often at your feet; your eyes still retain fire enough to tell me that.

*Urf.* They tell you no lie; for, to be sure, when I was a young woman, I was greatly sought after; nay, it was reported that a youth died for love of me; one Joseph Perez, a taylor by trade; of the grey-hound make, lank; and, if my memory fail me not, his right shoulder about the breadth of my hand higher than his left; but he was upright as an arrow; and, by all accounts, one of the finest workmen at a button-hole.

*Leand.* But where is Leonora?

*Urf.* Where is she! by my troth, I have shut her up in her chamber, under three bolts and a double lock.

*Leand.* And will you not bring us together?

*Urf.* Who I?—How can you ask me such a question? Really, Sir, I take it extremely unkind.

*Leand.* Well, but you misapprehend—

*Urf.* I told you just now, that if you mentioned that to me again, it would make me sick; and so it has, turn'd me upside down as it were.

*Leand.* Indeed, my best friend—

*Urf.* Oh, oh, hold me, or I shall fall.

*Leand.* I will hold you.

*Urf.* And do you feel any compassion for me?

*Leand.* I do.

*Urf.* Why, truly, you have a great deal to answer for, to bring tears into my eyes at this time o'day, I'm sure they are the first I have shed since my poor dear husband's death.

*Leand.* Nay, don't think of that now.

*Urf.* For you must understand, Sir, to play a trick upon a grave, discreet matron—And yet, after all, by my faith, I don't wonder you should love the young thing under my care; for it is one of the sweetest-conditioned souls that ever I was acquainted with; and, between ourselves, our Donnee is too old for such a babe.

*Leand.* Ursula, take this gold.

*Urf.* For what, Sir?

*Leand.* Only for the love of me.

*Urf.* Nay, if that be all, I won't refuse it, for I love  
you

you, I assure you; you put me so much in mind of my poor, dear husband; he was a handsome man; I remember he had a mole between his eye-brows, about the bigness of a hazel-nut; but, I must say, you have the advantage in the lower part of the countenance.

*Leand.* The old beldam grows amorous——

*Urf.* Lord love you, you're a well-looking young man.

*Leand.* But Leonora——

*Urf.* Ha! ha! ha! but to pretend you were lame—I never saw a finer leg in my life.

*Leand.* Leonora!

*Urf.* Well, Sir, I'm going.

*Leand.* I shall never get rid of her.

*Urf.* Sir——

*Leand.* How now?

*Urf.* Would you be so kind, Sir, as to indulge me with the favour of a salute?

*Leand.* Ugh!

*Urf.* Gad-a-mercy, your cheek—Well, well, I have seen the day; but no matter, my wine's upon the lees now; however, Sir, you might have had the politeness when a gentlewoman made the offer—But Heaven bless you.

- ' When a woman's front is wrinkled,
- ' And her hairs are sprinkled
- ' With grey,
- ' Lack-a-day!
- ' How her lovers fall away!
- ' Like fashions past,
- ' Aside she's cast,
- ' No one respect will pay:
- ' Remember,
- ' Lasses, remember,
- ' And while the sun shines make hay;
- ' You must not expect in December
- ' The flowers you gather'd in May.

[*Exit Urfula.*]

*Enter Mungo.*

*Mun.* Ah! Massa—You brave Massa, now, what you do here wid de old woman?

*Leand.* Where is your young mistress, Mungo?

*Mun.* By gog, she look her up. But why you no tell me before time you a gentleman?

G g 2

*Leand.*



*Leand.* Sure I have not given the purse for nothing.

*Mun.* Purse! what! you giving her money den?—  
 curse her impurance; why you no give it me?—you give  
 me something as well as she. You know, Massa, you see  
 me first.

*Leand.* There, there, are you content?

*Mun.* Me get supper ready, and now me go to de cell-  
 lar—But I say, Massa, ax de old man now, what good him  
 watching do, him bolts and him bars, him walls and him  
 padlock?

*Leand.* Hift! Leonora comes.

*Mun.* But, Massa, you say you teach me play.

Let me, when my heart a sinking,

Hear de sweet guitar a clinking;

When a string speak,

Such moosic he make,

Me soon am cur'd of tinkling.

Wid de toot, toot, toot,

Of a merry flute,

And cymbalo

And tymbalo

To boot:

We dance and we sing,

Till we make a house ring,

And, tied in his garters, old Massa may swing.

[*Exit into the cellar.*]

*Enter Leonora and Ursula.*

*Leand.* Oh, charming Leonora, how shall I express the  
 rapture of my heart upon this occasion? I almost doubt  
 the kindness of that chance which has brought me thus hap-  
 pily to see, to speak to you, without restraint.

*Urf.* Well, but it must not be without restraint; it can't  
 be without restraint; it can't, by my faith;—now you are  
 going to make me sick again.

*Leon.* La, Ursula! I durst to say the gentleman doesn't  
 want to do me any harm—Do you, Sir? I'm sure I would  
 not hurt a hair of his head, nor nobody's else, for the lucre  
 of the whole world.

*Urf.* Come, Sir, where is your lute? You shall see me  
 dance a saraband; or if you'd rather have a song—or the  
 child and I will move a minuet, if you choose grace before  
 agility.

*Leand.* This fulsome harridan—

*Leon.*

*Leon.* I don't know what's come over her, Sir! I never saw the like of her since I was born.

*Leand.* I wish she was at the devil.

*Leon.* Ursula, what's the matter with you?

*Urf.* What's the matter with me! Marry—come up, what's the matter with you? Signor Diego can't shew such a shape as that; well, there is nothing I like better than to see a young fellow with a well-made leg.

*Leand.* Prithee let us go away from her.

*Leon.* I don't know how to do it, Sir.

*Leand.* Nothing more easy; I will go with my guitar into the garden; 'tis moon-light; take an opportunity to follow me there: I swear to you, beautiful and innocent creature, you have nothing to apprehend.

*Leon.* No, Sir, I am certain of that, with a gentleman such as you are, and that have taken so much pains to come after me; and I should hold myself very ungrateful, if I did not do any thing to oblige you, in a civil way.

*Leand.* Then you'll come?

*Leon.* I'll do my best endeavours, Sir.

*Leand.* And may I hope that you love me?

*Leon.* I don't know; as to that I can't say,

*Urf.* Come, come, what colloquing's there; I must see how things are going forward; besides, Sir, you ought to know that it is not manners to be getting into corners, and and whispering before company.

*Leand.* Psha!

*Urf.* Ay, you may say your pleasure, Sir; but I'm sure what I say is the right thing: I should hardly choose to venture in a corner with you myself; nay, I would not do it, I protest and vow.

*Leand.* Beautiful Leonora, I find my being depends upon the blessing of your good opinion; do you desire to put an end to my days?

*Leon.* No, indeed; indeed I don't.

*Leand.* But then——

In vain you bid your captive live,

While you the means of life deny;

Give me your smiles, your wishes give

To him who must without you die.

Shut from the sun's enlivening beam,

Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue;

Its source dry'd up, bid flow the stream,

And me exist, depriv'd of you. [*Exit Leander.*

*Urf.* Let me sit down a little; come hither, child, I am going to give you good advice; therefore listen to me, for I have more years over my head than you.

*Leon.* Well, and what then?

*Urf.* What then?—Marry, then you must mind what I say to you—as I said before—but I say——what was I saying?

*Leon.* I'm sure I don't know.

*Urf.* You see the young man that is gone out there; he has been telling me, that he's dying for love of you; can you find in your heart to let him expire?

*Leon.* I'm sure I won't do any thing bad.

*Urf.* Why, that's right; you learned that from me; have not I said to you a thousand times, Never do any thing bad? have I not said it? answer me that.

*Leon.* Well, and what then?

*Urf.* Very well, listen to me; your guardian is old, and ugly, and jealous, and yet he may live longer than a better man.

*Leon.* He has been very kind to me, for all that, Ursula, and I ought to strive to please him.

*Urf.* There again; have not I said to you a thousand times, that he was very kind to you, and you ought to strive to please him! It would be a hard thing to be preaching from morning till night without any profit.

*Leon.* Well, Ursula, after all, I wish this gentleman had never got into the house: Heaven send no ill comes of it.

*Urf.* Ay, I say so too, Heaven send it; but I'm cruelly afraid; for how shall we get rid of him? he'll never be able to crawl up the inside of the wall, whatever he did the out.

*Leon.* O Lord! won't he?

*Urf.* No, by my conscience, won't he; and when your guardian comes in, if we had fifty necks a-piece, he'd twist them every one, if he finds him here; for my part, the best I expect is, to end my old days in a prison.

*Leon.* You don't say so?

*Urf.* I do indeed; and it kills me to think of it; but every one has their evil day, and this has been mine.

*Leon.* I have promised to go to him into the garden.

*Urf.* Nay, you may do any thing now, for we are undone; though I think, if you could persuade him to get up the chimney, and stay on the roof of the house until to-mor-

row

row night, we might then steal the keys from your guardian; but I'm afraid you won't be able to persuade him.

*Leon.* I'll go down upon my knees.

*Urf.* Find him out, while I step up stairs.

*Leon.* Pray for us, dear Ursula.

*Urf.* I will, if I possibly can.

*Leon.* Oh me, oh me, what shall we do?

The fault is all along of you:

You brought him in, why did you so?

'Twas not by my desire, you know.

We have but too much cause to fear:

My guardian, when he comes to hear

We've had a man with us, will kill

Me, you, and all; indeed he will.

No penitence will pard'n procure,

He'll kill us ev'ry soul, I'm sure.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Don Diego, grasping his way, with the padlock in his hand.*

*Dieg.* All dark, all quiet; gone to bed, and fast asleep, I warrant them: However, I am not sorry that I altered my first intention of staying out the whole night; and meeting Leonora's father on the road was at any rate a lucky incident. I will not disturb them; but, since I have let myself in with my master-key, go softly to bed; I shall be able to strike a light, and then I think I may say my cares are over.

Good heavens! what a wonderful deal of uneasiness many mortals avoid by a little prudence! I doubt not now, there are some men who would have gone out in my situation, and, trusting to the goodness of fortune, left their house and their honour in the care of an inexperienced girl, or the discretion of a mercenary servant. While he is abroad, he is tormented with fears and jealousies; and when he returns home, he probably finds disorder, and perhaps shame. But what do I do!—I put a padlock on my door, and all is safe.

*Enter Mungo from the cellar, with a flask in one hand, and a candle in the other.*

*Mun.* Tol, lol, lol, lol.

*Dieg.* Hold, did'nt I hear a noise?

*Mun.* Holoa.

*Dieg.* Heaven and earth! what do I see?

*Mun.*



*Mun.* Where are you, young Massa and Missy? Here wine for supper.

*Dieg.* I'm thunder-struck!

*Mun.* My old Massa little tink we be so merry—hic—hic—What's the matter with me? the room turn round.

*Dieg.* Wretch, do you know me?

*Mun.* Know you?—damn you.

*Dieg.* Horrid creature! what makes you here at this time of night? is it with a design to surprise the innocents in their beds, and murder them sleeping?

*Mun.* Hush, hush—make no noise—hic—hic—

*Dieg.* The slave is intoxicated.

*Mun.* Make no noise, I say; dere's young gentleman wid young lady; he play on guitar, and she like him better dan she like you. Fal, la, la.

*Dieg.* Monster, I'll make an example of you.

*Mun.* What you call me names for, you old dog?

*Dieg.* Does the villain dare to lift his hand against me?

*Mun.* Will you fight?

*Dieg.* He's mad.

*Mun.* Dere's one in de house you little tink. Gad he do you business.

*Dieg.* Go, lie down in your sty, and sleep.

*Mun.* Sleep? sleep you self, you drunk—Ha! ha! ha! Look, a padlock: You put a padlock on a dore again, will you?—Ha! ha! ha!

*Dieg.* Didn't I hear music?

*Mun.* Hic—hic—

*Dieg.* Was it not the sound of a guitar?

*Mun.* Yes, he play on de guitar rarely—Give me hand; you're old rascal—an't you?

*Dieg.* What dreadful shock affects me! I'm in a cold sweat; a mist comes over my eyes; and my knees knock together as if I had got a fit of the shaking palsy.

*Mun.* I tell you a word in your ear.

*Dieg.* Has any stranger broke into my house?

*Mun.* Yes, by—hic—a fine young gentleman, he now in next room with Missy.

*Dieg.* Holy Saint Francis! is it possible?

*Mun.* Go you round softly—you catch them together.

*Dieg.* Confusion! distraction! I shall run mad.

[Exit Mungo.

Oh, wherefore this terrible flurry?

My spirits are all in a hurry!

And

And above and below,  
 From my top to my toe,  
 Are running about hurry scurry.  
 My heart in my bosom a-bumping,  
 Goes thumping,  
 And jumping,  
 And thumping:  
 Is't a spectre I see?  
 Hence vanish—Ah me!  
 My senses deceive me;  
 Soon reason will leave me;  
 What a wretch am I destin'd to be!

[Exit Don Diego.

*Enter Mungo, Ursula, Leander, and Leonora.*

*Urs.* O shame! monstrous! you drunken swab, you have been in the cellar, with a plague to you.

*Mun.* Let me put my hands about you neck——

*Urs.* Oh, I shall be ruined! Help, help! ruin, ruin!

*Leon.* Goodness me, what's the matter?

*Urs.* O dear child, this black villain has frightened me out of my wits; he has wanted——

*Mun.* Me, curse a heart, I want noting wid her——what she say I want for——

*Leon.* Ursula, the gentleman says he has some friends waiting for him at the other side of the garden wall, that will throw him over a ladder made of ropes, which he got up by.

*Leand.* Then must I go?

*Leon.* Yes, good Sir, yes.

*Leand.* A parting kiss!

*Leon.* No, good Sir, no.

*Leand.* It must be so.

By this, and this,  
 Here I could for ever grow.  
 'Tis more than mortal bliss.

*Leon.* Well, now, good-night;  
 Pray, ease our fright;  
 You're very bold, Sir;  
 Let loose your hold, Sir;  
 I think you want to scare me quite.

*Leand.* Oh fortune's spight!  
 Good-night, good-night.  
 Hark! the neighb'ring convent's bell  
 Tolls the vesper hour to tell;

The

The clock now chimes ;  
A thousand times,  
A thousand times, farewell.

*Enter Don Diego.*

*Dieg.* Stay, Sir, let nobody go out of the room.

*Urf.* [*Falling down.*] Ah! ah! a ghost! a ghost!

*Dieg.* Woman, stand up.

*Urf.* I won't, I won't: Murder! don't touch me.

*Dieg.* Leonora, what am I to think of this?

*Leon.* Oh, dear Sir, don't kill me.

*Dieg.* Young man, who are you who have thus clandestinely, at an unseasonable hour, broke into my house? Am I to consider you as a robber, or how?

*Leand.* As one whom love has made indiscreet; of one whom love taught industry and art to compass his designs. I love the beautiful Leonora, and she me; but farther than what you hear and see, neither one nor the other have been culpable.

*Mun.* Hear him, hear him.

*Leand.* Don Diego, you know my father well, Don Alphonso de Luna; I am a scholar of this university, and am willing to submit to whatever punishment he, thro' your means, shall inflict; but wreak not your vengeance here.

*Dieg.* Thus then my cares and hopes are at once frustrated; possessed of what I thought a jewel, I was desirous to keep it for myself; I raised up the walls of this house to a great height; I barred up my windows towards the street; I put double bolts on my doors; I banished all that had the shadow of man or male kind; and I stood continually sentinel over it myself, to guard my suspicion from surprise:—Thus secured, I left my watch for one little moment, and in that moment——

*Leon.* Pray, pray, guardian, let me tell you the story, and you'll find I am not to blame.

*Dieg.* No, child, I only am to blame, who should have considered that sixteen and sixty agree ill together. But tho' I was too old to be wise, I am not too old to learn; and so, I say, send for a smith directly, beat all the grates from my windows, take the locks from my doors, and let egress and regress be given freely.

*Leon.* And will you be my husband, Sir?

*Dieg.* No, child, I will give you to one that will make you a better husband: Here, young man, take her: If your  
parents

parents consent, to-morrow shall see you joined in the face of the church; and the dowry which I promised her, in case of failure on my side of the contract, shall now go with her as a marriage-portion.

*Leon.* Signior, this is so generous——

*Dieg.* No thanks; perhaps I owe acknowledgments to you; but you, Ursula, have no excuse, no passion to plead, and your age should have taught you better. I'll give you five hundred crowns, but never let me see you more.

*Mun.* And what you give me, Massa?

*Dieg.* Bastinadoes for your drunkenness and infidelity.— Call in my neighbours and friends. Oh, man! man! how short is your foresight, how ineffectual your prudence, while the very means you use are destructive of your ends!

Go forge me fetters that shall bind  
The rage of the tempestuous wind;  
Sound with a needle-full of thread  
The depth of Ocean's sleepy bed;  
Snap like a twig the oak's tough tree;  
Quench Ætna with a cup of tea;  
In these manœuvres shew your skill,  
Then hold a woman if you will.

*Urf.* Permit me to put in a word.  
My master here is quite absurd.  
That men should rule our sex is meet;  
But art, not force, must do the feat:  
Remember what the fable says,  
Where the sun's warm and melting rays,  
Soon bring about what wind and rain,  
With all their fufs, attempt in vain.

*Mun.* And, Massa, be not angry, pray,  
If Neger man a word should say;  
Me have a fable pat as she,  
Which wid dis matter will agree:  
An owl once took it in his head,  
Wid some young pretty bird to wed;  
But when his worship came to woo,  
He could get none but de cuckoo.

*Leon.* Ye youth select, who wish to taste  
The joys of wedlock pure and chaste,  
Ne'er let the mistress and the friend  
An abject slave and tyrant end.  
While each with tender passion burns,  
Ascend the throne of rule by turns;

And



And place (to love, to virtue just)  
Security in mutual trust.

*Leand.* To sum up all you now have heard,  
Young men and old peruse the bard:  
A female trusted to your care,  
(His rule is pithy, short, and clear)  
Be to her faults a little blind;  
Be to her virtues very kind;  
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;  
And clap your padlock on her mind.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.